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THE
DAUPHINES
OF FRANCE

THE
DAUPHINES
OF FRANCE

By FRANK HAMEL

*Author of "Famous French Salons," "Fair
Women at Fontainebleau," etc.* ✱ ✱

WITH FRONTISPIECE
AND SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS



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Marie Antoinette
From a Portrait attributed to Mengs, formerly in the collection

to

C. H.

PREFATORY NOTE

I N gathering into one volume the biographies of fifteen princesses, some familiar, others as yet very little known to English readers, it has been obviously impossible to give an exhaustive history of each, but I have aimed at producing in every case a finished study of life and character. My Introduction is, I believe, the first account in English of the position of the dauphine at the French Court and of the ceremonial which surrounded those in the direct line of succession to the throne of France. Since writing it I have seen a copy of P. J. J. G. Guyot's *Traité des droits, fonctions, franchises, . . . et privilèges annexés en France à chaque dignité, etc.*, a very rare book which appears to be unobtainable in this country. The author points out that at certain periods of history the servants of the king and the dauphin were practically identical, except for the chief officials, and that the dauphin's household did not form a separate entity in the same manner as that of the dauphine. For my purpose, however, it was necessary to specify the numerous retinue of attendants, and I can only repeat what I have already said in the Introduction, that some of them did double duty.

It has been impossible to give a complete list of authorities consulted, which would include most of the well-known histories, biographies, memoirs, and letters, as well as a large number of lesser-known works, but every possible care has been taken to verify events and dates, the latter being based on M. Alfred Franklin's *Des Noms et des Dates, Deuxième édition, entièrement refondue*, Paris, 1906.

FRANK HAMMEL.

LONDON, 1909.

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THE DAUPHINES OF FRANCE

INTRODUCTION

The position of the dauphine at the Court of France—The development of royal dominion—The royal trinity—The dauphine helps to sustain the dignity of the crown—The first dauphin, son of France—The origin of the title—Dauphin de Viennois and Dauphin de France—Ceremonial at birth; at baptism—The dauphin's household—His education—The dauphine's household—Her journey to France—Her marriage festivities—State entry into the capital—Etiquette—Number of the dauphines—Their nationality—Their ambitions.

Nul n'est content de son chapeau,
Chacun voudrait une couronne.

BÉRANGER.

THE brilliant prospect of becoming queen of France, of giving birth to future kings, of seeing a great nation at her feet, dazzled the vision of many a fair princess who, by virtue of political eligibility and personal charms, was chosen to be the bride of the dauphin by those who made it their business to find him a suitable life-partner. The disadvantages incidental to the scaling of heights that appeared rich and rare in promise faded into insignificance. Nothing weighed in the balance against preconceived ideas of power and glory. But the day was sure to dawn when the newly-wedded dauphine,

brought face to face with the drawbacks of her position, was able to ignore them no longer. Transplanted from a foreign country, tender in years and inexperienced, immersed headlong in a sea of intrigue at the French Court, a target for the jealousy of some, the criticism of others, united to a boy-husband whose interest was at the best luke-warm, unable to trust those who stood nearest, or, still worse, confiding in them to her own undoing, the pathway of the dauphine was beset with numerous pitfalls and obstructions, and fortunate indeed was she who walked warily and overcame its dangers unscathed.

Her first duty was to bridge the gap between the old conditions of life at the comparatively insignificant Court at which she had been bred and the new grandeur of her position as second lady in the powerful land of France. The status of the bride was only in one or two instances equal or superior to that of the man she was to marry. A case in point is that of Mary Stuart. In wedding her, François, son of Henri II., became King of Scotland and was called *le Roi Dauphin*. Usually, however, the wife of the heir to the throne of France ascended a peak considerably higher than any she had climbed before, and it was necessary for her to lay in a stock of such qualities as dignity, tact, diplomacy, and restraint. Her task was not rendered easier by an insufficient knowledge of the tongue spoken in the land of her adoption, by enforced intercourse with a retinue of entire strangers, and by the doubt if her personal gifts were sufficiently attractive to ensure a welcome for her own sake.

The position of the dauphine at the French Court depended so largely on that of her husband, that it cannot be estimated without a cursory survey of the importance assumed by the son of France who first adopted the title of Dauphin de Viennois to that enjoyed by Monseigneur, heir to Louis XIV., who revelled in the full glory of the ceremony and privilege which existed during the reign of the Grand Monarque. It is necessary to go back further in the history of the development of royal dominion in order to understand the methods by which reigning sovereigns established and extended their authority. To insist upon the support of various members of their own family was among the obvious means at their disposal when bringing about the desired conditions of stability. The immediate relatives of the king, that is to say, played an important part in strengthening his position on the throne. The queen and the heir-apparent were particularly useful for this purpose. In the earliest times they shared in the consecration and coronation which established the monarchy. Together these three individuals formed a powerful royal trinity. When the day arrived upon which the heir-apparent was considered of an age to form an alliance, a fourth party was received into the sacred bond of kingship, and the bride accepted the burden of helping to sustain the dignity of the crown. Her co-operation was valuable in three chief directions: firstly, it promised a continuance of the direct line; secondly, it cemented amicable relations between France and the country or province from which she was derived; and thirdly, she brought with her lands and moneys in the shape

of a dowry which helped to aggrandise the Court. Beyond this the personal element entered into consideration, enabling her to win the love of the people and to aid in the display necessary to enhance the romantic and picturesque aspect of royalty.

Under the early monarchs of the third race the heir-apparent was of an importance hardly second to that of the king himself. He was called *rex designatus* or *designatus in regem*, and when consecrated became actually king, i.e. *in regem consecratus* or *sublimatus*, being distinguished from his father by the addition of Junior to his title, more especially if the Christian names they bore happened to be the same. The heir possessed theoretical legislative power even in the earliest infancy. Nobles pledged their fidelity to him as well as to his father; acts were rendered valid only by the addition of his name, and the formality of obtaining his permission was necessary for their legal execution. In the case of the first Capet king, the eldest son was not associated with the crown until he had reached an age which made his advice of practical value, and then this dual sovereignty shared equal prerogatives and was never thought of in the singular person. In later reigns, however, the heir was frequently admitted to the throne in childhood. Philippe I. was five, Louis VI. eight, Philippe, son of Louis le Gros, only three, and Philippe-Auguste five years of age when their names appeared in the royal charters! ¹ The main purpose of this joint kingship was to secure hereditary succession, an arrangement not always accomplished in those days without discontent and opposition. Gradually the

¹ A. Luchaire : *Histoire des Institutions Monarchiques*.

claims of sonship were established and the transmission of the crown to the lineal descendant became an acknowledged custom, primogeniture finally triumphing undisputed.

The rights of the heir presumptive once secured, the necessity of consecration during the father's lifetime was removed. Charles V., who was the first son of France to bear the title of dauphin, was the last king to provide for his son's succession in this manner. According to some of the authorities, Charles, feeling death at hand, resolved to make his eldest son, then twelve years of age, an associate in his kingdom. The boy was to be crowned before his father's death. While the royal vestments were being prepared for him the king's end came, and Charles VI. was crowned before his majority, which his father had ordained should be the age of fourteen for all future kings. In 1407 Charles VI. issued an edict by which his eldest son and the succeeding kings of France should be anointed and crowned immediately after their father's decease, and if they were still minors that a regent should be appointed.

As already stated, the title of dauphin was first taken by sons of France in the fourteenth century. Previously to this it had been used by the Comtes de Viennois, d'Auvergne, and other feudal lords, their wives being called dauphines.

The origin of the word "dauphin" has been attributed to a number of sources, most of them vague and traditional. Some authorities derive it from the name of an ancient people, the Auffinates, mentioned by Pliny and Ptolemy, who describe them, however, as

a people of Italy, not of Gaul. Others thought it arose from the fact that the Allobroges who settled in part of the Dauphiné came into the country from Delphes and were called Delphinates. Others, again, declared that those who ruled Vienne bore a dolphin on their shields as a symbol of gentleness and humanity. Some transformed De Viennois into Do Viene, Do fiene, and thus from Dofin to Dauphin. Subtle as the derivation is, it is at the same time merely conjecture.

A more romantic if equally vague suggestion is that Guiges le Gras, Comte de Viennois, had a daughter called Dauphine, this Christian name not being unknown in France, and that her affectionate father named the province over which he ruled after her. There is no proof, however, that any such lady ever existed.

A far more reasonable explanation is given by Bullet,¹ who derives the word from the Celtic *Dalh*, meaning a district or territory, and *pen* or *pin*, a chief or sovereign. *Dalhphin*, in which form the word appears in the time of Guiges IV., Comte de Viennois, thus conveys the idea of a country obeying its prince or ruler, and is easily converted into Dauphin and Dauphiné.

In whatsoever manner the name may have originated, it is considered probable that Guiges IV. was the first to use it as a title, and that Guiges VII. was the first who bore a representation of it on his shield in the form of a dolphin, the cetaceous animal beloved of poets and navigators, which is known to pass through

¹ Leber: *Collection des Meilleurs Dissertations*, 1826, vol. vi.

surprising changes of colouring when on the point of expiring.

The Dauphins de Viennois ruled their country for three hundred years. The title was transferred to the son of the king of France at the time of the cession of Dauphiné to the crown by Humbert II., the last of the third race of the Comtes de Viennois. On his return from the Crusades, Humbert lost his only son accidentally, the boy breaking his neck whilst playing with his father at a window in the Château de Beauvoir. Finding himself without an heir, Humbert disposed of his estates to Philippe de Valois in 1343, under certain conditions, one of them being that his successors should take the name of Dauphin and quarter the arms of the Dauphiné with those of France. Philippe left title and lands to his grandson Charles, the transfer having been confirmed in solemn assembly held at Lyons on July 16, 1349, when Charles received the sceptre, the ring, the banner and the sword of Dauphiné from Humbert. The latter, saddened and embittered by the loss of his son, decided to renounce the world and enter the Dominican Order, thus releasing from her troth his promised bride, Jeanne de Bourbon, then a girl of eleven. She became the wife of the fortunate Charles, who, as the fifth of that name, succeeded to the throne of France on the death of his father, Jean II., in 1364. He had then been dauphin for fifteen years, and throughout this period continued to use the title of Duc de Normandie. Jeanne was the first dauphine who was united to a son of France. It was not until the reign of Louis XIV. that the title of Dauphin de Viennois

was changed to Dauphin de France ; " Monseigneur," as the heir was known officially, being the first to bear the more pretentious name.

As became his position, which was defined from birth, the dauphin was received into the world with befitting ceremonial. The king, the princes and princesses of the blood, and numberless officials were close at hand during the event. Bishops celebrated mass beside the *pavillon de l'accouchement*, the grand almoner of France sprinkled the baby prince with holy water in the presence of the king, princes and princesses, the chancellor, and many nobles. Then a *Te Deum* was sung in the chapel of the palace before the king and Court. His Majesty dispatched letters under seal by the grand master of the ceremonies, announcing the arrival of an heir, to the governor of Paris, to the archbishop, to the sovereign courts, and to the clergy. The bells in Paris pealed throughout the day, salutes were fired, and festivities, illuminations, etc., were indulged in for half a week or more, the shops being closed, and prisoners released, amidst other signs of rejoicing. A legate extraordinary was sent by the Pope to carry his benediction to the new prince, and congratulations poured in from every civilised country.

Baptism, which was usually conducted with pomp and splendour, but without special formality, was not performed until a few years later. A good example of the baptism of a dauphin is that of the future Louis XIII., which was performed publicly and jointly with two little princesses, his sisters, at Fontainebleau in 1606, when the heir to the throne was five years old.

During the first seven years of his life, the dauphin remained in the charge of women. He had a governess, an under-governess, several nurses, a lady-superintendent of the nurses, a rocker (*berceuse*), a head-chambermaid, and ten or a dozen women under her, a *femme de cuisine* whose duty it was to look after the cooks and kitchen-maids, a number of valets and pages, a laundress, doctors and apothecaries, and a treasurer who looked after the finances of all the children of France.

When the heir reached the age of seven, his household was entirely re-organised, greatly augmented, and directed by men instead of women. He had a governor and a sub-governor, a preceptor and an under-preceptor, a reader, a secretary, writing-, fencing-, and dancing-masters, musicians, and a battalion of people responsible for his spiritual welfare, such as confessor, almoners, chaplains and clerks, some of them acting in rotation. He had physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries to dose and doctor him after the more or less barbaric methods of the day, barbers to trim his hair and mark the earliest sprouting of his beard. Gentlemen of the sleeve had no other duty then to remain constantly near his person; grooms of the chamber, grooms of the wardrobe, a cloak-bearer, ushers, pages of honour and their governor, a number of valets with various duties waited on him and attended to his clothes and personal equipment and requirements. His household on the domestic side was in charge of a controller, stewards, and butlers. His head maître-d'hôtel was a most important personage, with a retinue of assistants, keepers of the cups and their men, the cup-bearers,

clerks of the pantry and of the buttery, naperers, carvers, sumptermen, chairmen, water-carriers, wood-choppers, a laundress, a starcher, and a host of minor attendants too numerous to mention. A superintendent of finances and a treasurer shared the burden in different departments of greasing the wheels of this enormous household machine. Many retainers acted in rotation, some serving the king for a period and then the dauphin. The grand equerry and other equeries were of noble birth, and young nobles called *menins* were educated with the princes, to whom they acted as pages. When the dauphin was old enough to hunt and keep stables, an entirely fresh retinue was added for his convenience, consisting of knights-huntsmen, kennelmen, the keepers of coursing-dogs, the leader of limners, wolf-hunters, keepers of the mews and so forth. The dauphin had his own guards, a company of gendarmes, of light horse, of dragoons, of foot-soldiers, varying with the military fashion of the day. Indeed, it must be understood that the disposition of the household of the heir to the throne of France differed considerably at different periods, and that the foregoing description, which is based on that of Monseigneur, should be taken as general rather than particular. A great deal depended on the style of upbringing and education designed by the king for his eldest son. Sometimes the scheme of education was so slight as to be almost a negligible quantity. Louis XI., it has been said, desired that his son Charles should understand but five Latin words: "*Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*," believing it to be well for a prince to know how to dissemble and other-

wise remain in complete ignorance. Louis XIV., on the other hand, kept Monseigneur in a forcing-house of study under Bossuet, Huet, Fléchier, and Cordemoy, these worthy gentlemen being supported by others who helped in the compilation of the sixty-four volumes of famous Delphin classics which cost the king a hundred thousand livres to produce.

At the time of his marriage, the dauphin's household was supplemented by that of the dauphine, which was similar to the queen's but not quite so elaborate, nevertheless consisting of some hundreds of persons. Ecclesiastical officers, such as the grand almoner and ordinary almoners, confessors, priests, chaplains, clerks of the chapel, almoners to the pages, and so on, were much the same as in the household of the dauphin; so were the equerries, *maîtres-d'hôtel*, officers of the chamber, of the pantry, the buttery, the stables, the buildings, and other gentlemen attendants. The most important posts in the dauphine's household were perhaps her *chevalier d'honneur*, a special gentleman-usher, and her lady of honour, who was first among all the women attached to her person. Then came the mistress of the robes (in one or two cases supplemented by an assistant), who presided at the toilette and directed the women charged with dressing and hairdressing. There were also six to twelve, perhaps even more, ladies-in-waiting, *dames pour accompagner Madame la Dauphine*, who corresponded to the queen's maids of honour, or the *dames du palais* who supplanted them under Marie-Thérèse, wife of Louis XIV. All these ladies were of high rank and under the charge of a lady-superintendent. The controller of

finances, treasurer, master of the wardrobe, and other high officials of various ranks had their counterpart in the household of the dauphin.

The chief members of her personal retinue, who were always appointed before the arrival of the princess, were dispatched to meet her on the frontier, and her journey from her native land was in the nature of a triumphal march, ending in a series of gorgeous fêtes. The arrival of Marie-Anne-Christine de Bavière, who was to marry Monseigneur, and of Marie-Antoinette may be regarded as typical examples. In some cases these celebrations were identical with the marriage festivities, which were invariably performed with every solemnity and rejoicing possible, such as accompanied the wedding of Marie-Josèphe de Saxe to Louis, son of Louis XV. A ceremony exceptional in its brilliance and splendour was that of the dauphin François II. to Mary Stuart.

Shortly after her marriage it was usual for the dauphine to make her entry into Paris, perhaps into other cities, to be seen by the people and to win their love, whilst within the palace she exerted herself to strengthen the ties of affection between herself and the various members of the royal family. Having gained the sympathy of the king, the queen, if there was one, and her sisters- or brothers-in-law, she placed herself on a good footing, if she was diplomatic, with the reigning favourite or favourites who usually had power to affect her welfare. In most cases it was not easy to secure the dauphin's undivided interest and attention, since he was barely out of the schoolroom and the marriage was none of his seeking,

but the birth of an heir gave her an assured position as dauphine, and then the round of education for kingship began again with the new generation.

Fêtes and public ceremonies played a large part in the institutions and customs of France, and from the time of the Renaissance, when ideas were borrowed from Italy, they received an additional impulse towards elegant and artistic setting. But apart from special occasions there were daily opportunities for ceremonial at Court, and *appartements*, *festins*, *couchers*, *levers*, *entrées* and suchlike formalities in vogue during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries kept both dauphins and dauphines busy obeying the rules of etiquette and precedence. These subjects alone would fill a good-sized volume and make exceedingly dull reading, relieved now and again by amusing or pathetic incidents concerning baby princes and princesses holding napkins in unwilling fingers that grown-ups might wipe their royal lips, handing garments that grown-ups might clothe their royal limbs, or waiting in elfish impatience whilst a longed-for object, say a piece of cake or glass of wine, passed from hand to hand into their eager hands at last. The hours spent in the tiring-room, too; what discipline for aching heads and wearied bodies in the everlasting observance of detail and form. How much childish fun and frolic was crushed by the irksomeness of playing to an audience, how subdued and overweighted the high spirits of youth by responsibility and cares attached to those who wait to step upon a throne!

Alone among princes of the blood the dauphin was

allowed to wear the sandals, dalmatique, and royal mantle embroidered with fleurs-de-lis. His crown was composed of a golden circlet surmounted by two hoops formed of two dolphins each that terminated in a golden lily much the same as in that worn by the king. Twenty-nine sons of France used the symbol bequeathed to them by Humbert II., Comte de Viennois. Of these sixteen died young, or were crowned before their marriage, thirteen had wives ranking as dauphines, and two of these were married twice. Of these fifteen dauphines, one, Marguerite of Austria, used the title only by courtesy. Her husband, afterwards Charles VIII., repudiated the ceremony and married Anne de Bretagne when he had come to the throne. Monseigneur, after the death of his first wife, secretly married Mlle. de Choin. As the marriage was not acknowledged she never attained to the full dignity of a dauphine, and must not be classed with them officially. The fourteen who retain an undisputed claim to the title are Jeanne de Bourbon, wife of the future Charles V. ; Marguerite de Bourgogne, Jacqueline de Bavière, and Marie d'Anjou, wives respectively of the third, fourth, and fifth sons of Charles VI. ; Margaret of Scotland and Charlotte de Savoie, first wife and second wife to Louis le Politique ; Catherine de Médicis, married to Henri, second son of François I. ; Mary Stuart, who became Queen-Consort of François II. ; Marie-Anne-Christine de Bavière, who more than a century later was wife to Monseigneur ; Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, married to his eldest son, the Duc de Bourgogne ; the Infanta Marie-Thérèse and Marie Joséphe de Saxe, successive wives to the son of Louis

XV. ; Marie-Antoinette and her daughter, Madame Royale, who married the last dauphin, son of Charles X.

These women were derived from Italy, from Spain, from Scotland, Bavaria, and Austria, but not a single one from England. Seven of them were mothers of kings ; only six became queen. The last three Valois were sons of Catherine de Médicis, the last three Bourbons of Marie-Josèphe de Saxe. Three brothers crowned in France foreshadowed a change of dynasty.

It is difficult to be pessimistic in youth, and the dauphines were happy on the whole, for they based their moods on fair promises ; yet only a few of them escaped moments of poignancy and insecurity more extreme than those that threaten less exalted people. From the day when Jeanne de Bourbon, the first of them, passed through the unspeakable dangers of the Jacquerie, to that on which Madame Royale, the last of them, suffered in the Temple during the Revolution, there were frequent hours of risk and disappointment, of strife and agony, contrasting with the bright periods in the destiny prepared by Providence for her favoured princesses. Marie d'Anjou, for instance, looking forth from her prison windows in the Hôtel de Bourbon, witnessed the butchery of Armagnacs by Burgundians. Marguerite de Bourgogne endeavoured to protect with her own person a faithful retainer who was torn from her side by the fierce Cabochians at the Hôtel Saint-Paul. Yet their suffering was not so great, perhaps, as that of Margaret of Scotland, a fair and delicate flower, who was done to death by vile slander, or of Marguerite of Austria, whose prize escaped her grasp at

the eleventh hour. The lives of Mary Stuart and of Marie-Antoinette, even as children, had something of the storm in them which ended on the scaffold. Yet who can say that any one of them would have given up her chance of glory for a less exalted and less dangerous position, that any one of them regretted the call to high estate? It is easier to believe that they felt as did Helena of Mecklenburg, wife of the son of Louis-Philippe, who never took the title of dauphine, when she said, before leaving the modest Court where she had spent her childhood, "I had rather be Duchesse d'Orléans for a single year than live a long life gazing from these castle windows."

CHAPTER I

JEANNE DE BOURBON—MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE —JACQUELINE DE BAVIÈRE—MARIE D'ANJOU

The Hundred Years' War—Jeanne's birth at Vincennes—Early betrothals—Her marriage to Charles—Description of the Court—The Battle of Poitiers—Birth of a princess—The Jacquerie—Jeanne in danger at Meaux—Rescued by Gaston de Foix—Death of the king—A dauphin—Death of Jeanne—Marguerite de Bourgogne—Neglected by her husband—Murder of the Duc d'Orléans—Armagnacs and Burgundians—The Cabochians—Attack on the Hôtel Saint-Paul—Jacqueville—La Cassinelle—Death of Dauphin Louis—Marguerite marries the Comte de Richemont—Betrothal of Jacqueline de Bavière—She becomes dauphine—Life at Compiègne—Death of the Dauphin Jean—Jacqueline's subsequent adventures—Marie d'Anjou—Betrothal to Charles—Lives with Queen Isabeau—The latter's depravity—The dauphine removed from her care—Attack of the Burgundians on Paris—Escape of the dauphin—Imprisonment of the dauphine—She witnesses the massacre of Armagnacs—Vive Bourgogne!—Jean-sans-Peur liberates Marie and sends her to the dauphin—Second marriage ceremony—A royal feast—Death of the mad king Charles VI.—The dauphine becomes queen—Birth of her son Louis.

A MIDST the clash of arms and stir of battle which continued more or less fiercely throughout the Hundred Years' War and its attendant internal upheavals in France the first four dauphines led restless and uncertain lives. Glimpses of them occur in the pages of the old chroniclers, representing the gentler aspects of history in contrast to the martial episodes and tangles of intrigue with which the period abounds. Events crowd hurriedly upon events, complicating the narrative and completely overshadowing the daily affairs

which concern these women and from which alone it is possible to estimate truly their personal characteristics. To hear that Jeanne de Bourbon was imprisoned at Meaux during the Jacquerie and to read of the perilous and unequal fight which took place before she was rescued from her dangerous position fires the imagination, but does little to satisfy the desire to know what manner of woman she was. It is difficult to get at the truth, to clothe the skeleton of facts with the live reality of feelings. Brantôme says that the Dauphin Charles married her "pour son plaisir et pour sa beauté," giving up in her favour his chance of espousing the rich heiress of Flanders, on which account, he adds, he well deserved to lose his surname of "the Wise." Brantôme was inaccurate in his statement, because Charles was only a child when he was betrothed to Jeanne, the marriage was provided for in the treaty of the cession of Dauphiné to the Crown, and Marguerite de Flandre was not yet born, so that Charles could have had no personal designs upon her, nor was he known as "the Wise" for many years afterwards. In spite of these discrepancies, Brantôme suggests unmistakably the fact, corroborated by others, that Jeanne possessed attributes which inspired a deep-seated passion. She was generous and gentle, she knew how to advise and how to keep a secret, she possessed judgment, and her intelligence was of the level-headed, organising kind which is quite as useful in ruling a kingdom as in directing a household. These qualities were of much value to Charles, harassed as he was by unceasing anxiety for his country—a country overrun by the English, seething

with discontented and rebellious peasants, whose king was a prisoner in a foreign land or given over to excesses of pleasure in his own. There were big clouds looming over France, and because Jeanne helped him to disperse them, like the true companion that she was to him, he called her "le soleil de son royaume."

She was born at Vincennes on February 3, 1338, and was the daughter of Pierre I., Duc de Bourbon. When her marriage with the heir to the throne was first discussed, Jeanne, though not quite so old as Charles in years, was already a woman in affairs of the heart, or, to be more exact, in affairs which involved the disposal of her hand. At the age of six she was betrothed to Amadeus VI. de Savoie, known as the Green Count, who subsequently married Jeanne's sister. This arrangement having been cancelled, her next suitor was Humbert II., Comte de Viennois, the middle-aged widower who had remained inconsolable after the loss of his only son. He suffered also from disappointment caused by the failure of negotiations for a second marriage with Blanche, sister of Amadeus VI. Irresponsible and variable in character, he appears to have vacillated for five or six years between starting life afresh and retiring altogether from the world, and his desire to marry Jeanne seems to have been the last bond which attached him to a mundane career. Pierre, Duc de Bourbon, was in no hurry to give his eleven-year-old daughter to the Count. He pleaded that the plague was raging through the country and that it was not safe for Jeanne to travel. When the epidemic

died out he had some other excuse to offer. The delay unsettled Humbert. Letters passed between the two princes, a conference was held, and finally, owing, it was said, to the intervention of the king, all negotiations fell through, and Humbert took the plunge he had long been contemplating, entered the Dominican Order, and ceded his lands, his title, and his proposed bride to Charles, who certainly seemed at that hour a spoilt darling of the gods. He too had been born at Vincennes and had played with Jeanne, who was his cousin, in the beautiful forest glades there. At that date Vincennes was a pleasure-palace ; in years to come it was a sombre State prison.

The Dauphiné was ceded to Charles in a treaty ratified at Lyons on July 16, 1349, and the new dauphin, accompanied by a number of barons of the kingdom of France, was put in possession of the country and received homage from its people. Humbert himself handed the young prince the banner, his sceptre, and his ring. As he did so he must have given a sigh at the thought of all he was relinquishing, especially the fair and winsome Jeanne, who in August a twelvemonth later was married to the dauphin with great rejoicing at Vincennes. Her dowry was 100,000 florins, half of which the Duc de Bourbon paid to Humbert on the day Charles received the Dauphiné. Besides this, her settlements amounted to 8,000 livres per annum, and were afterwards increased to 15,000. From the first, Jeanne and Charles, who were both about thirteen years old at the time of their wedding, seem to have been admirably suited to one another. Charles was

quiet and subdued, clear-headed, and as Christine de Pisane informs us, "moderate and sensible in all his actions." He was not at all bad-looking, being slim and tall, with an oval face, bright eyes, a high forehead, an aquiline nose, rather a large mouth, thin lips and a pale complexion. A great deal of mutual admiration existed between husband and wife, and everything that appertained to their household was well ordered and arranged. They were surrounded by numerous royal relatives, courtiers, and nobles, all of the most decorous and dignified type. No greater contrast could be afforded than between their Court and that of their successors, Charles VI. and the irredeemable Isabeau de Bavière, who rejoiced in everything that was wild, irrational, and immodest. Christine de Pisane, who was brought up from childhood in Jeanne's household, grows eloquent in her praise. "With what magnificence, order, perfect unity, the Court of this high-born dame was governed," she wrote. "Marvellous method reigned. Her company, her servants, her attire, and all her ornaments were carefully chosen for each ordinary day and for fêtes or the visits of princes to whom the king wished to show honour. Her dignity when crowned and adorned with rich jewels, when attired in the ample royal robes, enhanced by the mantle of cloth of gold or silk, is incomparable. According to the customs at Court she changed her gowns several times a day. It was wonderful to see her on occasions of great solemnity accompanied by royal ladies for whom she showed the greatest consideration and respect. Her noble mother, the duchesses, wives of the king's brothers,

countesses, baronesses, and other ladies of quality were always exquisitely dressed, and conducted themselves with perfect taste and decorum, otherwise their presence would not have been tolerated at Court. The bearing of this noble lady, solemn and quiet in speech, her countenance and glances full of assurance in the midst of this vast concourse of people, her beauty which effaced that of all other princesses, were delightful to see and she possessed a great and abiding charm."

Not only was Jeanne above talking gossip and scandal herself, but she took measures to prevent others from doing so in her presence. In order "to guard against idle words or evil thoughts" it was the custom at meal-times for a divine or professor to sit at the foot of the table and read aloud passages from the lives of the saintly departed. This expedient sounds very dull and very respectable, but it was probably necessary to attain the object Jeanne had in view. Although she encouraged application to serious things in others, Jeanne was not without a taste for lighter and more entertaining literature herself. She was fond of poetry, and in her day poetry took the form of the chant-royal, the triolet, the lay, the virelay, the rondeau, and the ballade. Both she and Charles possessed many beautiful books, and because the latter was delicate, he was more inclined than some of the royal husbands of France to share the gentle and artistic pursuits which occupied his wife. When he was ill she nursed him, when he was well they busied themselves with gardening, or tending their pet animals, for which special enclosures and cages were constructed in the palace grounds. Charles never

grew weary of her society, and loaded her with costly presents. The decoration of her rooms, the fine furniture and ornaments she collected, were in perfect taste and exquisite style. She had valuable plate, statuettes, and caskets of silver and gold, carvings fashioned in ivory, candlesticks, basins, salt-cellar, loving cups and so forth in profusion. The hangings, tapestries, and upholstery were of the finest workmanship and of great luxury. She had, for instance, an elegant canopy of white satin embroidered with roses and fleurs-de-lis which was put over her bath. It was the day of beautiful things; yet all the time this splendour was to be seen at Court, the country was in a state of poverty and wretchedness. In 1369, when she had been queen for some years, she sold a number of her ornaments and valuables to raise money for Du Guesclin's troops, a sufficient proof that she was not indifferent to the country's needs. Perhaps she had grown accustomed to the distressing state of affairs—France overrun by the enemy—which culminated a few years after her marriage in the disastrous Battle of Poitiers. Jeanne passed anxious hours at that time waiting for news of those she loved who were in the thick of the fight, and the news when it reached her was terrible. Her father-in-law, Jean II., and her small brother-in-law, the Duc d'Anjou, were captured and taken prisoners to England, her father was killed in the field, and numbers of the French nobles, many of whom were personal friends, were slain, whilst the country was utterly dishonoured.

There was but little time for grief and regret. Charles, during the absence of his father, was forced

to seize the reins and, young as he was, drive the coach of State. A council was appointed to advise him, and measures were taken to provide for the king's release. In December of that year Charles, probably accompanied by Jeanne, travelled to Metz in order to discuss the serious position with the Emperor Charles IV., his uncle. In spite of overwhelming difficulties Christmas was spent in feasting and rejoicing, and in the spring the dauphin and dauphine, or the Duc and Duchesse de Normandie as they were more often called, returned to Paris.

In the autumn of 1357 Jeanne gave birth to a princess. Even if the child had been a son, her position would have remained insecure. The country was in the grip of rebellious and famished peasants, who threatened death and destruction to the upper classes, and to royalty also if they could seize their persons and crush out their power and splendour. Not only was Jeanne's position menaced, but her very life was not safe. The rising known as the Jacquerie broke out on May 28, 1358. Châteaux were burnt and plundered, the country laid waste, wholesale murders took place. Jeanne, with the Duchesse d'Orléans and Isabelle de France, accompanied by three hundred high-born ladies, all in fear of immediate death or loss of their property, sought refuge at Meaux, many arriving destitute save for the scanty clothing they wore. The peril they were in was acute. Charles had been forced to leave the stronghold in order to take up his position elsewhere, and Meaux was guarded by a very inadequate number of men under the Duc d'Orléans. The Jacques, maddened and riotous, gained

admission to the town of Meaux and surrounded the Marché, the stronghold in which the ladies were shut up, and which was situated on an island formed by the river Marne. Froissart gives the number of rebels as about nine thousand. They were desperate but poorly armed, and a handful of trained soldiers proved capable of putting them to flight. As the dauphine, surrounded by her ladies, gazed in fear and distress from the narrow windows of the citadel upon the howling mob below, she was suddenly told to turn her eyes to the horizon, away from the rebels who threatened to break through the fortifications at any moment and overrun the Marché. There she saw a body of armed horsemen galloping towards her prison, banners and pennons flying, helmets glittering in the sun, swords in hand ready to attack. The little garrison was inspired by fresh courage as the soldiers drew nearer and nearer. The famous Gaston de Foix, surnamed Phoebus on account of his good looks, his gallantry, and the splendour of his Court, accompanied by another chivalrous knight, Jean de Grailly, Captal de Buch, had been riding through Châlons with sixty men when they heard of the plight of the ladies at Meaux, and hastened to the rescue. Nothing daunted by the overwhelming number of rebels, the brave knights ordered the gates of the market-place to be opened, and began driving back the rabble at the point of the sword, cheered on by the encouraging shouts of the women who watched with thankfulness and gratitude the men who were risking their lives in their service. When they realised that a trained band was opposing them, the Jacques began to fall back and hesitate, whereupon

the knights pressed on to follow up this advantage. Feeling the weight of the blows, the peasants "through fear," wrote Froissart, "turned about so fast, they fell one over the other. All manner of armed persons then rushed out of the barriers, drove them before them, striking them down like beasts, and clearing the town of them; for they kept neither regularity nor order, slaying so many they were tired. They flung them in great heaps into the river. In short, they killed upwards of seven thousand. No one would have escaped, if they had chosen to pursue them further." Even allowing for exaggeration in Froissart's figures, Gaston de Foix and his men must have done a very good day's work, and no doubt the count earned the historian's statement that no one could be compared to him in honour, enterprise, and courage.

The danger from the Jacques was over. The dauphine was safe. She stayed on at Meaux until Charles came to fetch her. Etienne Marcel, the *Prévôt des Marchands*, who had been the chief instigator in the *Jacquerie*, still had possession of Paris, and Charles set out to besiege the city. The murder of the people's leader made it possible for the dauphin to repossess himself of the capital, and peace being temporarily restored, Jeanne and her ladies were installed at the Louvre, where for some years she and her husband led a comparatively quiet existence. In 1360, Jeanne suffered great grief owing to the loss of two little daughters, Jeanne and Bonne, who were buried at Saint-Antoine near Paris on November 11. The dauphin was present at the funeral, being "very

troubled, for he had no more children." In the same year King Jean returned to France, but instead of busying himself with State matters, he travelled about the kingdom in search of enjoyment, and about this time lost his wife, the queen, so that not only did the burden of government remain on the dauphin's shoulders, but the dauphine became the first lady in the land and was at the head of the Court and of Society.

When in 1363 the Duc d'Anjou, who had been left as a hostage in England, broke his parole and returned to France, Jean II. declared his intention of giving himself up to the English. He embarked at Boulogne on January 3, 1364, and was received at Dover by an illustrious company and lodged at the Savoy Palace. Three months later he died, and the dauphin was crowned king. To Jeanne's great grief they had no heir. In 1366 another daughter was born, only to die at the age of six months. Eighteen long years had passed since their marriage when at last on December 3, 1368, Jeanne gave birth to the dauphin who afterwards became Charles VI. A daughter followed and then another son, Louis, the notorious Duc d'Orléans who was assassinated in 1407. Jeanne had three more children and died at the birth of the third on February 6, 1378. Charles was inconsolable at her loss. They had lived, according to Christine de Pisane, "*en paix et en amour.*" Jeanne had never had an enemy, nor was a word of blame ever spoken of her, an unusual thing in those days, when people were none too ready to praise or flatter. She was always known as "*la belle duchesse*" or "*la bonne reine,*" and her husband's interest in mere mundane

matters ceased at her death. Two years afterwards he breathed his last at the Château de Beauté in the forest of Vincennes.

Charles VI. was barely twelve years old when he came to the throne. He married Isabeau de Bavière five years later, so that for a space of forty years there was no dauphine. The three who came next followed quickly upon one another as though they hoped the more effectively to bridge the gap. They were wives of three brothers, sons of Charles VI. : Marguerite de Bourgogne, who married Louis, Duc de Guienne, in 1404 ; Jacqueline de Bavière, married to Jean, Duc de Touraine, two years later ; and Marie d'Anjou, queen Consort of Charles VII.

Jeanne had been happy as dauphine, but Marguerite was quite the reverse. Her husband neglected her and was unfaithful, and she lived a suppressed and uncongenial life with her mother-in-law, whose influence was by no means salutary. Marguerite was proud and possessed dignity, and under happier conditions might have appeared to more advantage. The name was not a lucky one for a dauphine. The Scottish princess who married Louis, son of Charles VII., suffered a very similar fate, and Marguerite of Austria, who was betrothed to the son of the self-same Louis, was treated even worse, being sent home to her father as though she had been a disobedient schoolgirl. Jacqueline, on the other hand, was a capable, energetic, and impulsive princess, whose fortunes at the time she was dauphine promised all manner of glory and fame. Unfortunately these auguries were never fulfilled. The premature death of her husband and the sad and

chequered destiny which pursued her throughout three subsequent marriages gained for her a questionable celebrity.

Marie d'Anjou, who was said to be beautiful and pleasing—the existing portraits of her when she was queen show a high forehead, long nose, wide-open eyes, and full lips—lived a melancholy and incomplete life, partly owing to the unsettled condition of France, then more than half-English, and partly to her husband's preference for the bewitching Agnes Sorel. Gentleness and piety were the chief characteristics of this, the fourth dauphine. She was so gifted in intelligence and virtue, said Varillas, that even though satire was much in vogue in that day, and it was difficult to avoid its shafts, no breath sullied the name of Marie d'Anjou; a proof that she was not only exempt from the glaring faults of the Court of Charles VII., but even from any suspicion that she shared them.

Of the three sons of Charles VI. who survived childhood, the eldest Louis was perhaps most like his mother. His character was not good. He was prodigal, dissipated, ungoverned, and showed few signs of nobility. He inherited her fastidious and extravagant tastes, an inordinate desire for pleasure, and utter disregard for the happiness of those dependent on him. He was an impassioned collector of fine books and illustrated manuscripts, of jewellery and ornaments. In his private chapel he had images of gold and silver, rich adornments and finely woven hangings. He loved music, and especially the sonorous roll of the organ. He was cultured in the arts and knew Latin.

According to a portrait written on the margin of a Parliamentary Register by a clerk of the Council on the day when he died, he had a fine face, was tall and broad, not agile, and turned night into day, supping at midnight and going to bed at sunrise. He was said to be fond of horses and hunting, to love the tournament, to handle his lance with valour and address, and to take pride in his kennels and mews at his country château. But the one thing he did not care for was the woman he married. On May 5, 1403, when he was six years old, he was betrothed to Marguerite, daughter of the powerful Jean-sans-Peur, who was presently to be Duc de Bourgogne. Previously she had been the promised bride of the Dauphin Charles, a project which failed owing to the death of that prince at the age of nine. Marguerite is mentioned in the accounts relating to the Hôtel of Philippe de Bourgogne, her grandfather, as Madame la Dauphine as early as 1396, before the birth of Louis. It was arranged that Louis should be married to a daughter of the Duc d'Orléans, but this match was opposed by Isabeau, who preferred Marguerite. Her dowry was 200,000 francs and the Châteaux of Villemain and Chaource. The old Duc de Bourgogne, being satisfied with the good fortune which awaited his granddaughter, gave a splendid feast to the king, the queen, and all the princes of the blood. Two days after these truly royal festivities, Charles VI., who was already subject to fits of madness, and who invariably contradicted everything he did in his lucid moments when seized by his periodical attacks, broke his promise and endeavoured to bring about the Orleans marriage. In July, however, the

negotiations with Burgundy were resumed and completed, and the bride was taken into the queen's household to be near her future husband. An entry is found in the accounts of the Court at this time which includes silken materials to be made into a *chemise à heures* for Madame la Dauphine. Marguerite had been brought up in luxury by Jean-sans-Peur, the resources of the House of Burgundy being enormous at this date. In the household accounts there is mention of many rich presents which go to prove that her father was proud and fond of his daughter. In 1412 he brought her a beautiful golden collar and some elaborately fashioned diamonds, which he gave to her in the Hôtel d'Artois at Paris when she came to visit him accompanied by the dauphin. Upon her lady-in-waiting, Marguerite de Brétigny, he bestowed a golden chain. But in spite of the material things which might have been hers to command, Marguerite was anything but happy. She would have given all her possessions in exchange for her husband's love, whereas his indifference was so great that he often refused to see her, or to take any interest in her household, and because she was gentle, retiring of disposition, and very modest, she did not care to demand anything from the husband who neglected her. The marriage ceremony had been celebrated on August 30, 1404, but the real union was postponed for five years. In 1404 Marguerite's grandfather died and Jean-sans-Peur reigned in his place. The new duke was the deadly foe of Louis d'Orléans, his cousin, and did his best to stir up the hatred between the Burgundians and Orleanists. This ill-feeling

dated from the time when Charles VI. had first shown signs of madness, and his uncles, the Ducs de Bourgogne and de Berri, took affairs in their own hands, to the exclusion of the king's brother. On the one side was the queen, her lover, Louis d'Orléans, and his father-in-law, the Comte d'Armagnac, from whom the party took its name. On the other was the Duc de Bourgogne, at that time the most powerful noble in France, with Paris behind him to strengthen his position. The mad king and the young princes were at the very centre of the intrigues, being objects of interest to both sides, the different leaders endeavouring to win them over to their own party. Louis, the dauphin, being married to a princess of the House of Burgundy and having been instructed by the duke in the arts of war and government during his boyhood, had at first leanings towards his father-in-law, but later he veered from one party to the other at the slightest provocation. Jean de Touraine was married in 1406 to Jacqueline de Bavière, a niece of Jean-sans-Peur, and was also Burgundian at heart. Charles, the third son, escaped from the influence of his powerful second cousin when he married into the important House of Anjou. The fifty years of civil war between the Burgundians and Armagnacs is one of the dark and complicated periods of French history, and can only be touched upon here in as far as it affected the personal happiness and comfort of the dauphines.

In 1407 an incident which set all France by the ears was the murder of Louis, Duc d'Orléans, by partisans of the Duc de Bourgogne. The feud between the two powerful factions then became acute, and to

make matters worse, the people, who were discontented on account of the wretched state of the country, rose in rebellion under Jean de Troyes and Caboche, and sided with the Burgundians, thus giving increased power to Jean-sans-Peur. The king was incapable, the dauphin a youth without influence, the queen worse than useless to aid in sustaining the dignity of the throne. She fled from place to place, sometimes carrying the dauphine in her train to Melun or to Tours. The country was at the mercy of the Cabochians, "marrowbones and cleavers" as they were called, who, under the instigation of Jean-sans-Peur, did their best to gain supremacy. For five years France was in the throes of civil war, which culminated in 1413 in serious riots in Paris. The Court was at the Hôtel Saint-Paul. The king was in one of his lucid intervals, the queen and the dauphine were with him. The dauphin, who had been doing his best to govern, was warned of danger and advised to fortify the palace and raise the banner with the fleurs-de-lis above the threshold. He was contemplating the wisdom of taking any such precautions when the rioters surrounded the palace, planted the standard of the city at the doorway, and demanded speech with the dauphin. Louis, greatly terrified, showed himself at the window and begged the people to disperse. This they refused to do. Then he promised to consider their demands. They retorted that "certain traitors" now in the hôtel must be delivered up to them. Furious, the dauphin declared he harboured no traitors. Thereupon they handed in a list containing fifty names of people they threatened to seize by force

unless the dauphin agreed to give them up. During the parley the Duc de Bourgogne himself arrived upon the scene. Louis turned to him in a rage, saying "Father-in-law, this insurrection has been caused by your advice. Deny it if you can. The leaders are of your own household. One day you shall repent of this hour's work, and you shall find the State cannot be governed according to your will and pleasure." The dauphine, frightened by this quarrel between her husband and father, begged the former to desist, but at that moment the rioters broke into the hôtel, and, crowding into the rooms, seized the nobles and ladies who were the cause of their attack, and dragged one Michel de Vitry out of the arms of the dauphine, who was trying to shield him from their violence. Her deed was the more noble, for at that day, when a woman's fair name was quickly sullied, she might easily have been accused of trying to save her lover. But never a word of slander was breathed against this Marguerite, whilst her namesake, the Scottish princess, well-nigh died from the evil which was spoken of her by Jamet du Tillay.

For three long months terror reigned among the people, and constant bickerings took place between the various members of the royal family. The queen's ladies had been forcibly removed and her brother taken prisoner. The dauphin's conduct was denounced, and one Jacquerville forced his way into the palace while a ball was in progress and declared publicly that Louis was debasing his position. The dauphin, drawing his dagger, dealt Jacquerville three blows, which did little harm, as he was wearing a coat of mail, but Louis was

upset by the incident for days after. He had not the hardy temperament of some of the early French kings, who would have enjoyed thoroughly a little adventure of this kind. He was now at the Louvre taking the nominal lead of the national party and living a life of ease and self-indulgence. His wife remained at the Hôtel Saint-Paul with Queen Isabeau. The latter mistrusted some of the dauphin's servants who were in touch with the Burgundians, and obtaining Armagnacs to help her, she went to the Louvre accompanied by the dauphine and seized one Jean de Croy and three more of the dauphin's gentlemen and cast them into prison. Louis was furious. He had quarrelled with his father-in-law, whom he had begged to help him. The duke wrote a letter to all the principal towns in Picardy complaining of "the detestable injuries which many have attempted to do our most redoubted lady and daughter, the Duchesse de Guienne [as the dauphine was called] and to the duke, and trusting to see the king, the queen, our redoubted lord of Guienne and my well-beloved daughter his duchess delivered from all danger." Then he assembled an army and marched towards Paris. When he arrived the dauphin denied having sent for him. The Duc de Bourgogne, angered by this behaviour, begged him to dismiss his mistress, "La Cassinelle," and take back his wife. This Louis refused to do. Mlle. Cassinel was the daughter of the king's maître-d'hôtel, who had been placed in the queen's household and was very beautiful. Louis flaunted her device in the public eye. He had a fine standard worked in gold which represented a K, a swan (*cygne*) and an L, thus forming a

play upon her name, Cassinel, and he exhibited it on every possible occasion. In 1415 Louis insisted on separating his wife from Queen Isabeau and sent her to Saint-Germain, where she remained in retirement until his death on December 28 of that year. It was said that at the last he repented of his harshness to Marguerite. She contracted a second marriage eight years later, becoming the wife of the Comte de Richemont, but she only agreed to do so on the condition that she might retain her title of Duchesse de Guienne. A story is told of her which shows that she had plenty of spirit. In 1428 Charles VII. visited her at Chinon, where she was living, and assured her that she was always welcome at any of his residences, but he refused to let her receive De Richemont, who was Connétable and who had fallen from favour. "I will never remain anywhere where I cannot see my husband," replied she proudly, and thereupon took her immediate departure and joined De Richemont at Parthenay.

When the dauphin Louis died, Jean, Duc de Touraine, the next heir to the throne, was living happily at Hainault with his wife and her family. He had been betrothed formally to Jacqueline when she was nearly five and he was three years older. The ceremony was performed at Compiègne on June 24, 1406, at the same time as that uniting Isabelle, widow of Richard II. of England, and Jean's elder sister, to Charles, Duc d'Orléans. Jacqueline was the daughter of Guillaume d'Ostrevant, Comte de Hainault, and of Marguerite, his wife, who was a rich Burgundian heiress and sister to Jean-sans-Peur.

They had been married sixteen years before their little daughter was born. She proved to be the last of her race. The early prospects of her life, in every way brilliant, were never destined to be fulfilled, partly owing to her own impulsiveness, and partly to the machinations of those who coveted her vast estates and property, among them her cousin, the Duc de Bourgogne.

There were great festivities at Compiègne to celebrate the betrothal. The Comtesse de Hainault accompanied her daughter when she went to meet her future husband. When the banquets and merry-making were ended, the countess prepared to take her departure from the palace, and decided that her new little son-in-law should go with her. Queen Isabeau strongly opposed this plan, and a very undignified altercation ensued. No doubt Isabeau did most of the wailing and upbraiding, but the countess had both right and might on her side, for it was stipulated in the marriage treaty that Jean should be brought up at Hainault. Another clause of the treaty was that he should receive an indemnity of 200,000 golden crowns if Jacqueline failed to fulfil her part of the bargain.

At Hainault the travellers were met by Comte Guillaume and a brilliant suite of followers, and the young French prince was received into his new home with great ceremony and rejoicing, feasting, music, and military display. Very soon amusement gave place to study, and the little prince was given a very solid education at Hainault, and became so wise and dependable that many of the people desired that he should be declared heir to the throne in place of his elder brother, the irresponsible Louis. As the latter died

suddenly, however, at the close of 1415, Jean became dauphin without the intervention of any legal proceedings. Jean did not seem to be in any hurry to take up his new responsibilities. Almost a year passed before he went anywhere near the French capital. His sympathies, doubtless owing to the influence of his mother-in-law, were entirely Burgundian, and he made a treaty with Jean-sans-Peur in which the latter promised to defend France against all enemies, England in particular, whilst the dauphin promised on his part to protect the duke against all his adversaries. In November 1416, the dauphin was at Quesnay with his father-in-law, but at the beginning of the following year he went to Compiègne accompanied by Marguerite de Hainault, the dauphine, and a large Court. Queen Isabeau was at this time holding her own Court at Senlis, and the countess took Jacqueline to visit her there, where they met in mutual pleasure and rejoicing, the dauphine returning thence to Compiègne and the queen to Paris.

Jacqueline's prospects appeared to be excellent. She was hoping to be queen, she was exceedingly rich, heiress to vast estates, and had everything her heart could desire, her surroundings at the beautiful palace of Compiègne being luxurious in the extreme. She wore costly silks and cloth of gold, she ate from golden plates and drank from golden cups. Accounts are in existence which mention large sums paid for jewels, for presents, for tapestries, and all the comforts which went far in those days to make life enjoyable, such as musicians, minstrels, and choristers, for journeys, for messengers and couriers, for strange pets and costly

food. And into the midst of all this prosperity, when she had enjoyed her good fortune and had been treated as a dauphine for about fifteen months, something happened which destroyed it all at a single blow. The dauphin was seized with a mysterious malady. Doctors were sent for at once, prayers and Masses were said and sung, but all in vain. The Comte de Hainault, riding in haste to the palace, found his son-in-law "all swollen and with every appearance of having been poisoned." On the day of Pasques-fleuries he died, it was thought by some from an abscess in the ear. He was buried at Saint-Cornille, Compiègne, in the presence of the duke and the dauphine, who returned in deep grief to Hainault.

From that date onwards the life of Jacqueline de Bavière was full of strange vicissitudes. In the first month of her widowhood she lost her father, and at the age of sixteen was left to the mercy of those who took more interest in the disposal of her estates than in her personal happiness. She became the wife of Jean de Brabant, with whom she was miserable, and from whom she escaped to England, where she married Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. With her subsequent return to France, and to Holland, her imprisonment and escape therefrom on horseback dressed in men's clothes, with her fourth marriage to a private gentleman, Francq de Borselle, and her death at the age of thirty-five, this record of the dauphines has nothing to do. It is enough to say that the short period in which she hoped to wear a queen's crown was probably the happiest of her existence.

By the death of Jean de Touraine in April 1417,

his younger brother Charles became dauphin and his wife, Marie d'Anjou, dauphine. They had been formally married in December 1413, but the second ceremony which confirmed the bond did not take place until April 1422.

Charles, the fifth son and eleventh child of Charles VI., was born at the Hôtel Saint-Paul on February 22, 1403. The alliance he contracted did much to free him from the overpowering Burgundian influence, under which his brothers had lived, and attached him to the powerful house of Anjou and that of Lorraine. Marie was the daughter of Louis II., Duc d'Anjou, King of Sicily, and of Yolande d'Aragon, his wife. She was born at Angers, and her old nurse Tiphaine le Magne was buried there. At the age of six she was betrothed to Jean de Bari, Prince de Tarente, an arrangement that was abandoned in favour of Charles. After the betrothal ceremony, which took place at the Louvre in the presence of Queen Isabeau and the bride's parents—Charles VI. had one of his attacks—Yolande stayed in the capital until February 1414, and then took her departure with the newly united couple. Charles, then called Comte de Ponthieu, received his education in her household, as appears to have been the custom at that time with boy princes who were betrothed. He was brought up with his brothers-in-law, René and Louis, and whilst the English invaded France, and the disastrous battle of Agincourt took place, the prince was safely with his wife's mother in Provence or Anjou. In June 1416, Marie came to Paris to live with Queen Isabeau, and for a time she stayed in that lady's gay Court at Vincennes. In spite of the fact that Isabeau was now forty-seven

years of age and could no longer be considered beautiful, she was as dissolute as ever, and the feasting, revelry, and intrigue which continued at the Palace gave rise to great scandal or, as Juvenal des Ursins aptly put it, "*en l'hôtel de la reine se faisaient plusieurs choses deshonnêtes.*" The king, hearing of these things, at a moment when he was well enough to resent them, rode over to Vincennes and sent Isabeau to Tours, where for a time she was forced to live a retired life. Her expulsion took place in May 1417, and the month previously Marie had been removed from the guardianship of her mother-in-law, which could not fail to have been most unsuitable for the young princess. In spring her first grief came to her through the loss of her father, who died at Angers, where he had been living with his wife Yolande.

At last Isabeau, escaping from Tours, joined hands with Jean-sans-Peur, and set up a fresh Court with her ladies at Troyes, where her parliament was held. She took this opportunity of making a triumphal progress through France.

Meanwhile Charles, now dauphin, was doing his best to grip the affairs of the kingdom; no small task, since it included the necessity of reconciling the opposing forces of Armagnacs and Burgundians, as well as endeavouring to rally the people in an effort to repulse the English, who were nearing Rouen. In Paris, the Armagnacs were in possession, and Jean-sans-Peur, siding with the queen and making Troyes his capital, set off with all his forces to oppose the dauphin, who was at the Hôtel Saint-Paul. The people were once more in rebellion, taxes were in-

supportably heavy, commerce was suspended, food scarce, money almost unobtainable. The Gate of Saint-Germain des Prés was guarded by one Perrinet, whose son having been wounded by Armagnacs, and possessing Burgundian sympathies, arranged to steal the keys of the gate while his father slept, and admit the Burgundian troops into the capital by night. L'Isle Adam, their leader, and eight hundred soldiers took advantage of Perrinet's treachery, and marched as far as the Châtelet, where they joined twelve hundred Burgundians. The streets were soon full of armed soldiers, many wearing the blue cap with the white cross of St. Andrew, many others the white scarf which distinguished the Armagnacs.

The Burgundians calling out, "Peace, Peace, Burgundy," attacked the houses of the Armagnacs. One body made a violent onslaught upon the Hôtel Saint-Paul, forced the palace gates and seized the king, who, understanding little or nothing of what was taking place, promised all that was demanded of him, and was hurried away on horseback. The Prévôt de Marchands, Tanguy du Chastel, searched everywhere for the dauphin, who was in a part of the palace called the Hôtel de Tournelles, and when he was found, "as God willed it," he took him in his arms, wrapped him in his dressing-gown and bore him off to the Bastille Saint-Antoine. There he was hurriedly dressed, and Du Chastel rode off with him through the night past Corbeil, and so to Melun, where he was left in safety. The poor little dauphine, frightened almost out of her wits at the violence which proceeded everywhere around her, was at her residence, the Hôtel de

Bourbon, where she remained for several months after the rebellion, virtually a prisoner, with very little food, scant clothing, no servants, deprived of almost all her belongings and in fear of her life. She was obliged to witness the terrible scenes which went on in front of her windows. According to one account 522 Armagnacs were killed in the streets during the first onslaught. The fighting continued by torchlight; fire, smoke, and the din of battle adding to the horrors of the massacre. In all there were at least sixteen hundred victims, knights, priests, doctors, and men of law.

Paris was now in the hands of the Burgundians. In a short time Jean-sans-Peur, accompanied by Queen Isabeau, was riding through streets which, barely cleansed from stains of blood, were now strewn with flowers. Cheers rose on every side of them: "Noël ! Noël ! Vive Bourgogne !" The first attack had taken place on May 29, but revolt and rebellion continued more or less acutely until August, one of the chief offenders being Capeluche, who was sent to the scaffold.

At length the Duc de Bretagne and the young Duc d'Anjou rescued Marie from her uncomfortable position, and Jean-sans-Peur, who wished to win the dauphin's good graces, sent his wife to him, "to calm him and dispose him favourably." Everything that could be done was done to compensate Marie for the discomfort and danger through which she had passed. Presents were heaped upon her, a palfrey, a beautiful book of hours, jewellery and new gowns, and all her belongings were restored to her. Then the dauphine's cortège, under the Duc de Bretagne, accompanied by an embassy of Parisians and Burgundians,

set forth from the capital to go to Saumur, where they expected to meet the dauphin, to parley with him, and bring about a better understanding. Slowly they made their way to Orleans, where they embarked on the Loire, and set out for Tours. At Marmoutier they halted and the dauphine went to Mass. The peasants flocked round her in barges, and followed until a landing was effected, and they saw her mount behind the Duc de Bretagne and ride off. October 6 was spent at Tours, and from thence the journey was made to Saumur, where Marie joined her mother. Charles, however, was at Lusignan, and a story of *Yolande triumphing at her son-in-law's resistance to the overtures made to him by the Burgundians* is more dramatic than accurate. In the spring of 1419, mother and daughter separated, Yolande returning to Provence, whilst the dauphine took up her abode at the Château of Mehun-sur-Yèvre, where she established her household, and lived quietly and happily for a year or two in frequent communication with, and receiving visits from, the dauphin.

Charles was nineteen, Marie seventeen, when the second ceremony was decided upon which was to make them husband and wife in more than name. It was performed at Bourges in April 1422 with great magnificence in spite of the dauphin's insecure position. A splendid company of princes, nobles, and fine ladies were present to celebrate the event. There was a great banquet at which, according to custom, only ladies were seated. Charles entered the banqueting-hall when the feast was half-way done. He greeted all present with great affability, and approaching a



MARIE D'ANJOU WIFE OF CHARLES VII. 1401-63.

distant cousin of his own, the Comtesse de Namur, who had been placed below all the countesses but one, he begged her to move to the queen's table, because by right of her relationship to the royal house she should have been seated in a more prominent place.

For a few months after his marriage, Charles led a life of inaction and idleness which was becoming habitual to him, but in September Henry V. died, leaving the infant Henry VI. heir to the joint throne of France and England, Charles VI. was nearing his end, and the dauphin was compelled to bestir himself. At the end of October couriers reached Mehun with the news that the mad king was dead. Marie d'Anjou was queen. From her earliest years she had shared the pleasures and dangers undergone by her husband, but from thence onward she lived an obscure and retired life. She loved Charles, but grew wearied by and finally resigned to his infidelities. Her favourite occupation was to make frequent pilgrimages to holy shrines. Her eldest son, Louis, was born at the Archiepiscopal Palace at Bourges on July 3, 1423, and she lived to see him crowned as Louis XI. She gave birth to four more sons and seven daughters. Two years after the death of Charles VII., when she was about to start off on one of her pilgrimages, she died at Abbaye de Châteliers in Poitou on November 29, 1463.

The dauphin Louis was five years old when Charles VII. arranged an alliance for him with Margaret of Scotland, who was then three and a half. A few years passed before the marriage took place, and it turned out to be one of the least successful ever entered into by a dauphin.

CHAPTER II

MARGARET OF SCOTLAND

Her sad story—Compared with that of Madeleine de France—With that of Mary Stuart—Her girlhood—Embassy to Scotland to negotiate her marriage—Delay in signing contract—Regnault Girard's expedition—Arrival of the French fleet—Farewell Banquet at Perth—Margaret reaches France—The Court at Tours—Meeting of bride and bridegroom—The wedding—A morris dance—Unhappy married life—The dauphin's political activity—Margaret's poetic nature—The story of Alain Chartier—Her indiscretion—Jamet du Tillay's slander—The Court goes a-maying—Fêtes at Châlons—The Duchesse de Bourgogne—Margaret takes part in a ballet—Her illness and death—Arrival of her sisters at the French Court—Inquiry into Du Tillay's conduct.

“**O**UT upon the life of this world. Do not speak of it to me,” murmured Margaret as she was dying. Her story recalls one equally sad, that of Madeleine, daughter of François I., who, wedded to James V. of Scotland in 1537, found the country to which she was transplanted “very different from gentle France.” “‘Alas! I wished to be queen,’ she sighed, smothering her sadness and the fire of her ambition with cinders of patience.”¹ She died, they said, of weariness. Three months of life at the Scottish Court sufficed to kill this delicate flower of French royalty; nine years elapsed before the hardier northern princess succumbed in a foreign land where she had found but little sympathy and understanding.

The two Scottish dauphines, Margaret and Mary,

¹ Brantôme.

shared some of their experiences, though the latter's life at the French Court was happier far than her predecessor's.

*Margaret was betrothed to the dauphin Louis in 1428, when she was three and a half years old. Her mother loved Linlithgow, and some of the princess's early days were spent at the palace. She was to have been sent to France to be educated, but her father would not part with her so soon, and she did not set sail from Dumbarton until 1436, in which year she was married. A few months later James I. died the tragic death that has so often been described. Mary, who was born at Linlithgow, lost her father whilst a tiny infant only a few days old. She was betrothed to the dauphin François in 1548 at the age of six and a half and set sail from Dumbarton the same year to be educated with Henri II.'s children. But there the apparent similarity ends, for Mary had powerful friends at the Court of France who looked after her interests, whilst Margaret had nothing of the kind. Of the two she needed influence most, for whilst Mary in those early days was quite capable of holding her own, Margaret was gentle and retiring, of a poetic temperament and an impassioned nature. "She was a star clear and fine," said Martin Lefranc, "placed in the universe to adorn it." In her father's house she had been carefully shielded by love; but her husband never cared for her, and almost refused to acknowledge her existence. "He was married to a daughter of Scotland against his wish," said Comines, "and he never ceased to regret it."

Margaret was the child of a romantic marriage.

When James I. was imprisoned at Windsor, he fell in love at first sight with the bewitching Joan of Beaufort, whom he saw walking in the garden. Inspired by his passion he wrote the "Kingis Quair," and it was thus from her father that Margaret inherited her love of poetry and her capacity for writing verse. It was decided that James, when he was restored to Scotland, should pay within six years a sum of 60,000 marks "for the cost of his maintenance in England"; moreover he was to marry a high-born English lady, and his ransom was to be reduced by 10,000 marks in lieu of a dowry. His marriage with Joan of Beaufort, who was the daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, took place at St. Mary Overy Church in Southwark on February 12, 1424. In March they proceeded to Scotland and were crowned at Scone on May 21. Two daughters, Margaret and Elizabeth, were born to them, and a son. Very little is known of the childhood of the princesses, though their names figure now and again in the Exchequer Rolls, but this much was certain, the family ties were far stronger than is frequently the case in royal households.

Early in 1428 Charles VII., anxious to enter into amicable relations with Scotland, despatched an embassy for the purpose of demanding the hand of Margaret for his eldest son. He chose three imposing personages for his mission, John Stuart of Darnley, Constable of the Scots in France, who was rewarded by the sum of 1,000 crowns; Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims; and the famous poet Alain Chartier, whose graceful speeches were intended to secure a hearing for the others. James I. must

have felt flattered to be approached by such important representatives of the Church, the Army, and of Literature. He listened gravely to Chartier's remarks that the alliance between Scotland and France, which had been transmitted from generation to generation, was not merely noted on parchment in ink, but graven on the living hearts of men in blood. After that the poet descended to commonplaces and stated plainly that France was hoping for military help as well as the proposed marriage. James had nothing to reply, however, until he had heard the more businesslike proposals of the statesmen who arrived soon after and were entertained at Linlithgow, as an account in the Exchequer Rolls of £6 9s. 10d. for one night's feasting goes to prove. Then the negotiations began in earnest. There was a great deal to be said on both sides. First of all, the dauphin was not a very good match, for France was occupied by the English and the future of the French throne was uncertain. On the other hand James was willing enough to break off the half-relations which existed between Scotland and England and side with the enemy. In spite of the risk his daughter would undergo if sent to a country as unsettled as was France at that date, and the still greater risk of promising military help, he set his seal to the marriage-deed on July 19 at Perth. On his part, Charles was to cede the province of Saintonge and the seignior of Rochefort, and some months later he ratified the agreement at Chinon.

It had been arranged that Margaret should be sent to France the same year and be educated at the Court there. Had this been done it is quite possible that

she would have learnt to love the country of her adoption and that the early pictures of her home would have faded from her recollection. But James desired to keep his little daughter with him as long as possible, and for years the matter hung in abeyance, until the victories of the French, aided by Jeanne d'Arc, brightened the prospects of Charles VII. In 1433 he sent ambassadors to James to say that whilst he no longer required military assistance he was anxious to see the arrangements for the marriage completed and desired Princess Margaret to be brought to Court at once. James was not to be moved by such demands. The child was too young to face such a terrible journey and he begged for further delay. Rumours had reached him that a different alliance had been proposed for the dauphin, and he sent off despatches to Charles dated January 8, 1434, which contained nothing but half-promises and excuses. The letters were delayed in transit and did not come into the king's hands before August, when, angered by the indecision and wavering they implied, Charles immediately despatched his most trusted messenger and maître-d'hôtel, Regnault Girard, Seigneur de Bazoges, who was accompanied by a Scottish equerry, Hugh Kennedy, with implicit instructions to bring back the princess.

Now Girard, who left an exhaustive account of his mission, was at first most unwilling to undertake it. Two great dangers threatened him; one was the English—at that time the deadliest foe of France—and the other was the unprecedented severity of the weather, for winter was coming on apace, and to reach Scotland the roughest waters must be crossed. He went so

far as to make a private offer "in order to escape the danger of the sea" of 400 crowns to any one who would go in his place, trusting "that it might please the king to hold him excused." But Charles, hearing of this, answered it effectively by commanding him to hasten his journey, and to make sure his orders were carried out he sent the Comte de Vendôme and Jean Chastenier, his Controller of Finances, to La Rochelle, where the embarkation was to take place. The letters with which the ambassadors were entrusted were dated October 4, 1434, and were addressed to the King and Queen of Scotland and to the future dauphine.

Whatever fears Regnault Girard had entertained before setting forth on his perilous voyage, the reality proved to be far worse, and after being almost lost and in "*grande et merveilleuse tourmente*," the frail vessel and its crew reached Dumbarton on January 8, 1435, having spent fifty-six days on the sea. Another fortnight passed before they reached the Scottish capital, under the charge of a band of Hugh Kennedy's relatives, some sixty horses strong. Then came a mighty conference which lasted for six days. The king interfered between the French ambassadors and his own councillors, making the ready excuse of the man who does not know his own mind. He said it was necessary to consult his wife. Perhaps the queen too was in doubt, for it was February 21 before negotiations were resumed at Perth, and the French ambassadors were rewarded for their weary waiting by a first glimpse of the little princess who was the cause of all this pother.

Five days later James consented to write his name below a document in which it was stipulated that the princess should set sail for France in the following May, that she should be accompanied by 2,000 men-at-arms, that Charles should provide the fleet to carry her, that he might keep the Scottish soldiers if he cared to do so, or if this was not the case, that James would provide for their return. He promised, moreover, that Margaret should be ready to embark on the French vessel which was to bear her to her new home one month after its appearance at Dumbarton. It might be imagined that with so many contingencies provided for, King James would have felt satisfied that he had done his best to secure his daughter's happiness. But this was by no means the case. He wished to know exactly what kind of household she was to have until the day that the marriage became an established fact. He hinted that he would like her to have a town of her own garrisoned by Scotsmen, that at all events her personal servants and ladies-in-waiting must be chosen from her own countrymen and women, though he had no objection to her spending part of her time at the French Court in order to grow familiar with the life which lay before her as Queen of France. This excess of caution was doubtless indulged in in a hope that Margaret might be spared to him a little longer.

Hugh Kennedy, Girard's son, and their escort started forth on the return journey, laden with these suggestions and queries, and Regnault remained behind in Scotland not without much "*ennui et desespoir*" at the prospect, to await his royal master's further com-

mands. As was to be expected, Charles was growing impatient. Girard passed a dreary interval going from place to place. He paid his respects to the princess at Stirling, which was then her abode, before the answer came. It was satisfactory enough and expressed Charles's desire that James would fulfil his part of the contract speedily, that a suitable fleet would leave La Rochelle on July 15, that Margaret would be treated as though she were his own daughter, that he did not care for her to have a separate establishment lest she should not willingly learn French, nor adopt the manners of the French kingdom, and that he would send the Scottish soldiers back to their native land.

The French ships arrived at Dumbarton on September 12, 1435, and still James dallied. This time it was the queen who would not suffer her little girl to set forth at that period of the year, and besides the season was approaching when the best people did not celebrate marriages. He even appealed to the ambassadors to say a word concerning the perils they had encountered when they voyaged in winter, and since he could do no more to ensure Margaret's being kept as Scottish as possible when Charles desired her to become as French as possible, he was forced to give in with a very bad grace when spring came and send off the princess "*à l'aventure de Dieu.*"

A farewell banquet was held at Perth, the French ambassadors sitting at table with the king and queen, and the following day a special meeting was arranged between Margaret and Girard, when many fine speeches were made and it was carefully explained to the princess that a great honour had been done her by the king

of France and the dauphin, to whom her troth was plighted. Then farewells were taken and King James ordered Girard to kiss Queen Joan, who returned his salute, which he esteemed the greatest honour which had ever befallen him. Presents were interchanged and James accepted a fine mule—mules were unknown in Scotland in that day—and the queen was made quite happy by a gift of three barrels containing chestnuts, pears, and apples—comestibles which she greatly appreciated—and six pipes of wine.

James accompanied Margaret to Dumbarton (Girard called it Dombertrain), and to the last moment acted his part of the over-anxious parent. He was not satisfied with the ships sent by Charles and caused them all to put to sea so that he might judge which was the swiftest and the best appointed. In the end he had the want of tact to select a vessel of Spanish build, which caused much grumbling among the sailors, who were only pacified with difficulty. At last, having no further excuse for interference, King James, weeping bitterly, parted from his daughter, and soon Margaret was on her way to France, the French fleet of twenty ships setting sail on March 27. The voyage was a fortunate one. An English fleet of 180 vessels lay in wait to take the French ships captive, but a counter-attraction consisting of Flemish boats laden with wine drew them off and allowed their more important prey to escape.

On April 17, Margaret disembarked at La Palisse on the island of Ré ; two days later she set foot on the mainland, and after resting from the long voyage made a state entry into La Rochelle at the beginning

of May. She was received formally by Regnault de Chartres, who as ambassador in 1428 had set in train the work that day accomplished. A feast was spread at the Hôtel des Jaropins, and afterwards a beautiful silver ornament was presented to her, which gave her great pleasure because it was the first gift that she had received in France.

From La Rochelle the princess was taken to Niort, where two ladies sent by Marie d'Anjou were added to her train. One was Madame de la Roche-Guyon, lady-of-honour to the queen, and the other Madame de Gamaches, wife of her maître-d'hôtel. At Poitiers special efforts had been made to celebrate the reception of the dauphine. She was received by the municipality and the doctors of the University, the clergy, and every one of note and fashion, and as she passed under the gateway the figure of a child, dressed to represent an angel, came fluttering gently down to crown her with a wreath of flowers. This device was so beautifully arranged that it awoke the wondering admiration of all who beheld it.

In the meantime preparations for the marriage at Tours were being hurried on. Both contracting parties were so young that a special dispensation had to be obtained from the Archbishop of Tours before the ceremony could be performed.

Margaret, mounted on a richly caparisoned palfrey, and accompanied by a fine suite which included the Bishop of Brechin, the Earl of Orkney, and a number of Scottish lords and ladies, was met by the Seigneurs de Maillé and de Gamaches, who led her palfrey into the courtyard of the castle, where she dismounted.

Escorted by the Comte de Vendôme and the Earl of Orkney she entered the great hall, which was decorated on this occasion with Blois tapestry, and was met there by Princess Radegonde and the Queen of Sicily, who led her to Marie d'Anjou. The queen rose from her seat and coming forward embraced her little daughter-in-law elect.

Meanwhile the dauphin had been waiting impatiently in his own apartments. When he was told of the arrival of his betrothed, he made his way into the great hall accompanied by a retinue of nobles, and the children solemnly kissed each other. In later years they did not often repeat the experiment. Then an adjournment was made into the queen's private apartments, where Louis and Margaret played amicably till supper-time.

The wedding-day did not pass without a hitch in the arrangements. At the hour when the ceremony was to have been performed and everything was ready, the king was absent. He arrived so late that there was not time enough for him to change his riding-dress, but he hastened into the dauphine's room, where Margaret stood ready gowned in a rich robe brought from Scotland, and was so pleased with her appearance that he expressed his opinion of her beauty to all his suite. Then they attached to her shoulders the long mantle of royal state, fixed her crown and led her to the chapel. The dauphin wore bluish-grey velvet and carried the sword presented by the King of Scotland, the image of the Holy Virgin modelled on one side of the hilt, and on the other that of St. Michael.

The Archbishop of Rheims gave the nuptial benediction, and then followed the usual feasting and merrymaking. Regnault de Chartres, the dauphine, the Queen of Sicily, Marie d'Anjou, and the Earl of Orkney sat at the king's table. The dauphin presided at a second table with the Scottish nobles. At this period newly married royal couples never sat together. There was amazing good cheer, and trumpets, clarions, lutes, and psalteries discoursed sweet music during the meal. The townspeople had intended to act a play, but as there was not time to prepare it properly they substituted a morris dance in which three performers quaintly attired in old bed-curtains, painted and hung with little bells, took part and danced so heartily that the chief of them burst his new silk stockings and made a charge of thirty sols to the town accounts as the price of another pair. The organ was lifted out of the cathedral into the market-place so that the princess might be received to the accompaniment of suitable strains of music. It was many a year before the people of Tours ceased to speak of the day the dauphine passed through their town.

For two years after the marriage Margaret lived with Queen Marie, who grew to love her as her own child, but the dauphine was not happy. Eight months after her arrival in France James I. was assassinated, a shock from which his daughter found it difficult to recover. Charles tried to buy her happiness with presents of silks and sables, jewels and fans, and a wonderful gold mirror set with pearls, but the only thing she really wanted he could not give to her—and that was her husband's love.

No marriage could have been more unsuitable for the dreamy, romantic, homesick Margaret. All that Louis cared about was material power. He threw himself with inexhaustible vigour into politics, travelling about the country with the king in order to bring about if possible the unity of a kingdom which had long been divided. They passed through Lyons, through the Dauphiné where presently Louis was to rule almost as an independent sovereign, and into Languedoc. Everywhere the dauphin saw sights which inflamed his desire to reduce the country to a state of subjection. Expedition followed expedition. He entered into the laborious life which he pursued ever after. He burned with discontent, ambition, and a longing to gain the affection of the people. His haughty disposition procured him followers though it gained him no friends. He disapproved of his father's actions and emancipated himself from paternal control, intending to act on his own authority. Charles resented his disobedience. The outcome of the Praguerie in which he sided against the king led to Louis's withdrawal into the Dauphiné.

In the meantime Margaret remained at Court, separated from her husband, who regarded the marriage with disgust, complaining that he had been tricked into it before he was old enough to have had any say in the matter. He never cared much for recreation, and all his spare time was given to sport. "He was very fond of falcons," said Comines, "but not quite so much as he was of dogs; as for ladies, he never cared for them."

The neglected dauphine tried to centre her thoughts



MARGARET OF SCOTLAND, FIRST WIFE OF LOUIS XI. 1425-45

upon her own interests. She loved poetry above all things and gathered round her several women who occupied themselves with literary composition. Chief of these were Jeanne Filleul, Marguerite de Salignac, and her especial favourite, Prégente de Melun, who took it upon herself to prescribe the books to be read, the ballads to be learnt, and to discover which of them contained a love interest and were suitable to have a place of honour among the dauphine's collection of manuscripts.

On such romantic fare Margaret fed her heart, and one or two stories about her go to prove that she was impulsive and not too reasonable. Being informed one day that a young knight who had distinguished himself in the tournament was lacking in means, she sent him a present of three hundred crowns, thereby arousing the jealousy of others and making herself conspicuous. An even more picturesque episode concerns Alain Chartier, whose death long years before he could have been the hero of it unfortunately spoils the illusion. Jean Bouchet, writing of Margaret in *Les Annales d'Acquitaine*, declared "she loved greatly the orators of the common speech, and among them Master Alain Chartier, who is the father of French eloquence." One day, as she passed through the hall of the palace, she saw the poet asleep on a bench, and as he slept she kissed him on the mouth. A large company was present, and seeing astonishment written on all the faces, her escort remarked upon her action, saying "Madame, I am surprised that you should kiss this man, for he is very ugly." Margaret was at no loss for an answer. "You mistake, sir,"

she said, and no doubt she drew herself up proudly to show contempt that her motives could have been misinterpreted ; "I did not kiss the man for himself, but I kissed the precious lips from which so many virtuous words and beautiful phrases have fallen."

Alas, the French Court lacked the simplicity and purity which ought ever to surround a woman of Margaret's idealistic nature. Her love of the beautiful and the unusual was to lead her into difficulties and suffering. She liked to sit evening after evening with the young courtiers and her maidens, reciting verse and singing love-songs, trying to keep out of her life the sordid ambitions and ugly intrigue which played a large part in the doings of others, and to bring into it some of the artistic atmosphere and culture which she found congenial. But one day at Nancy her friends were gathered round her in her chamber, and by the light of a blazing fire were discoursing poetry, when who should enter inopportunely but Jamet du Tillay. He, seeing the party in semi-darkness and believing that a certain Jean d'Estouteville, Sire de Blainville, was leaning somewhat familiarly on the dauphine's couch, chose to misinterpret what was taking place and complained of the neglect of the officers of the household, who should have brought in torches at an earlier hour. Perhaps he went further and openly expressed his disapproval of the dauphine's conduct, saying it was unworthy of a lady in her high position, and using one or two of the equivocal expressions then in vogue. Unintentional or intentional as it may have been, Du Tillay's censorious judgment wounded the gentle

Margaret to the heart. She never forgot the slanderous tongue which spoke ill of her, and she never forgave the man who first spread a report against her good name. "There is one who is over light of speech," she said to her ladies, "and whom I do well to dislike. He has done his best and is still trying to lower me in the eyes of the dauphin, my husband. It has made me very sorrowful indeed, for no man could say worse things of any woman than he has said of me."

That was a sad incident in Margaret's life, and it had grievous results, but there are pictures of her in a gayer mood. In the spring of 1444 she was at Montils les Tours with the Court, and on May morning a goodly company of lords and ladies went out a-maying, and came back from their picnic laden with blossom. A few months later great celebrations took place at Nancy for the marriage of Marguerite d'Anjou to Henry VI. of England. The visit to this town ended early in 1445, after the premature death of Princess Radegonde at the age of fifteen. The Court moved to Châlons, and in June fêtes were given there owing to the presence of the Duchesse de Bourgogne and a number of ambassadors, for diplomatic business was in the air. The Duchesse de Bourgogne, herself a neglected wife, felt deep sympathy with Margaret, and spent much time with her, frequently supping in her apartments, with the intention of brightening her days, and putting things on a better footing between Louis and herself. For a time Margaret was influenced into showing a gaiety she cannot have felt at heart. She took part in many

of the festivities, and made one in a special ballet called "La Basse danse de Bourgogne," with the Duchesse de Calabre, the Queen of Sicily, and the young Comte de Clermont. Margaret danced divinely, and no doubt for the hour she seemed the natural, vivacious, and beautiful young woman she would always have been had circumstances been more propitious.

But this was her last brief spell of happiness and success. Sick of mind and frail of body, lonely and weakened by long night vigils and study, she became a prey to disease. The gay party at Châlons dispersed, the ambassadors were scattered, the Duchesse de Bourgogne had taken her departure; the queen desired solitude, which was her greatest consolation since her rival, Agnes Sorel, occupied the king's attention. On August 7 Charles made a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de l'Epine, near Châlons, and the dauphine accompanied him. The day was exceedingly hot, and on her return to the château she sat down to grow cool, heedless of the draughts which swept the long gallery. Inflammation of the lungs followed upon a chill, and she grew so dangerously ill that the church bells were silenced in the hope that she might rest undisturbed. But she had no constitution to fight against the disease and troubles which beset her, and she died at Châlons on August 16, 1445. Her sisters Joan and Eleanor were on their way from Scotland to the French Court, where Margaret had hoped to find them suitable husbands. They set foot on French soil the day that Margaret died. Their mother, who had contracted a second marriage after the death of James I., had breathed her last whilst

they were on the seas. They were thus thrown entirely upon the kindness of Charles VII., who gave them the dauphine's household and lavished some of the affection upon them which he had had for their sister Margaret.

The dauphine was buried in the cathedral of Châlons, where her body remained for four and thirty years. Then Louis ordered her remains to be removed to St. Leon of Thouars. He suppressed all her letters and poems, which no doubt reminded him of interests and tastes which he had never shared with her. Her last words were the sad reflection on the disappointments to be suffered in this life already quoted, but when she first felt that she was dying, she complained of her traducers, saying, "Ah, Jamet, Jamet, you have finished your work." Then she assured those around her that she had been true to the dauphin. Pierre de Brézé, stirred by her words, accused Du Tillay of having brought about her death, and an inquiry into his conduct was organised in October 1445, too late to benefit poor Margaret. Nothing could be proved against him, but his malicious statements, whether uttered carelessly or deliberately, caused the dauphine real and harmful anguish. She was of a highly strung temperament, she was tied to a faithless and indifferent husband, and she lived in a licentious Court. These things were at the root of her unhappiness, and caused the flower of her youth to wither. Her saddened life and early death are material for a pathetic idyll.

CHAPTER III

CHARLOTTE DE SAVOIE

The dauphin establishes himself in the Dauphiné—Negotiates with Savoy—Anne of Cyprus—His desire to contract a marriage with Charlotte—Appeals to the King—Charles VII. objects to his choice—Louis hastens to Chambéry to conclude the marriage against his father's wishes—Normandy King-at-Arms endeavours to intervene—He is too late—Marriage of Charlotte de Savoie; of Yolande de France—The dauphine escorted to Grenoble—Charles VII. makes war against the dauphin—Flight of Louis to Brussels—Throws himself on the mercy of Philippe de Bourgogne—Settles at Genappe—Charlotte left destitute—She joins her husband—*Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*—Birth of a son—Rejoicings in Burgundy—Charlotte's letter to her mother—The breach between king and dauphin widens—Charlotte becomes queen—Her wardrobe—Her husband's neglect.

THE dauphin's first wife had been chosen for him, and he never loved her. He arranged his second marriage himself; indeed, it almost partook of the nature of an elopement, and is one of the few cases on record where the heir to the throne contracted an alliance without the king's permission. A year after the death of Margaret of Scotland, Louis established himself as an independent sovereign in the Dauphiné. He was satisfied for a time to find an outlet for his energies in instituting a parliament at Grenoble, reforming the laws, altering the coinage, founding a University, and various activities of a like nature. But no truer word was ever said of this son of Charles VII. than that he "seemed better fitted to rule a world than to govern a single kingdom." He

was not happy unless the means at his command were adequate to his needs, and his needs were limitless. Nothing contented him, and he no sooner had satisfied his rapacity in one direction than it burst out afresh in another. Dauphiné was but a poor country. He could not screw anything like a substantial revenue out of it, tax the people as he would. The relations between himself and the king were growing more and more strained. This was not surprising since Louis returned such kindnesses as his father offered him by trying to corrupt the attendants at Court and placing his spies in Charles's household ; conduct which did not make the king more agreeable to provide his son with a suitable income for his position. They never met, and the messages that passed between them referred to purely conventional themes, whilst Charles limited his favours to an occasional present. Louis began to think of marriage as a possible source of acquiring wealth. One of his schemes was the conquest of Savoy, but seeing that there were difficulties in the way of getting what he wanted by force or cunning, he altered his plans, gave up the idea of demanding the territory at the sword's point and bethought him of an alliance with Charlotte, daughter of Duc Louis. With her he hoped to obtain a dowry of 400,000 crowns, which he no doubt regarded as the more important part of the bargain.

When he first approached the Duc de Savoie on the subject, Charlotte, who was born in 1445, was barely three years old. She was the second child of Louis and his wife, Anne of Cyprus, whose family in due course numbered sixteen children. The duchess was

an imperious and capricious woman of whom the Pope said that not only was she incapable of obedience, but her husband was incapable of commanding it. Several extraordinary stories are told about her, not the least characteristic being that she had the duke's chancellor thrown into the Lake of Geneva because he had done something which did not accord with her sense of justice. No doubt she was largely responsible for the attitude adopted by her weak and vacillating husband throughout the negotiations carried on by the dauphin without his father's knowledge. The duke demurred at first at the amount of dowry demanded, and a number of ambassadors passed between the two princes before anything could be agreed upon. On August 2, 1449, however, a treaty between them was drawn up at Briançon. It purported to be an alliance of "perpetual union, friendship, and mutual goodwill," and for the moment Charlotte and marriage receded into the background, giving first place to a promise between the contracting parties to provide one thousand horses for three months, at a notice of two months when required. Nothing "perpetual" was likely to emanate from Louis Dauphin, nor was goodwill part of his ordinary stock-in-trade, therefore it was perhaps as well for Duc Louis that the agreement fell through, chiefly on account of a memorandum which was added to it on September 10, with the barefaced demand for 400,000 crowns to be paid immediately on the marriage. The Duc de Savoie hummed and hawed and took advice from every one whom he considered capable of giving it, and in the end temporised with so much success that Louis, seeing

himself about to be balked of what had seemed a very desirable *bonne bouche*—meaning the dowry and not the bride attached to it—made one of his characteristically crafty *voltes-face* and appealed to his father. He sent quite a pathetic message by his ambassador, Geoffrey Chausson, to Normandy, where Charles was busy making war. He was so impatient for an answer that he did not wait for his messenger to return before he despatched a second and then a third.

Charles treated these appeals in silence. Probably he was very much engaged with the enemy, and moreover he had his own plans to propound, and these were not quite ripe. But when it became impossible to withhold a reply of some kind or another, he sent an indefinite answer to Louis's importunate demands for advice and help, to the effect that though he was not unaware of the desirability of his son's contracting a second marriage, he really could not discuss with him what that marriage should be until the war with England was settled one way or another.

It was not to be expected that the dauphin should approve of such a cursory dismissal of his affairs. Chausson and another envoy called Rogerin Blosset were despatched post-haste in November 1450 to bear a Grand Remonstrance, as it was called, full of expostulation and entreaty, in which the dauphin set forth, in unmistakable terms, his great anxiety to be married (*i.e.* to acquire a dowry). He had waited so long, he had been so obedient to the king's wishes, his age and condition made it impossible to delay, the kingdom demanded that he should give it an heir—he did not dwell on the fact that the bride he had

chosen had not yet reached the age of six—and then he introduced the old stock grievance that in the first instance Charles had married him for his own convenience, now he knew what he wanted in the way of a wife and begged that he should be permitted “ordonner d’elle et de son état à son bon plaisir.” The letter went on to say that three proposals had been made—one to the Duc de Savoie, one to the Comte de la Marche, the third to the Comte de Laval. Here followed his reasons for preferring the first, and the whole concluded with a complaint of his poverty, the necessity that he should keep up his position as “eldest son of the king,” and that if the king could see his way to give him the Duchy of Guienne he would make a really admirable effort to cut a suitable figure as a scion of the royal house.

This masterpiece of ingenuity was read before the king’s council at Tours on November 23. Charles digested its contents during the remainder of the winter, only acknowledging its receipt in the form of a present of jewellery consisting of a chain of gold with a huge diamond attached. In the February following he sent the Bishop of Maillezais with a letter objecting to everything that Louis proposed. Whilst he desired to see the dauphin suitably married, a Princess of Savoy did not appear to him to be at all a good match; as for the other ladies named, they were not to be thought of seriously for a moment. Instead he proposed an advantageous union with the sister of the King of Hungary or with Eléonore of Portugal. (The last named lady, it may be mentioned, married the Emperor Frederic III. in 1452.)

Had Charles been content to leave matters there, perhaps Louis might have hesitated before he acted against his wishes, but the king had much more to say ; first of all he refused to hand over Guienne, then he complained that the dauphin had remained in the Dauphiné far longer than he should have done by rights, and enumerated a number of other misdemeanours for which he hoped to see signs of remorse and a promise of better deeds. It would have seemed likely that by that time the spiritless Charles would have been acquainted with his son's character and would have known what to expect from him. But he showed nothing but surprise when rumours reached his ears that the dauphin was taking steps to marry Charlotte de Savoie immediately, without his knowledge or consent. Without delay Charles despatched Normandy King-at-Arms with an urgent message to the duke. "In case the marriage is about to be accomplished," it ran, "the king wishes you to understand that he is greatly astonished you should have treated with the dauphin about his marriage to your daughter without letting the king know, and thus putting a slight upon his person. The king is greatly displeased with all who have anything to do with the affair, which is entirely against his wishes, for your daughter has not yet reached the age of adolescence" and so forth, Normandy being strictly charged to bring back a written answer to this complaint.

Post-haste came Normandy to Chambéry, arriving in the town on March 8 at ten o'clock in the morning. It was too early to hope for an interview with the

duke, so putting up his horses, the King-at-Arms stepped into a neighbouring church. There he was recognised by some of the duke's and the dauphin's men, who hastened to warn the latter. The dauphin sent two trusty messengers to question Normandy as to what brought him there. "I bear letters from the King to the Duc de Savoie," he replied. This information was conveyed to the dauphin, who sent his men back to the charge with a command that the letters should be given into their hands for transmission to the proper quarter. They promised, moreover, to exonerate the envoy from all blame. To this Normandy *emphatically refused to agree*. "Well," counselled the dauphin's men, "go and amuse yourself for four or five days at Grenoble. You will have good sport there and you will not be the loser." Still Normandy refused. Another consultation took place between the dauphin and his emissaries, who returned to the charge, demanding that the King-at-Arms should at least hand them over his credentials. Having learnt that the marriage was actually to take place on the following day, and wishing at all costs to have it postponed, Normandy agreed to give up the letters to the duke's chancellor and members of the council. For this purpose he was led to the palace and the compromise was effected. But he could get no reply to his repeated injunction that the king was mightily astonished because the marriage had been treated of without his permission. To all his remonstrances he was given prevaricating responses. The next day he was told that he would soon be despatched, but suspecting what was going on he

lingered near the palace and saw the dauphin crossing the courtyard, wearing the crimson royal mantle trimmed with ermine, and presently Princess Charlotte followed, attired in State robes and a crown. What was passing he could only surmise, but it did not require a very shrewd guess. They were undoubtedly on their way to the chapel to steal a march on the king.

The next day, late in the afternoon, several letters were handed to him and he was told to depart. He did not wait to be told twice. For calm assurance the letter which he bore with him from Duc Louis to King Charles is hard to beat. In substance it ran as follows :

"Most honoured Sire, may it please you to know that on the 10th day of the month of March I received your gracious letters written on the last day of February, in which you mention that the marriage of Monseigneur the dauphin to my daughter Charlotte, which has been under consideration for a long time, should not be proceeded with under pain of your displeasure. You must know, Sire, that on the very day before your letter came to hand, the marriage had already been solemnised by the grace of God Almighty." He then went on to say that he had understood from his late father that the king had given his consent, and so he trusted that the affair might stand as it was and that Charles would "rejoice over the great good that would surely result therefrom."

At least the dauphin had secured his 200,000 crowns, which were to be paid 30,000 before the ceremony, 20,000 after the ceremony, and 15,000 each year until the

amount was complete. He also entered into a new treaty of alliance with Savoy, by which the Prince of Piedmont promised to serve him with body and estate against all and sundry, even King Charles himself, should he be discontented at the marriage and make war against his son. These sentiments were also endorsed by Anne of Cyprus, Duchesse de Savoie.

Whilst the dauphin was at Chambéry, a second marriage was celebrated without the king's permission. His daughter Yolande had been educated at the Court of Savoy, and her marriage contract with the Prince of Piedmont had been signed many years previously. The bride was seventeen. Charles sent another remonstrance and Duc Louis replied with further specious excuses, laying the onus of the matter on the dauphin's shoulders, and thus helping to widen the breach between father and son.

Meanwhile the little dauphine of six years old was quite unconscious of the strife and ill-feeling of which she was the central cause. All that she knew was that she appeared to have grown suddenly of great importance, that she was told to go on a journey and that she was provided with a numerous retinue, which escorted her to a place called Grenoble. Moreover, all the towns of the Dauphiné made her presents : Vienne gave 600 crowns, Grenoble 900, Romans 600, which sum, however, was returned to the people because there was an outbreak of plague and they were very badly off. The smaller villages gave 300 florins. One of the conditions of these presents had been that each town should voluntarily tax itself, but Louis had used such artful solicitations that in the end the

sum was treble that offered at first. Louis, who probably used the money thus acquired to meet the expenses his wife entailed upon him, did not come badly out of the transaction. He had to make valuable gifts to the ladies and attendants who accompanied Charlotte : to Loyse de Bethlehem, her foster-mother, he gave 1,000 florins, besides varying sums to her nurse Raoulette, to the Comtesse de Gruyères, her governess, to six ladies-in-waiting and a number of officials, a few of whom turned back at the Côte Saint-André, among them the Archbishop of Tarses, who was confessor to the Duchesse de Savoie.

The year after his marriage the dauphin demanded help from his father-in-law in the shape of men and money, but the duke, with an astounding change of front, refused the request, protesting that he could not possibly do anything prejudicial to the interests of the King of France. The dauphin, as may be imagined, did not take this snub in good part. He declared war against Savoy.

Once settled in her new home, little is heard of Charlotte for some years to come. Louis regarded her as a source of income—she was still far too young to be considered as a companion. Moreover, he was busy as usual trying to get more power in his own hands, and to ward off dangers which he foresaw would threaten him the very day that his father allowed his exasperation to get the upper hand and took active measures to expel him from his chosen kingdom.

In 1456 the thing he had anticipated took place. Charles sent an army into the Dauphiné and Louis fled to his uncle, Philippe de Bourgogne, who held

his Court at Brussels. The flight was carried out cleverly. Louis made a pretence of starting for a hunting-party as usual, and then rode over the border with six of his companions. Without money or means, in fear lest life and liberty should be forfeit, Louis threw himself at the feet of Philippe le Bon and begged for refuge. The duke received him, if not with open arms, at least with kindness and the respect due to his rank. The position was not an easy one. He did not wish to offend the king by harbouring his rebellious son, nor did he care for his own son, the Comte de Charolais, to witness so flagrant an example of the undutiful child receiving favours. On the other hand, he probably had a shrewd idea of *Louis's character, and knew that if he were to make an enemy of him then, the dauphin would be little likely to bear him goodwill when he came to the throne, which after all might happen at any time.* At this date Louis was thirty-three. He was as greedy of power as ever, proud, implacable, artful, and unprincipled, but yet with a certain charming personal manner which commanded friendship—up to a point. When Charles VII. heard of his son's new venture, he said, "My cousin of Burgundy knows little of what he is about, to harbour the fox that will devour his chickens." He could not have spoken words more true. Though Louis remained on good terms with the old duke, he hated his son, Charles le Téméraire, and no sooner had he been crowned king than he waged incessant war upon him. He meant to obtain Burgundy for himself, and failing other means, he arranged many years later to marry his son, then a



CHARLOTTE DE SAVOIE SECOND WIFE OF LOUIS XI 1475-83

boy of seven, to Charles's grown-up daughter, and when this plan came to nought, to his granddaughter. He died at the very hour when he regarded this scheme as accomplished.

The Duc de Bourgogne gave his nephew a beautiful estate called Genappe, situated on the river Dyle about five leagues from Brussels and seven from Louvain. Here he installed his little Court of boon companions and spent the days hunting, fishing, reading, and making plans for the future. When the drawbridge of his castle was raised he was free from fear of attack or surprise. The buildings were surrounded by courtyards, gardens, orchards, and wooded country, and Louis was able to keep kennels and mews for the dogs and falcons which were his pride. Philippe allowed him an income of 2,500 livres a month for expenses, and for five years the dauphin was his guest.

After the flight of her husband from the Dauphiné, Charlotte appeared to be in a very desolate condition indeed. She had no money and there seemed little likelihood of her obtaining any. It was not for this, she felt, that she had made a grand marriage—to be deserted and left alone without a florin and with only one gown, which it was said was all torn. News soon reached her father of what had happened, and the Duc de Savoie, who had but little cause to love his son-in-law, sent a messenger to the king to express his displeasure that the dauphine should be left thus unprovided for. To the credit of Charles it must be said that he bore no personal ill-will against Charlotte, although he had strenuously opposed the marriage, and he hastened to assure his dear cousin,

as he called the Duc de Savoie, that he regarded Charlotte as his own daughter and that she should never want in love or in means of subsistence. No sooner did Louis find the Duc de Bourgogne ready to support him than he willingly sent for his wife, a step which looked so much as though he intended to settle down permanently near Brussels that Philippe sent an envoy to the king to explain the matter, saying he hoped Charles would not take it in bad part, as Louis had three chief reasons for his action : firstly, that he might live without sin in the holy estate of matrimony ; secondly, that the people's desire for an heir to the throne might be fulfilled ; and lastly, that the dauphine might be furnished with the means of subsistence of which she had been deprived. Charles made no objection, and in June the dauphine set out on her way to Flanders, travelling with an escort of eighty horse and passing through Besançon and Metz, where she arrived on July 3, in the midst of great rejoicing, and where presents of cattle, corn, and wine were bestowed upon her, as well as a ring worth 500 livres. All her expenses were paid as well as those of her suite, among them the Prince d'Orange and Sire de Montague, who had been sent by the dauphin to meet her. Louis, who was staying at Louvain with the Duc de Bourgogne, went to Namur to receive his wife, and their honeymoon was spent at Louvain before they settled down to married life at Genappe.

It was not the custom of the day for women to mix much in society with their men-folk, and they only appeared in public at festivities, banquets, and

processions. Charlotte passed her days in seclusion, while Louis, when the hunt was done, sat with his friends round the huge log fires and told the humorous and coarse stories of the day which were gathered together under the title of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. Besides bookish and literary occupations which fascinated the dauphin—he went so far as to have his name enrolled as a scholar at the University of Louvain—a hundred pastimes were in vogue at the Court of the Duc de Bourgogne, who at that time was one of the richest princes, and whose household far exceeded in luxury and magnificence that of the king himself. With tourneys and mimic warfare, tennis, cards, dice, chess, and similar amusements to occupy him, the dauphin found the days pass pleasantly enough. When a son was born to the dauphine he was transported with joy. The first child, named Louis, died in infancy, the second, called Joachim, lived long enough to cause a great stir in the duke's household. The festivities were magnificent; it was the day for fine festivities at the Court of Burgundy. Philippe carried the infant to the font and, when the ceremony of baptism was over, Louis with tears of gratitude in his eyes thanked his uncle formally for the great benefits he had received, and in return (for there was no *appearance* of insincerity about Louis) he promised to serve him in his person and that of his wife and child. All the time he was probably thinking that an alliance might be arranged between his new-born heir and the Duc de Bourgogne's little granddaughter, who was now about three years old. She was his god-daughter and he had named her Marie after the queen,

his mother. She was to play an important part in his future schemes, but at the moment these had to remain in abeyance.

As usual Louis was short of funds. Generous as was his uncle's allowance, it was yet not sufficient to permit him to live in the state he desired, especially since he constantly witnessed the lavish expenditure that went on in the Burgundian household. He, naturally enough, compared it with his own meagre establishment, which he regarded as utterly unworthy of the heir to the throne of France. First he tried to obtain the arrears of his wife's dowry, payments of which the Duc de Savoie had allowed to lapse. In August 1457 he sent one Perrot Faulquier to Savoy to bring back the money, and by this envoy Charlotte wrote a letter to her mother in which she speaks of her happiness. After repeating what the dauphine had written about sending Faulquier for the arrears of dowry, she continued : " Dear and beloved mother, I beg with all my heart you will see your way to comply with my husband's request, and act in such manner that he may receive the money due to him, for it seems to me that on no account should you fail in this, seeing the good faith he has shown me and shows me each day, as I would wish you to know, for I regard myself as the happiest woman that ever lived, and I have charged the maître-d'hôtel to tell you this, and I hope you will believe what he says about me." A year or so later, Louis appealed to his father for " provision such as is suitable for your eldest son and which will enable him and madame his wife to keep up their position and support their

charges." When the baby was born Louis wrote again : "You will be glad to know that it has pleased the blessed Creator and the glorious Virgin Mary to deliver my wife this day of a fine son." But Charles received the news coldly enough. Louis, with his enormous capacity for doing the wrong thing where his father was concerned, had hurt the king's feelings by leaving him in ignorance that an heir was expected. "Had we known this to be the case," wrote Charles, "we would gladly have sent to you, in order that the forms and ceremonials usual in such events might have been carried out carefully, as becomes the royal house of France," and he then proceeded to beg his son for the nine hundred and ninetieth time to alter his conduct and show him greater respect. The breach between the two grew wider and still more wide. Charles was for ever threatening his son, Louis was for ever begging pardon, requesting to be restored to favour and demanding support, and then doing something fresh to cause the king disappointment and annoyance. He wrote letters "in all reverence and humility" and did actions which were full of defiance and revolt. He offered to send the dauphine in person to solicit the king's pardon, and even if he desired it, to go down on his bended knees to plead forgiveness of whomsoever Charles might send to him as his representative. But his deeds showed a very different spirit, and it seems probable that had he really desired to renew friendly relations with the king, with all his craftiness and cunning he would have found means to do so.

Thoroughly out of patience with all that had taken

place, Charles prepared to make war on Philippe de Bourgogne, a resolve which was only brought to nought by his death in July 1461.

When Louis came to the throne he had no heir living, but his daughter Anne, who was born about 1462, played an important part in the life of the next dauphine. She was only dauphine in name. The dauphin who came to the throne as Charles VIII. and who married and repudiated Marguerite of Austria, was not born until Charlotte had been queen for nine years. Her life as queen was not a happy one. It has been said of Louis XI. that he was a bad subject, a bad king, a dangerous enemy, a treacherous ally, and a hopelessly disappointing son. It was not likely that he should prove to be either a good husband or a good father. According to Brantôme he had but a poor opinion of women and regarded them as frail and easily tempted. It was in his favour that he looked upon Charlotte as an exception to this rule, but he certainly showed but little respect for her intelligence and little desire for her company. Certainly she possessed no great charms of person, although Mezeray describes her as not bad-looking in her youth, with moderately good intellect, sound in her judgment, and resolute in her actions. She had very little chance of distinguishing herself and suffered through her husband's infidelity, rudeness, and neglect. "He showed no loyalty to her person," wrote Claude de Seyssel, "he kept her always badly attended and much shut in. She spent the greater part of her life in one of the castles, where he went to see her occasionally . . . but it may be believed

that she on her part had no particular desire to be with him and found little entertainment in his presence."

As regards the meagreness of her household, it is quite true that when Charlotte set out from Brussels to take her rightful place as queen, she had so little state that according to some accounts she had to borrow the Comtesse de Charolais's horses and men, but an inventory of later date names the usual number of ladies, equerries, and other servants. And a list is in existence of her clothes, which were by no means few or poor in quality. Among the gowns there are numbers of every style and material, of black, crimson, brown, and violet velvet, of grey, peach-coloured, green, and black satin, of figured cloth and fur-trimmed cloth and taffetas and tan-coloured worsted with fox-skin, and all kinds of adornments too varied to describe. She had upholstery and carpets without end, pictures, furniture, a large library of manuscript books which later formed part of the royal collection, jewelled collarets and gems of all kinds, more rings than she could wear in a year, and, in short, most of the gew-gaws on which women in her position bestow their affections. Of her seven children, four died young. The three who survived infancy were Anne, the dauphin Charles, and the unfortunate Jeanne, who was called *La Boiteuse* and whose divorce from Louis XII. soon after his accession to the throne makes one of the saddest little stories in French history. Charlotte's life too was not without its pathetic side. She was separated from her son Charles, and she spent many lonely years at Amboise

and in the Dauphiné, and when at length her release came through the death of Louis in August 1483, it was too late for her to take advantage of it. She followed him to the grave in the following December, and Marguerite of Austria, who had been sent to France to be put in her care after being betrothed to the dauphin, was entrusted to her eldest daughter, Anne de Beaujeu.

CHAPTER IV

MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA

Marguerite's epitaph—Dauphine yet no dauphine—Her birth—Death of her mother, Marie de Bourgogne—Negotiations for Marguerite's marriage—Her journey to France—Reception in Paris—Amboise—Marguerite carried to the altar—Death of Louis XI.—Anne de Beaujeu—Marguerite's letter to the Regent—Her companions at the French Court—Repudiation of her marriage—Her *bon mot*—She returns to her father's house—Her rival, Anne de Bretagne—Accession of François I.

Cy gist Margot, la gente damoiselle
Qui a deux maris et encor est pucelle.

THUS Marguerite of Austria, thinking her end at hand, composed her epitaph during a storm which threatened to prove fatal to the vessel in which she was travelling to Spain to marry the Prince of Asturias. As events turned out, she was to be saved from the fate of a death by drowning as well as from a life of spinsterhood. Her strange experiences in France, where she was a bride and yet no bride, a dauphine by courtesy yet no dauphine, a queen and yet no queen, and where she suffered the humiliation of being repudiated by the man she regarded as her husband, left indelible traces on her mind, and years afterwards, when as Governess of the Netherlands she held a position of great importance and authority, the slight which had been inflicted upon her in her girlhood never quite faded from her memory.

Marguerite of Austria was born at Brussels on

January 10, 1480. She was the daughter of Emperor Maximilian I. and Marie de Bourgogne, and was baptized at the church of Saint-Gudule. Her god-mother was Margaret of York, third wife to Charles de Bourgogne and sister to Edward IV. of England. She gave her name to the little princess. For two peaceful years the baby lived in the beautiful palace at Brussels which had been restored by Philippe de Bourgogne. Then a great grief fell upon the household. The Duchess Marie was thrown from her horse whilst hunting, and died from her injuries, commending the care of her husband and her children—two sons and Marguerite—to the courtiers who stood about her deathbed. Maximilian was heartbroken, and after his wife's death he gradually lost his hold over the affections of the people, who had all the power in their hands, even to the extent of arranging for the marriage of Marguerite against the wishes of her own father. When Louis XI. agreed to the proposal that the princess should be betrothed to the dauphin and be brought to France to be educated, they saw in this the hope of a lasting alliance between the countries which seemed to them very desirable.

King Louis had long since forgotten the grudge he had borne his father for marrying him as a child to Margaret of Scotland without his consent. Or if he had not forgotten, then he remembered only too well that his own son was an important pawn in the game of his political ambitions, and he began scheming almost from the birth of the dauphin Charles to make an early and advantageous marriage for him.

Because his greatest desire was for the possession of

Burgundy, he tried first of all to bring about an alliance between his son and Marie de Bourgogne, daughter of his old enemy Charles le Téméraire. The dauphin Charles, afterwards Charles VIII., had lived a secluded life at Amboise, where he was rarely allowed to see his mother, and where he was left almost untaught and uncared for, without friends or amusements, so jealous was his father lest any one should set his son against him. Charles was now seven years old, whilst Marie was eighteen. It was hardly likely that she would favour the suit of a child who was delicate, feeble, plain, and had nothing to recommend him as a lover. But Louis did not give up hope of terminating the affair in the manner he wished, for he said, when negotiating the alliance : " We have always loved the House of Burgundy more than any other, and if this marriage cannot be arranged without, it will be necessary to see if the Flemish people, who are the legal guardians of Mlle. de Bourgogne, will not arrange it for her."

The people's point of view was soon to be heard. " Before her marriage was fully concluded," wrote Comines, " there was an assembly held about it whereat the lady of Hallewin, the Princesse de Bourgogne's principal woman, was present, who said (as I have heard reported) that they had need of a man, not a child, and that her mistress was a woman grown and able to bear children, which should be the only stay of the country. This opinion took place, notwithstanding some blamed this lady for speaking thus frankly ; but others commended her, saying, that she had but spoken of such marriage as was most necessary for the estate of the kingdom."

Marie de Bourgogne cut the Gordian knot of her matrimonial difficulties and eluded her numerous suitors by bestowing her own hand on Maximilian I., to Louis XI.'s mortification and annoyance. He saw the longed-for dominions slip out of his grasp, and when her little daughter was born it seemed the most natural thing in the world to rake up afresh the hopes that had died when Marie married, and centre them on a new and, it must be confessed, a more suitable alliance with the House of Burgundy. At that time, it is true, Louis had promised his son to the infant daughter of Edward IV. of England, but with his usual capacity for throwing over his arrangements at the moment when something turned up which suited him better, he quickly agreed to the proposition of the people of Ghent, and in 1482 sealed a peace with the Netherlands which included a marriage between Marguerite and Charles. Burgundy, Artois, Mâcon, Salins, and other territories were part of the bride's dowry; Flanders went to her brother, the young Duc Philippe. Maximilian, powerless to resist the will of the people, gave in with a bad grace, and agreed to send his daughter to France to be brought up by the queen. But Charlotte de Savoie died when Marguerite had been at Court about six months, and her upbringing, as already stated, devolved upon Anne, eldest daughter of Louis XI., who, with her husband, M. de Beaujeu, had been sent in the first instance to fetch the dauphine to France.

Maximilian after signing the Peace of Arras, by which he gave up his daughter, would gladly have taken the law into his own hands and have recovered

her by force as she was being escorted to the frontier had she not been too carefully guarded for any such escapade to stand a chance of success. She was taken in the charge of Madame de Ravenstein and a company of burghers to Hesdin, where she was met by the French princess, her husband, and the Seigneurs de Crèvecœur and d'Albret, the formal parting from her guardian Madame de Ravenstein and her Flemish attendants taking place at the town hall. The journey was made by slow stages, and the dauphine entered Paris on June 2, 1483. After great deliberation regarding the manner in which she was to be met, it was agreed that Parlement should receive her as was usual in the case of royal personages of the highest rank. In order to avoid a great crush instructions were given that pages and followers were not allowed. The counsellors, advocates, and others marched to the gate of Saint-Denis on the appointed day, and there met Marguerite and Anne. After a suitable greeting the princesses were conducted to Notre Dame, and from thence by water to the Hôtel des Tournelles, Rue Saint-Antoine. All along the route the houses had been decorated, and there were jostling crowds. Moralities were played at different points, and on three huge platforms erected for the occasion were effigies dressed to represent the king, de Beaujeu, and Princess Anne, and two children, a girl and a boy wearing white damask, who appeared as the dauphin and the dauphine, while the people sang pæans of praise to God and the royal family. Indeed, throughout the kingdom Marguerite was looked upon as a forerunner of peace and applauded accordingly.

The Court was awaiting her at Amboise, the fine old château which towered above the river Loire, and thither Marguerite and her escort travelled, arriving on Sunday, June 22, 1483, at a neighbouring village, Metairie-le-Rayne. Thither came the dauphin to meet his bride, and an account of the meeting was given by a contemporary :

“The dauphin left the castle of Amboise dressed in a robe of crimson satin, lined with black velvet, and mounted on a hackney, and attended by thirty archers. At the bridge he dismounted, after having saluted the ladies and changed his dress, and put on a long robe of cloth of gold. Presently the dauphine arrived and descended from her litter, and immediately they were betrothed by the prothonotary, nephew of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, who demanded of the dauphin in a loud voice, so that all could hear him, if he would have Marguerite of Austria in marriage? and he answered ‘Yes,’ and the complementary question was put to the dauphine, who gave the same answer. Upon which they joined hands, and the dauphin kissed the dauphine twice; and they then returned to their lodgings. And the streets of Amboise were hung with cloth, and in the market-place was a figure of a siren, who spouted forth white wine and red from her breasts.”

The following day the wedding was celebrated in the lower church of the castle with the usual pomp and display. A number of important people were present, and the principal cities of Flanders sent deputies, one of whom described the scene. The dauphin, he wrote, set forth from his apartments to

go to the church holding his brother-in-law, M. de Beaujeu, by the hand. On his other side was Dunois, and he wore a long robe of white damask. Outside the church he waited for the arrival of Marguerite, who was carried there by Madame de Segré, her lady-of-honour, and accompanied by Madame de Beaujeu. Charles placed a tiny ring on the baby's finger, a Mass was said and a sermon preached by the Abbé of Saint-Bertain, in which, with misplaced inspiration, he compared the bride and bridegroom to King Ahasuerus and Queen Esther—no doubt Edward IV.'s daughter Elizabeth was cast for the part of Vashti—and the mock marriage was done. It was said that King Edward sorrowed so greatly thereat "that soon after he ended his life, some say of a catarrh"; and, concluded Comines, "It is a foul fault in a prince to trust more to his own brain than to the advice of a great number, for it causeth oftentimes both great sorrow and also loss irrecoverable," wherein he summed up exactly Louis's method of doing things which pleased nobody but himself.

Louis XI., believing that he had achieved the desire of his heart and had obtained Burgundy for France by the alliance between two infants, died two months after the dauphine's arrival in France on August 30, 1483. On his deathbed he left the guardianship of the kingdom, of the king, and of the latter's bride in the hands of his eldest daughter and her husband.

Anne had always been her father's favourite. She was good-looking, clever, and energetic, and besides being a stateswoman she was devoted to sport of all kinds. She hunted methodically and deliberately, her-

self examining the trail and giving the word to hark forward, and she handled the hunting-spear as effectively as she waved the sceptre. When Charlotte de Savoie died at the close of 1483 the little Marguerite was left in her sole charge, and very carefully did she carry out her trust. She inspired her with her own love of sport, for later in life Marguerite was as enthusiastic in the field as even Anne could have wished, and took great pride in a collection of stuffed wolves' heads. But the regent did more than this. She was a woman of intellect. "A proud and keen woman, if ever there was one," said Brantôme, "and like King Louis, her father, in all things." Even Louis had had to acknowledge that she had sound judgment and ripe intelligence, though he pretended that he thought quite the reverse.

When some one one day in his presence referred to "the wisest lady in the kingdom," the king asked, "Who may that be?"

"Why, sire," replied the courtier, "the honoured princess your daughter, Madame de Beaujeu, was she that I meant."

"Then say the least foolish, I pray," growled King Louis, "for none of them are wise."

All her good qualities Anne brought into play in educating the little queen Marguerite, who was only queen in name, and that she showed great confidence in and love for her teacher is proved by a letter which she wrote to Anne when her happiness was threatened by the loss of a playmate :

"Madame, my good aunt," she began, "I find it necessary to complain to you, as to one in whom I



MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA DAUGHTER OF EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I,
WHO WAS MARRIED BY CHARLES VIII 1480-1530

place hope, regarding my cousin whom they wish to take from me, and who is my only pleasure and enjoyment, and when I shall have lost her, I shall not know what to do. Wherefore I beg you will stay this decision, and that she shall not be sent away, for nothing could cause me greater despair. Lachaut arrived, bringing letters addressed to my said cousin, in which the king said that she must go away ; but this I would not allow until you had been told of it, hoping that you would be able to help me, as I have perfect confidence in that as well as in other things, begging madame, my dear aunt, that I may always remain in your good favour, for I shall always need it, and I commend myself to you strongly in this. Madame de Molitart told me that you wish I should be better treated than hitherto, which has greatly rejoiced me, because you remember me. In saying farewell to you, my dear aunt, I pray that God may grant your desires. Written at Melun, the seventeenth day of March. Your good, humble, and loyal niece,

“MARGUERITE.”

It was necessary to appeal to the regent against the decrees of King Charles. But the day was to dawn when such appeal would be useless. Anne was, in fact, a second mother to her, and taught her every mortal thing that could be useful to her in after life, not forgetting pretty feminine accomplishments such as embroidery and plain sewing, whilst for amusement she had her dogs and ponies and a famous green parrot. Marguerite, who was a bright and lively child with fair skin, golden hair, and soft brown eyes, with

a gift for repartee, and always ready to make pretty speeches and do kind actions, was now given the honours due to her rank as titular queen. She made one of a number of young maidens of noble birth whom the regent collected round her, and taught in her *école de mœurs*; and among her companions were Louise de Savoie, whose ambitions were satisfied in after years when her son became François I., and Anne's delicate little daughter Suzanne. Besides, she was the pet and comrade not only of her husband, Charles VIII., but of Louis, Duc d'Orléans, who was afterwards Louis XII. In his letters he referred to the early days at Amboise, when Marguerite "was the second person he loved best in the world." Oddly enough, the maiden who came before her in his thoughts was Anne de Bretagne, who played a large part not only in Marguerite's life, but in that of her father, Maximilian I., to whom she was formally betrothed before she broke the bond to become the wife of Charles VIII. Thus both father and daughter were repudiated by their respective spouses at the same time, a double outrage which caused Maximilian so to hate the French that he was accustomed to say he had received eighteen injuries at their hands, and that he was obliged to leave vengeance to posterity as he could not achieve it himself. Finally, Anne de Bretagne, who with Charles VIII. was responsible for all this anger and disappointment, married Louis XII. when he became king, after he had divorced his first wife, the little deformed Jeanne. There were plenty of matrimonial tangles amongst members of the royal house of France in those days.

On December 6, 1491, Marguerite was to receive the blow to all her hopes which made of her, temporarily at least, a disappointed woman. Her husband, regardless of the pain he was inflicting upon her, utterly ignored the preliminary marriage ceremony, and wedded Anne de Bretagne instead of confirming his marriage with Marguerite. An old wood engraving exists which represents the repudiated princess coming to restore to her father the contract of marriage broken by the King of France. In this strange old picture father and daughter are crowned with aurioles, perhaps to symbolise their saintliness, whilst Marguerite is seen to be walking on ploughshares, presumably red-hot, intended to typify her martyrdom.

But even in her grief she had a witty word to speak. That year there was a cold and damp autumn, the grapes refused to ripen, and the fresh wine was crude and sour. One day in her presence the maître-d'hôtel was discussing this matter, when she said sadly, "It is not surprising that the wine-shoots (*serments de vigne*) are worthless, since oaths (*serments*) have lost all their value."

For two years Marguerite had to endure the mortification of seeing another woman on the throne which by rights was hers, and then she was sent back to her father by King Charles. She was still a child, having reached the demure age of twelve. Perhaps when she was grown-up and regent of her own country, having passed through various strange vicissitudes, she thought of the time long years before when for a few months she had borne the title of dauphine, and felt that she could afford to laugh

at the experiences which at the time had seemed so terrible. Perhaps she even schooled herself to think more kindly of Anne de Bretagne, who had stepped in and taken Charles VIII. away from her, and whom in the first flush of disappointment it had been impossible not to hate. All that was over now, though she could never forget what it had cost her.

Anne de Bretagne was twice queen, and her second husband, Louis XII., after her death, married the youthful Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII. Louise de Savoie, whose ambitions have already been referred to, watched this proceeding in fear and trembling. So far Louis had no heir to the throne. Were her hopes of her own son's succession to be dashed at this the eleventh hour?

On September 22, 1514, she had entered in her journal the ominous words: "*Le roi Louis, fort antique et debile, sortit de Paris pour aller audevant de sa jeune femme, la Reine Marie.*" Three months later she added a triumphant "*Mon fils fut Roi de France.*" François d'Angoulême, first of the new branch of the House of Valois, succeeded to the throne, and his son, Henri, brought a dauphine to France. Fifty years had passed before Marguerite of Austria had a successor in the person of Catherine de Médicis.

CHAPTER V

CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS

Her character—Birth at Florence—Left an orphan in infancy—At Rome—Pope Leo X.—Her early playmates—Return to Florence—Convent life—Contemplates taking the veil—Question of her marriage—Her appearance—Betrothed to Henri, Duc d'Orléans—Her trousseau—Her magnificent pearls—The wedding at Marseilles—Her retinue—Meeting of Pope Clement VII. and King François I.—The French Court in 1533—Catherine's unpopularity—Friendship with Princess Marguerite—She desires to interest the king—Her taste for sport—She joins in the hunting—Her self-effacement—Death of the dauphin—Catherine becomes dauphine—For ten years she is childless—Rejoicing at the birth of her son François—Catherine becomes queen.

CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS belonged to the class of individuals who mature late in life, and Catherine the girl was a very different person from Catherine the woman and queen. She was an exception to the ordinary rule that in the young all the characteristics of the adult exist in a more or less undeveloped form. As dauphine she was modest, unassuming, friendly to all, demanding little from those around her, and to all appearances a very harmless being indeed, but as queen her dangerous qualities made themselves felt. She was greedy of power, steeped in intrigue, importunate to a degree, and extremely arbitrary in her dealings with others. The germs of these tendencies had been kept from sprouting by the sheer force of repression. It was this

faculty of waiting till the time was ripe to show herself in her true colours that was the secret of her later power.

In considering Catherine's standing as dauphine, there are two or three factors which must be taken into account. She was not only Italian by birth, but by education and in her tastes, and for some years after her marriage, if not to the end of her days, she was regarded as a foreigner at the French Court, and spoken of contemptuously as the Florentine who had merchant blood in her veins. *Other foreign princesses* had a similar difficulty to contend against, but in most cases they possessed greater adaptability and personal attractions, which induced the people to accept them without question. Not so with Catherine. She had been chosen as a suitable match for the second son of France. Three years after her marriage the dauphin died after an illness which lasted three days, and Catherine appeared in an entirely new light. She was now in the direct line of succession. Where were her children? For ten years she had been married before the clamours of the people for an heir to the throne were answered.

Born in April 1519 at the Palazzo Riccardi in Florence, Catherine was the daughter of Lorenzo de Medici, Duke of Urbino, the splendour of whose marriage with Madeleine de la Tour d'Auvergne at Amboise in 1518 had been the talk of two nations. The child, who united in her being Bourbon and Medician blood, was baptized in the names of Catherina Maria Romola. Within three weeks she was left an orphan, and was placed in the charge of her dreamy

and artistic grandmother, Alfonsina Orsini, who had forgotten all she had ever known about babies, and almost let the hope of the Medici house die at the age of five months. This danger over, Catherine was removed into the near presence of her relative Pope Leo X., who regarded her as a valuable asset for the furtherance of certain mundane designs, and for some years she lived at Rome. By the death of her grandmother in 1520 and his Holiness a year later, Catherine came by new guardians—her aunt Clarice, who had married into the Strozzi family, and was a high-minded lady with a strong sense of duty, and Pope Clement VII., who was her second cousin twice removed. For playmates Catherine had her half-brother Alexandre, whose mother was said to be a Moorish woman, and a cousin Hippolyte. The latter played a part in her girlish affairs of heart. At this time, however, dolls and other toys were the strongest bond of sympathy between them. Catherine's childhood might have passed tranquilly had it not been for the fact that the Medicis were in such bad odour that the populace rose against them, and, Rome being unsafe, she was sent to Florence and placed in the convent of Santa Lucia. Political storms swept round her cradle as around her grave; during the time she was dauphine there were a few years of the unnatural calm which sometimes happens between two outbursts. At the time of the Battle of Pavia, when François I. was captured by the Emperor Charles V., Florence was at the mercy of the enemy, and Catherine was moved from nunnery to palace, and from nunnery to nunnery, until at last she found some shelter in the "Murate"

convent, where, says Bouchot, her biographer, she was taught the art of dissembling which in later years she practised with great effect. She would not have been a Medici had she not shown a marvellous aptitude for that insinuating style of prevarication which in Court circles is sometimes politely described by the term "diplomacy."

In the midst of the exciting incidents of siege and plunder, Catherine's childish figure looms but vague and indistinct. For a time she contemplated the possibility of taking the veil, a dream from which she was rudely awakened by a command to come forth from the convent and take her place in the world as a princess with prospects. Her marriage had been discussed since her babyhood, but now she had reached the age of eleven or twelve it was high time that something definite should be arranged. Antonio Suriano, the Venetian Ambassador to Clement VII., saw the Duchessina, as she was always called, at Rome. "She has natural vivacity and a pretty wit," he wrote. "She is small and slim, with features that have nothing distinguished about them. She has the large eyes peculiar to the Medici family." Beauty was never Catherine's strong point, but in those days, when suitors did not see the bride till the wedding-day, appearances were not everything. It was easy to send a painted miniature to the bridegroom showing a pink and white complexion and golden hair, and if when he set eyes on the original and found her wanting there was cause for complaint, no one was to blame, and it was too late to remedy matters. That was what happened to Henri, Duc d'Orléans, for Catherine's

complexion was olive-coloured and not becoming, and her hair was brown. Nevertheless she had numerous suitors, being sought in marriage by the Duke of Mantua, the King of Scotland, and the Duke of Milan, among several others. The Pope had some objection to make against each of these aspirants ; the first was far too gay, the second lived so far off that messages between the two courts would be terribly expensive, the third was too old and suffered from bad health. The wily Pope was temporising, and did not entertain any of the proposals seriously until the French ambassadors appeared on the scene on behalf of François I. to ask Catherine's hand for his second son, the Duc d'Orléans. Even then there were delays—hardly any of the negotiations for such marriages were carried on without them—his Holiness complaining of Henri's youth, of the French king's wish that Catherine should go to France immediately the betrothal was completed and before the marriage, a condition he thought quite unbecoming a Medician princess, not to mention the amount of the dowry, which was a stumbling-block ; in short, said Suriano, "he speaks at one moment cordially and at another coldly, according to his irresolute nature." After much parleying the arrangements were completed, even to the details of the ceremony. Clement VII. bound himself to furnish Catherine with a magnificent trousseau and gifts of great value, vast sums were drawn from the public coffers of the Florentines to be spent in embroidery, jewels, gowns, velvet and golden bed-curtains and hangings, besides rich trappings for the horses. Doubtless Catherine took with her to France many precious

objects of the beautiful workmanship and artistic value typical of the Renaissance, thus helping to spread the new ideas from Italy into France. Among her jewels were some magnificent pearls which became the property of the succeeding dauphine, Mary Stuart, and were brought by her to Scotland, falling eventually into the hands of Queen Elizabeth.

The marriage contract was signed at the Château of Anet, the home of Catherine's future rival, Diane de Poitiers ; and it was stipulated that the wedding should take place at Marseilles, whither the bride was to be accompanied by the Pope and the bridegroom by the French sovereign.

Anne de Montmorency, soon to be appointed Connétable of France, was sent to Marseilles at an early date to superintend all the preparations for Clement VII.'s comfort. His Holiness pleaded a thousand excuses—the extreme heat, the dust, his age, the inconvenience of jolting carriages, and so forth ; but this was probably more for form's sake than any other reason, as the opportunity of a face-to-face meeting with François I. was too good to be lost.

On September 1, 1533, Catherine, accompanied by an imposing retinue, started from Florence, travelling sometimes in a litter, sometimes on horseback, or, again, in a carriage. Marie Salviati, for a long time her faithful attendant, who was of a puritanical temperament and never laughed, was among her women, as well as Catherine Cybo, Duchesse de Camerino, who had ordered her mistress's gowns from the workshops of Mantua. Palla Rucellai, La Guicciardini, and several young maidens of high rank with their gover-

nesses, besides three dark-skinned beauties (Marie la Maure, Marguerite and Agnès la Turque), also followed in her train and stayed at the French Court, for Catherine was one of the few dauphines who was allowed to keep some of her own people amidst the new surroundings.

At Spezzia French galleys were in waiting to transport the bride to Nice. The Pope followed Catherine with a separate cavalcade, and when the vessel which was appointed to carry him across Mediterranean waters came within sight of the Château d'If, guns boomed across the sea to announce his arrival, and as he landed the great world turned out to meet his Holiness, the sound of trumpets and haut-boys emphasising the solemnity of the occasion. By October 13 all the chief actors in this royal drama were assembled, and the splendour of the pageant began. No one showed to greater advantage on the centre of the stage than the suave and debonair King François. The Pope played a very good second, perhaps the Dauphin François came third. The shy Queen Eléonore remained as usual in the background. Hyppolite, the disappointed lover, was present by command; but to preserve his dignity, and as a protest against what was going forward, he refused the presents showered upon him by the King of France, accepting only a Barbary lion, the kind of gift which made it impossible for any one to accuse him of having been bought off.

In most cases the chief figures at a wedding are the bride and bridegroom, but this was not an ordinary wedding. Henri and Catherine were still but children,

they understood little of what was taking place ; the former was dull, morose, and indifferent, the latter quiet, heavy, and submissive. They played their parts in frightened silence while the really important people, the Holy Father and the Eldest Son of the Church, met on a common ground of diplomacy with a desire each to get the advantage of the other. Processions, banquets, dancing, and music were indulged in turn by turn for four-and-thirty days. The ceremony itself was most imposing, and at the feast which followed there were three great tables, one for the Queen and the Pope, one for the King and the cardinals, and the third for the children of royal blood. Catherine, in her superb mantle and a crown so heavy that it sat but ill above her stolid features, had taken the first step on the way to become dauphine. She felt rather nervous about beginning her Court life. The French women were so attractive and so gay. They danced well and talked well, and were very scornful about any one who did not fulfil their requirements as to style. Catherine felt sure that she would be at a disadvantage amongst them, and that they would regard her as awkward and perhaps even ill-bred. Her expectations were fulfilled, and as she studied the personages about her she wondered in which quarter to look for friendship. Pious Eléonore, the queen, was buried in her books of devotion, and remained unmoved at the arrival of her stepson's wife. The Duchesse d'Etampes, whose star was in the ascendant, was not likely to regard as of much account the new princess, who could not influence one way or the other her own aim to be first favourite. Catherine deferred to her ; that was enough. As for



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI WIFE OF HENRY II 1519-59

Henri, Catherine soon ceased to expect sympathy from him. He was tongue-tied and awkward in her presence, and only brightened up and appeared less like a young dolt when Diane de Poitiers came on the scene. Diane was giving him little lessons in the manner of behaving like a son of France rather than a peasant lad. She was twenty years older than Catherine, and might have taken the place of a mother to her; but for some reason her advances were coldly met. Perhaps incipient jealousy made Catherine withdraw from her patronage. She was more fortunate, however, when she attached herself to the erudite Marguerite de Navarre, the king's sister. They had few tastes in common, but the elder woman showed her active kindness, and that was worth a great deal in contrast to the coldness or indifference which met her in other directions. Catherine was on good terms too with her sister-in-law, Princess Marguerite, who became Duchesse de Savoie, and they studied music and poetry together. But these two friends could do little or nothing to lessen her unpopularity at Court. In her astute way Catherine felt that she must find a more influential patron, and she realised that the one who would be of most use to her was the king himself.

François *au grand nez*, as he was sometimes called, was now nearly forty. Fond as he was of the society of women, it was not to be expected that he would care much for the company of a child of fifteen unless she could enter into his tastes. She knew how much he was interested in books and art, architecture, and all the fine culture and beautiful workmanship that was being introduced from Italy, but she could hardly

hope to learn enough about such things to meet him on equal terms. Another of his predominating tastes was sport, and Catherine, who was something of a sportswoman herself, found that here a common ground for pleasure might exist between them. She was a good rider, an excellent shot with the cross-bow, and she loved pall-mall. She perfected herself in the equestrian art, and then, approaching the king, begged him to allow her to accompany the hunters on all their expeditions. François agreed, "because he liked her and delighted in giving her pleasure in the hunt, at which," said Brantôme, "she never left his side, but followed him at full speed." In this manner she ingratiated herself with her father-in-law and won his favour. Otherwise she effaced herself, playing no part at all in the intrigue and strife of which there was always plenty at Court, siding with nobody, remaining as neutral as possible when appealed to, sharing willingly in amusements and travelling from place to place with the others when the Court journeys were made. Her only desire was to keep closer than ever to the king, and she learnt aptly from him the dignities which became her station as dauphine. "A queen made by the hand of the great King François" was Brantôme's description of the results of this training.

In 1536 the dauphin François died suddenly at Tournai, either of pleurisy or poisoned by Montecuculli (as some authorities would have it), a crime for which in after years Catherine herself was held responsible when she had won a reputation for removing those who stood in her light by foul means.

The question of Henri's succession to the throne was one which seemed likely to make her own position anything but secure. Catherine was childless. As the years passed the matter became more serious. Diane de Poitiers, always ready to take a lead in the royal household, spoke to the king about it, suggesting that Henri should divorce his wife and marry the daughter of Charles V. The Duchesse d'Etampes opposed this—these two were always on different sides of every question—and Marguerite de Navarre supported Catherine. The latter had the good sense to keep aloof from the discussion which she divined was taking place. For a time she lay low, and then realising that François was considering seriously the good of the country, she summoned all her diplomacy, and, seeking his presence, burst into tears and offered to submit to his decision, whatever that might be, and if he willed it she would consent to retire to a convent. The king was deeply moved by her distress, and he promised to let things remain as they were, in the hope that what they desired above all things would come to pass by God's will. That Catherine's desire to bring an heir into the world was equally strong is seen from a letter to Connétable de Montmorency which she wrote in June 1543, and in which she speaks of a certain coming event as "the commencement of all her well-being." The baby prince who was to mount the throne as François II. was born at Fontainebleau on January 19, 1544. Great rejoicings took place at the baptism about a month later, an account of which appears in Dan's *Le Trésor des Merveilles de la Maison Royale de Fontainebleau*. There

were banquets, dances, and illuminations, mimic warfare and tournaments lasting for several days. Catherine was supremely happy, but for one thing. Diane de Poitiers constituted herself nurse-in-chief, and from that day onward until a few years before the death of Henri II. the household was ordered by the dauphin's mistress, the nursery was supervised by her, and the children were taken to the Château of Anet to play on the terraces and in the gardens, whither their mother never accompanied them.

Catherine's unpopularity was on the wane, but she had barely taken her place in the hearts of the people as the mother of their future king when by the death of François I. in 1547 she became queen. Before that date a little princess, Elisabeth, had come to swell the numbers of the household, which increased rapidly, until by the year 1555 ten children of France had been born, of whom three died in infancy. But long before that year Mary Stuart had arrived from across the sea to be the companion of the children of France, herself a queen, and promised bride of the dauphin.

CHAPTER VI

MARY STUART

Her marriage discussed when Mary is in her cradle—She is sent to France at the age of six—Her charm—Opinion all in her favour—Serious incident at Morlaix—Her arrival at Saint-Germain—The king and queen not there to welcome her—She takes precedence of the princesses—Meeting of Mary and the dauphin—The latter's character and physique—Upbringing of the children of France—Mary's education—Her accomplishments—A tribute of verses—Brantôme's eulogy—She recites in Latin at the Louvre—Her copy-book—She wears the Scottish national costume—Her influential relatives—She has only to smile to turn the heads of the French—Her troubles with her household—Visit of Mary de Guise to the French Court—Mary's health—Her governesses—Indiscretion of Lady Fleming—Appointment of Mme. de Paroy—Quarrels in the household—Arrangements for Mary's marriage—She signs documents at Fontainebleau handing Scotland to the King of France—Betrothal and wedding—Gorgeous festivities—King-dauphin and queen-dauphine—Return of the Scottish commissioners—A mysterious epidemic—The dauphin goes to war—Death of Queen Mary of England—Mary Stuart proclaimed Queen of England, Scotland, and Ireland in France—Mary's ill-health—Royal weddings—The Tournament in the Rue St. Antoine—The King wounded—His death—Catherine de Médicis proclaimed Regent—Death of François II.—Mary Stuart returns to Scotland.

“THE devil go with it,” exclaimed James V. when his daughter was born. “It will end as it began. It came from a woman, and it will pass with a woman.” He was thinking of the manner in which the throne had come to the Stuarts, and his disappointment that there was no son to succeed him. Had he been able to foresee the strange vicissitudes and stormy trials which Mary was to undergo, perhaps

he would have spared some sympathy for her personal sufferings. In a week he was dead, and her future was in the hands of her mother, Mary, James V.'s second wife, who was a member of the powerful house of Guise.

The marriage of the infant queen was discussed whilst she was in her cradle. Henry VIII. claimed her hand for his son Edward, who was five years old, but hostilities on the part of England were the cause of this arrangement falling through, and in 1548 Henri II. made overtures on behalf of the dauphin François. It was arranged that the princess should be sent to the French Court without delay to be educated with the royal children. Like her predecessor, Margaret of Scotland, Mary was threatened by capture on the sea during the voyage from Dumbarton, but, escaping the English fleet, she was safely landed at Roscoff near Morlaix in Brittany on August 13, 1548. Even at this early stage of her existence—she was barely six years old—Mary made a stir wherever she went. The French officers charged with her safe conduct were greatly struck by her beauty and charm, and the Duchesse de Guise, her grandmother, who met her, wrote : “She is very pretty indeed, and as intelligent a child as you could see. She is a *brunette* with a clear complexion, and when she develops she will be a beautiful girl, for her complexion is fine and clear, and her skin is white. The lower part of her face is very pretty, the eyes small and rather deep set, the face is rather long. She is graceful, and has self-assurance, which is greatly in her favour. In short, we may well be pleased.”

Mary stayed at Morlaix for two days to recover from the strain of the voyage. A story is told by Albert le Grand of an incident which took place there which might have had serious results, but for the prompt action of the Duc de Rohan, who had received her on her arrival, and accompanied her to the Dominican convent where she was lodged. A thanksgiving service was held at Notre Dame, and as Mary and her retinue were returning from the church, and had passed through the gate of the town which was called "The Prison," the drawbridge broke owing to the unwonted pressure of the crowds of horsemen and foot passengers who had been crossing and re-crossing it that day, and fell crashing into the river, though fortunately without causing loss of life. Fearing that some attempt was about to be made on the safety of their little queen, the Scottish nobles, who realised that something unusual was taking place, called out "Treason, Treason." The Duc de Rohan, who was beside Mary's litter, seeing that confusion and bloodshed were imminent, had the presence of mind to call out reassuringly, "Bretons are never traitors," and thus danger was averted. So many people had hastened into the town from the surrounding villages to catch a glimpse of the future dauphine that all the town gates had to be taken off their hinges, and the chains of the bridges were detached. The journey was continued by short stages through Orleans, Tours, Chartres, and to Saint-Germain, where Mary was to meet the French princes and princesses. She was accompanied by a small army of governors, preceptors, governesses, ladies-in-waiting, and other attendants.

Lord Erskine, Lord Livingstone, Lady Fleming, and the four famous Marys were in her train.

King Henri and Queen Catherine were not at Saint-Germain when Mary arrived ; they were helping to celebrate the marriage of Jeanne d'Albret to Antoine de Bourbon at Moulins ; but they did not neglect to provide for the comfort of the little traveller, and explicit instructions had been given by the king to the governor of the royal children, Jean d'Humières, in a letter dated October 11.

"As my daughter, the Queen of Scotland, will arrive at Saint-Germain about the 18th of this month," he wrote, "and I myself soon afterwards, I order you to have appointed the house of Carrières, and when it is prepared to take my children there accompanied by the Scottish queen, and have them lodged there while the said palace of Saint-Germain is cleaned, as well as the lower court and the village, because my orders will be more easily carried out than if the children were there, and it will do them good to have a little change of air. Also please instruct La Salle not to allow any masons, workmen or others to come to Saint-Germain, and especially to the castle, from any place where infectious disease has broken out, an order which is to apply also to Poissy and the surrounding villages."

The king was annoyed that he could not receive Mary himself, for he was particularly anxious to see her, more especially because he had heard nothing but praise concerning her, and every one who had met her regarded her as a wonder. When at length he saw her, on November 9, he was not in the least

surprised at the general verdict, but corroborated it, saying that she was the most perfect child he had ever seen. Another thing that pleased Henri greatly was that Mary and François, when they first met, "behaved as though they had known each other for a long time," and from this it was augured that their future happiness was assured. It had been arranged that Mary should take precedence of the little princesses. On this point Henri wrote to the governor: "As for that which you ask concerning the rank that I wish my daughter, the Queen of Scotland, to hold, I advise you to allow her to take precedence of my daughters, for a marriage has been concluded between her and my son; and, apart from that, she is crowned queen, and I desire that she should be duly honoured and served as such." The more intimate details regarding the bringing up of the children of France and their royal companion were in the capable hands of Diane de Poitiers. It was she, not Catherine, who wrote to M. d'Humières concerning the lodging of the little queen and Princess Elisabeth, Henri's eldest daughter, who was then three and a half years old: "You will choose the best apartments for them and for their suite, for the king wishes that these two should become friends from the beginning." At this time little Princess Claude was the baby. Diane begged also that he would see that there should be no rivalry or jealousy between the waiting-women, which would cause the king much annoyance. In order that Mary should become thoroughly inured to French customs and manners, Henri had already given instructions that she was to be waited upon by French servants

belonging to the children's household, and that her Scottish attendants should return home. Finally Diane informed M. d'Humières that the king was delighted at the reception given to Mary by the dauphin. "I know well that this comes of your teaching," she added. "If you wish to please the king, continue to instruct him in these pretty little ways."

As a matter of fact François and Mary continued to be remarkably good friends. Only a few years later, Capello, the Venetian Ambassador, wrote of this childish understanding between them: "Sometimes it happens that, caressing one another, they like to retire by themselves into a corner of the apartment in order that no one should overhear their secrets."

François was more than a year younger than Mary. As a baby he was pale, feeble, unhealthy, "more swollen than stout," said Dandolo, "more taciturn and less frolicsome than was suitable for his age," but Capello's description in 1555 is less unpromising: "He will complete his eleventh year this month; but he is little advanced for his age. He knows that he is of royal birth and conducts himself with becoming dignity. He speaks little and is perhaps rather choleric in temperament. In appearance he favours his mother rather than his father. He is not wanting in capacity for learning, but he takes more pleasure in sword-play and wielding the lance, in games of ball and tennis than in study." In truth the dauphin had inherited something of his father's spirit and valour, without his physique. His constitution was never sound, and he constantly suffered from childish ail-

ments. Perhaps the method of upbringing at the French Court was too luxurious to be wholesome. Dressed in heavy, tight, richly bedizened garments, fed on highly seasoned and elaborate food, with much wine and meat, François, who, said Capello, was served with even greater state than his father, might have become a very different kind of boy had he been brought up simply in the fresh air and with a plain diet, in clothes that allowed for growth and deep breathing, and without as much regard for etiquette and ceremony as was held to be necessary under the rule of Henri II. It is rather surprising that Diane, who was a great advocate of cold baths and exercise in the open air early in the morning, and who at first had had the entire superintendence of the children, could not have brought about a more rational way of living, but it was a time of great luxury, and about the year 1552 Catherine began to assert herself and rule the household. Whereas Diane had been wont to choose the nurses and attendants and give directions on the lines laid down for her by Henri, now the queen herself ordered the children's journeys, chose their food, decided who should be their companions in play and study, and interfered otherwise in their affairs, and though she undoubtedly loved her children, her rule over them was not a particularly wise one.

Mary's education went on steadily. She was quick at learning and fond of her task. She studied languages, worked diligently at her embroidery—an accomplishment which solaced many a sad hour in later years—and became proficient in music and dancing. Her accomplishments were sung by many a contem-

porary writer, among them the poets Ronsard, Du Bellay, and M. de Maisonfleur, who made beautiful verses and elegies for her. She was likened to Minerva, and again to Venus and Aurora. Compliments of all kinds came from the pens of those who thought to benefit by their pretty phrases concerning the favourite of the hour. Conæus in his *Vita Mariæ Stuartæ* thus sums up her mental equipment with less exaggeration, perhaps, than some other accounts: "She gave great attention too to the study of some of the finest languages of Europe, and her French was so sweet that she was thought eloquent in it even by the most learned. Nor did she neglect Spanish or Italian, which she spoke more for use than for show or mere chatter. She understood Latin better than she could speak it; she acquired the graces of poetry more from nature than art. She formed her letters well, and what is more rare in a woman, quickly. In her excellent singing she gained more from a natural than a studied inflection of the voice. She played well on the harp and the harpsichord, as it is called. She danced well to music by virtue of wonderful agility; nevertheless she was graceful and modest, for she expressed harmony by quiet and gentle movements. She mounted and controlled her steed, as well as was necessary for travelling and hunting, in which she took great pleasure."¹

But it is to Brantôme that we must go as usual for the panegyrics which, whilst they defy criticism and will not bear the clear cold light of literal interpretation, still have a value all their own which lies in the charm and colouring born of a picturesque imagination. "As

¹ G. Conæus: *Vita Mariæ Stuartæ*.



MARY STUART, AS DAUPHINE. 1542-87
(From an engraving after Clouet)

she grew in years," he wrote of Mary, "so she grew in beauty and in the virtues, to such extent that when she reached the age of fifteen her beauty appeared like the light of full day, and extinguished the sun since it was still more luminous. The beauty of her form was overpowering, and as for that of her soul, it was equally developed, for she was well versed in Latin. When she was thirteen or fourteen she gave a declamation publicly in a gallery of the Louvre before King Henri, the queen, and the whole Court of a Latin discourse composed by herself, sustaining and defending herself, in the very face of general opinion to the contrary, that it befitted women to know letters and the liberal arts. Think what a rare and wonderful thing it was to see this beautiful and clever queen thus reciting Latin which she both understood and spoke well; for I was present when she did it." In refutation of the statement that Mary's Latin was perfection, a copy-book is still extant which contains sixty-four of her themes written when she was dauphine. The inscription on the title-page, "*Maria D.G. Scotor. Reg. Galliæ vero Delphina*," dates it between April 24, 1558, and July 10, 1559. The Latin is neither very sound nor advanced and contains blunders which leave little doubt that her knowledge at this period of her life was not all that was claimed for it. Brantôme was happier when he brought his pen to bear upon her national characteristics: "In spite of the fact that her mother-tongue is countrified, barbaric, and ill-sounding, she speaks it with so much charm, and pronounces it in such a pleasant way that in her it appears beautiful and melodious, although not so in others. . . . Nor is

it possible not to be amazed that when she is dressed *à la sauvage*, as I have seen her in the barbarous manner of the savages of her own country, she still appears, in spite of her mortal form and its rude covering, to be a very goddess." It is not to be wondered at that the appearance of Mary in the Tartan, picturesque as the costume was, in the midst of over-dressed princes, princesses, and courtiers would be something of a shock to the author of *Les Vies des Dames Galantes*, who always cultivated a fastidious eye for beauty. But where his ear was concerned Brantôme had nothing to complain of. "She had moreover another gift with which to startle the world. Her voice was very sweet and very true, for she sang well, harmonising her tones with the lute which she played prettily with that fine white hand and beautifully shaped fingers, fashioned and moulded so well that they were no less perfect than those of Aurora."

No wonder that Mary felt happy at the French Court. Sought after, admired, flattered, and sued for favours on every hand, she was the central figure of the gatherings she honoured by her presence; now asked to sing, now to recite, now to dance, now to stand forth in her national costume to have her lithe young figure and her sweet features discussed and regarded with delight by all around her. It is surprising that she was not more spoilt, that she kept at this time her gentle and childlike nature, that she had a kind word and sympathetic glance for all with whom she came in contact, for amongst those who paid court to her, and before whom she showed off

her beauty and accomplishments in the long gallery of the palace, were the very highest in the land, the king, the queen, princes and princesses, Diane de Poitiers, her uncles of Guise, the great Anne de Montmorency, and the most powerful nobles in France. She had also the gift of conversation. "Your daughter," wrote the Cardinal de Lorraine to his sister, Mary's mother, in 1553, "has grown and is growing every day in stature, kindness, beauty, wisdom, and virtue, that she is as perfect and accomplished in every way that is honest and virtuous as it is possible for her to be. There is no one like her to-day in all this realm, whether it be dame of noble or other birth, either of low degree or of middle class, and I must tell you, madame, that the king has taken such a great fancy to her that he amuses himself in chatting with her for an hour at a time, and she knows how to entertain him very well, with as good and sensible conversation as might a woman of twenty-five. . . ."

But it must not be understood that Mary's life at this time had no difficulties or troubles to mar the smoothness or break the monotony of her daily round. Although it was true that, as Catherine de Médicis said of her, the little Scottish queen had only to smile to turn the heads of all the French, little disagreeables crept in which caused a passing cloud, a momentary frown, even a fretful pout. The question of her state and retinue troubled not only herself but her ever-watchful uncle, who thought she was not being well enough served and who appealed to Mary de Guise because she could not expect more liberal help in this

direction from the king. The latter declared that the revenues of France could not bear an additional strain on his future daughter-in-law's behalf. "She is coming here with the princesses and ladies," wrote the cardinal of Mary, "accompanied by her usual retinue, and it is time you decided what sort of state she ought to have. In order that you may have some understanding of the matter, I have had an account made up of all the people who are with her and of such increase in their number as appears advisable, and of her probable annual expenditure. I am sending you this account and against each item of it have noted by my own hand what I think ought to be done. Please decide on these points and let me know your pleasure, so that it may be carried out and your instructions obeyed." Mary de Guise was not at all ignorant of the conditions under which her little daughter was living. Not only was she kept thoroughly posted up by her mother, brothers, and other correspondents from the French Court, but in 1550 she had paid a visit to France to see for herself whether Mary was comfortable and happy, embarking at Edinburgh on September 7 and reaching Scotland again at the end of November 1551. Mary was the most lovable and obedient daughter imaginable. Of this expected visit she wrote to her grandmother: "It will be the greatest happiness to me that I could wish for in this world, and I am rejoicing about it so thoroughly that I can think of nothing but to do my duty and study to be very wise, in order that she may have her wish fulfilled to see me become that which both you and she desire me to be." And

when Mary de Guise had returned to Scotland, she continued to consult her on every detail of her household, her wardrobe, her health, and her studies. Early in 1553 she had a little request to make. "Madame, if it pleases you to increase my household by a *huissier de chambre*, I should like this to be Ruffets, my *huissier de sale*, because he is a very good and trusted servant," and in the following year she added, "On this the first day of the year I have established the household which it has pleased you to arrange for me," and again, "I have often written you to raise the wages of my *femmes de chambre* and my *valet de chambre*, Gillibert, and of my tailor, Nicolas. They have asked me to remind you." Undoubtedly she was grateful for her mother's speedy response to the cardinal's appeal for her to be provided with additional grandeur. A few months later her health enters into consideration. "I wish to tell you, madame," she wrote on June 23, 1554, "that, thank God, I continue in that good state of health of which I have often informed you, and that I occupy myself with all those things which I know will please the king, my master and father, and you." Unfortunately, as a matter of fact, Mary was not always well, and rumours of a serious nature concerning the state of her health were circulated which reached the ears of Mary de Guise. On April 15, 1544, the Cardinal de Lorraine wrote to reassure his sister on this point: "Believe me, Madame, that your daughter is in the best possible health and as well as she has ever been. I am amazed that some should have written to you that she is sickly. It is

needless to tell you that these are mischievous people and evil-intentioned, for I assure you she was never better, and even the doctors declare that her constitution promises as long a life, with God's will, as any of her relatives. It is quite true that sometimes she has a little weakness of the heart, which only occurs when she forgets herself occasionally and eats a little too much, for she has always such a very good appetite that if she indulged it to the full and ate all she could, she would often suffer from indigestion, but I take better care of her than ever before."

There were other cares which oppressed the dauphine, not unconnected with the choice of governesses. Lady Fleming, who had been specially chosen to introduce her little charge at the French Court, was young, beautiful, and a coquette. She foolishly allowed herself to be drawn into an intrigue with King Henri II., and after giving birth to a son in 1551, she was sent back to Scotland and her post was filled by a middle-aged woman called Françoise d'Estamville, Dame de Paroy, who at first appeared to be everything that was desirable and of whom the Cardinal de Lorraine said "she does so well she could not do better." Presently, however, she turned out to be by no means the flawless paragon she had originally seemed, and she caused her young mistress no little heart-burning. The cause of this appears in a very long letter written by Mary to her mother from Blois on December 28, 1555, and concerns her wardrobe.

"To begin my letter I have to say that since receiving a letter from you in which you tell me to give away my gowns, I tried to do this and began

with my aunt Madame de Saint-Pierre, to whom I gave one, and two to my aunt Madame de Faremoutier, to make altar-cloths in their churches, and three to one of my servants, about which Madame [de] Paroy was so annoyed that she complained that I did not wish her to get rich, and that I should make her poor, and that the consciences of those to whom I had given would be charged with it. In short, I am sorry for what she says about it, especially as I know she has written you a letter in which she informs you that whilst we were at Villers-Cotterets, she made a journey to Paris for a lawsuit, and that on her return I forbade her to have further charge or care for my wardrobe, and that you had written me about it, and that you ought not to have had to take the trouble to write such a thing, for I have always done just as I liked, and that you could not give me greater liberty than I have always had. Madame, I humbly beg you will not believe this, for in the first place I have never forbidden her to have anything to do with my wardrobe, which I know well I ought not to do, but I said to Jhan, my *valet de chambre*, that when she wished to remove some things, he was to let me know, for when I have thought of giving some away I could not find anything to give. And concerning that which she wrote about my always having the power to do as I liked, madame, I have never had the chance as far as she was concerned of giving away a single pin, on which account I have the reputation of being mean, and they go so far as to say that I am not generous like you. I am amazed that she dares to write things which are so

far from being the truth. I am sending you an inventory of all the gowns I have had since I came to France, from which you will see how the matter stands and how she has acted on it. I beg you humbly, madame, believe what the said inventory tells you."

From complaints, the trouble increased until something like a quarrel took place between Mary and her governess, because the latter was indiscreet enough to speak unkindly of the dauphine to the queen. Mary begged that she might be discharged from her duties in order that she might make no more mischief. "I think she has nearly been the cause of my death," she complained, "from the fear I have had of losing your regard, and the vexation I have suffered from hearing so many disputes, arising from her false reports which were most injurious to me." Madame de Paroy's illness and subsequent absence from Court brought about the result Mary hoped for. The cardinal also placed the position before Mary de Guise. "I am very much displeased," he wrote, "to see the queen your daughter at her age without any one with her, although she is so sensible and virtuous, that she could not behave herself with more wisdom and honesty if she had a dozen governesses. At the same time, madame, please be so good as to consider the case and provide for it, for the said Madame de Paroy will not be able to do anything, and they do not think she will live longer than till Christmas."

Mary was overjoyed at the thought of her release from an uncongenial companion. "If this is done," she wrote, referring to the possible dismissal of the

objectionable governess, "the queen, my grandmother, my uncles, and Madame de Valentinois have decided to give me Madame de Brêne as governess, and Mlle. de Bouillon as well to carry my train in her absence, and the niece of Madame de Brêne to sleep in my room when she herself cannot be there." Mary was intensely grateful when at length the desired change came about. She always appreciated the care and forethought taken by those around her on her behalf, and her letters are full of references to the kindnesses done her, more especially by her uncles and by Diane de Poitiers. "Madame," she wrote to her mother, "I must not forget to tell you that my uncle M. de Guise and my aunt Madame de Guise take so much care of my affairs as though I were their own child. But, as regards my uncle the cardinal I shall say nothing, for you know it all already. All my other uncles would show me as much kindness as he if they had the opportunity. I beg of you to thank them and to commend me always to them so that they may go on in the same way, for you would hardly believe how careful they are of me. I can say as much of Madame de Valentinois; if you please, madame, write to all of them about it," and again: "You know how much obliged I am to Madame de Valentinois for the affection which she shows me more and more. I could not render her a better service than in doing something that I know she wants," which concerned the marriage of Diane's granddaughter, Mlle. de Bouillon, to the Earl of Arran.

But the troubles of her girlhood, small as they were—for the years she passed at the French Court

must be regarded as, in the main, the happiest of her life—were nearly over, those of her womanhood about to commence. In December 1557, Henri II. sent an ambassador to the authorities in Scotland to inform them that it was nearly time the marriage between his eldest son and their queen should be completed. And in response to his request commissioners were appointed to proceed to France in order to represent the Scottish nation. The years 1558 and 1559 were very important ones in the life of Mary Stuart. On April 4, 1558, she signed the three documents at Fontainebleau which afterwards aroused much discussion in her disfavour. By the first agreement she handed over to the King of France the kingdom of Scotland and all her rights to the crown of England in case she had no issue. In the second she declared that she was acting by the advice of the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duc de Guise, and she handed over to the French king the said kingdom until a million of money or such other sum as might be owing for his defence of the country had been paid in gold. The third document was signed by herself and the Dauphin François, and provided shortly that in the event of her death without heirs, Scotland would be handed over to the House of Valois or must redeem her independence at a vast cost.

This transaction over, and it is not to be believed that Mary (then a girl of fifteen and entirely under the influence of the powerful nobles, her relatives) understood its full purport, a move was made from Fontainebleau to Paris, where the formal ceremony of betrothal followed by the still more gorgeous wedding took place respec-

tively on the 19th and 24th of the month. It was hoped that Mary de Guise would have been present on this solemn occasion, but owing to the unrest and pressure of affairs in Scotland, she found it quite impossible to leave the country; and mother and daughter were not destined to meet again, Mary de Guise dying in June 1560, and Mary Stuart reaching Scotland in the early autumn of the following year. But apart from the drawback of her mother's absence, the arrangements for the celebrations were otherwise perfect. "This solemnity," wrote Michiel of the occasion, "has by so much the more gratified and contented the Parisian populace as for two hundred years and upwards there is no record of any dauphin having been married within the realm, all on the contrary marrying abroad."

On Tuesday, April 19, Mary and François, accompanied by large retinues, were betrothed in the presence of the king, the queen, the prince and princesses of the blood royal, the nobles, and nine Scottish commissioners, the marriage articles being read, ratified, and signed by the contracting parties and their witnesses. Rings were exchanged and the troth plighted. The ceremony over, a ball was held, the king dancing with the bride, and the bridegroom with his aunt Madame Marguerite. These festivities were but a mild foretaste of those which were to come in the following week.

All the Chambers being assembled on Friday the 22nd, the members received invitations to appear at Notre Dame between eight and nine o'clock on Sunday, 24th, when the ceremony was to take place, and after-

wards they were asked to be present at a supper given at the Archbishop's palace, where the royal family had spent the night before the wedding. Preparations began very early indeed on the Sunday morning. At eight o'clock the members of Parlement, dressed in their scarlet robes and quaint fur caps, assembled in their usual order. So great was the crowd of horses, litters, and coaches in the streets, that the worthy gentlemen had to march on foot through the Rue Sainte-Croix and the Cloister to their seats in Notre Dame on the left hand of the choir, while the City Fathers, dressed in parti-coloured robes, ambled to the church on mules as best they might. Not only was the sacred edifice packed from floor to roof, but King Henri, who dearly loved shows and pageants, had seen that arrangements were made to facilitate as far as possible the opportunities by which the multitude might gain at least a glimpse of the fair young dauphine and her royal bridegroom, and for this purpose a long triumphal arcade had been erected, between the episcopal palace and the church, twelve feet high and terminating in a pavilion where part of the rites were to be performed before the gates of Notre Dame in full view of the populace.

The clergy, nobles, gentlemen, ladies and royal children, indeed all the privileged people, were seated by ten o'clock, but another hour passed before a fanfare of trumpets announced the fact that the royal procession was leaving the palace. And what a procession it was to be sure! Following the halberdiers and the band came the Cardinal de Bourbon and Archbishop of Paris, accompanied by eighteen bishops,

musicians in red and yellow liveries, a hundred gentlemen of the king's household, more church dignitaries, including the Cardinals de Lorraine, de Guise, de Sens, de Meudon, de Lenoncourt, and his most reverend Cardinal Trivulzio, the Legate. Then came the king-dauphin conducted by the King of Navarre and the two princes his brothers. Then King Henri escorted Mary Stuart on his right arm, whilst the Duc de Lorraine walked on her other side. She was dressed in a gown of pure white, with a mantle of bluish-grey velvet, with rich white embroidery and so covered with diamonds that she was all ablaze, and her long train was carried by two maidens. The jewels in her crown alone were estimated to be worth 500,000 crowns.

Behind the bride walked Catherine de Médicis, beside her the Prince de Condé, then followed Madame Marguerite, sister to the king, and princesses and ladies in great numbers, and all superbly gowned.

At the portals of Notre Dame stood the Bishop of Paris, attended by his suite and acolytes, who carried lighted wax tapers. Henri drew from his finger a ring which he handed to Cardinal Bourbon, who, assisted by the Bishop of Paris, performed the ceremony and married François and Mary with the ring in full view of the assembled multitude and with the same form of service as was used for simpler folk. Money was thrown to the people in large quantities, the cry of "Largesse" being repeated three times. Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Paris, and the procession formed again to march back to the episcopal palace, where they were to dine. During the banquet Henri.

ordered two Knights of the Chamber to hold the royal crown because the weight had grown too much for the queen-dauphine. Afterwards there was dancing.

The civic dignitaries had not been present during this dinner, but were served with a meal on their own account in a little house of one Master Jacques Verins, which accommodated them so ill that they vowed they would not go there a second time. Fortunately, however, they still had the royal supper to look forward to.

After the dancing, which continued till between four and five, the royal party set out for the Palais de Justice, where the evening festivities were to take place. Catherine de Médicis and the dauphine rode in a litter, followed by the dauphin and attended by the Cardinals de Lorraine and Bourbon, while the Duc de Lorraine followed François. Many of the ladies rode on palfreys richly caparisoned with crimson velvet and cloth of gold.

The palace was beautifully decorated and lighted for the occasion. Supper was served, the royal household being seated at a huge white marble table, called the bride's table. The king and queen were in the centre under a canopy, beside Henri sat the queen-dauphine, and on her other hand her brother-in-law, the little Duc d'Orléans, Madame Elisabeth, Madame Marguerite, sister of the king, and the Papal Legate. On the other side of Catherine de Médicis were the king-dauphin, his brother, Duc d'Angoulême, Madame Claude, the King of Navarre, the Princesse de Condé, the Duc de Lorraine, Madame de Guise (Mary's grandmother), the Duchesse de Guise, the Duchesse d'Aumale, Diane de Poitiers and her granddaughter, Mlle. de Bouillon. In all this goodly company, it

is interesting to note that for almost the first time in a dauphin's wedding bride and bridegroom sat down to eat at the same table. Twelve *maîtres-d'hôtels* assisted the Duc de Guise, who was dressed in a jewelled gown of cloth of gold, to serve the repast. A procession of these dignitaries marched round the table, their heads bared, to the sound of trumpets, clarions, and drums, while a number of gentlemen-in-waiting and pages followed bearing the laden dishes. Other courses followed with the same pomp and formality. When the food was cleared away the heralds passed up before the king and the king-dauphin, and Henri presented them with a golden vase of great price. They marched round the hall with their gift, showing it to all the guests, whilst they proclaimed the marriage and cried "*Largesse, Largesse.*" After supper came the usual entertainment—dancing, and masquerades and mummeries. The bride opened the dance with Princess Elisabeth, followed by the queen, Madame Marguerite, and the king's daughter Claude. This graceful dance was performed by ladies richly gowned and adorned with gems. Then from out the Golden Chamber came the seven planets, Mercury in white satin, Mars in gilded armour, Venus in foam-like draperies, and so on, each represented in a suitable manner, and following them were twenty-five wicker horses, caparisoned in gold and silver, which were led by lackeys, and on each was mounted a prince, dressed in cloth of gold. So successful and amusing was this part of the performance that every one declared the horses "*looked better than real ones.*" This part was only a foretaste of the wonderful figures

and devices in the pageant. There were chariots drawn by two white hackneys, and a number of unicorns ridden by princes, and more horses and strange fantastic animals all fashioned by the ingenuity of the master of the revels, and when every one was breathless because of the marvels they had already witnessed, fine ships with masts and sails of silver came floating in on an invisible sea, turning this way and that by the aid of artificial breezes, and steered by princes dressed in cloth-of-gold and masked. On the deck of each was an extra chair of state, as yet unfilled and ready waiting for its princess. The squadron of vessels made a trial voyage all round the hall, and as each one reached the marble table, the captain found his lady. The king chose his daughter-in-law, the dauphin the queen, the Duc de Lorraine picked out Madame Claude, who later became his wife. The King of Navarre took on board his queen Jeanne, and Madame de Guise was left for the Prince de Condé. With this right royal merrymaking the festivities closed for that day.

From August 24, 1558, to July 10, 1559, Mary Stuart was to be queen-dauphine and her husband king-dauphin. Though François bore the title of King of Scotland, the crown, the sceptre, and the regalia were never sent to France; nor did he ever see the country which had become his by marriage. For a time the bride and bridegroom stayed at Villers-Cotterets, and from there Mary wrote her first letter to the Estates to announce her marriage, and also sent a message by the returning commissioners to the effect that she desired to make one more appeal that François

should receive the crown-matrimonial. This was promised, but the promise was never fulfilled. To her mother she wrote : "The ambassadors of Scotland were despatched by the king to return to you, and I could not let them go without sending these lines to bear witness of the dutiful manner in which they carried out my wedding, assuring you, madame, that you have every occasion to be pleased with them and begging you to reward them as you think right ; and because they are so capable, I have relied entirely on them, asking you to believe them and that which I have ordered them to say on my behalf, with regard to the honours which the king, the queen, and the king my husband continually do me, as well as my good relatives and friends."

It was autumn before the commissioners had started back to Scotland, but of the nine who left Paris, only five were destined to see their native country again. Four were taken fatally ill at Dieppe, a mysterious epidemic which naturally enough caused rumours of poisoning. Nothing, however, was proved against anybody, and the doubt remains as to whether natural causes were not at the root of this disaster. It was an unhealthy season and there was much illness in the camps at that period. Three months after the wedding, François had accompanied his father and the Duc de Guise with an army to Amiens, and Mary wrote to her mother concerning their health, which caused her grave anxiety. "There is much illness in camp, but it begins to diminish. They are hoping for peace, but it is so uncertain that I can say little about it, except that they declare peace ought not to be,

arranged by prisoners like Connétable Montmorency and the Maréchal de Saint-André. God grant that good may result." She referred to the negotiations of Cercamp, which were interrupted by the death of Mary of England. At this new development of the position Henri II. had his daughter-in-law proclaimed Queen of England, Scotland, and Ireland in Paris, and the arms of England were assumed by the king- and queen-dauphine. Negotiations were continued in April, and on the 2nd and 3rd of the month treaties were signed between England and France and between France and Spain. Mary and François ratified the treaty in the presence of the English ambassadors at the Louvre. At this time both she and her husband were ill, and doubts were expressed concerning the probability of a long life for either of them. Throckmorton, who was present at the signing of the treaty of peace and who declared that Mary took it upon herself to say more than the dauphin during these momentous operations, wrote a few weeks later that "the Scottish queen in my opinion looketh very ill, very pale and green, and therewithal short of breath, and it is whispered here among them that she cannot live long." In June 1559 Mary was subject to fainting fits. She was taken ill at church and nearly swooned, wine being brought her from the altar. "And indeed I never saw her look so ill," added Throckmorton, "and Scottishmen as well as Frenchmen do much mistrust that she can long continue." Events proved otherwise, however.

The last months while Mary was dauphine were marked chiefly by three royal weddings and the consequent festivities. Princess Claude was married to

Charles II., Duc de Lorraine, on January 22, 1559, the ceremony being performed in much the same manner as that of the king-dauphin and queen-dauphine. There was jousting near the Hôtel de Guise, in which François played a leading part. Then followed the usual masquerade. Later in the year Elisabeth de France was married by proxy to Philippe II. of Spain, and Marguerite, Duchesse de Berri, daughter of François I., to Emmanuel Philibert, Duc de Savoie. This double wedding was looked upon as the event of the year, and the king, the king-dauphin, nobles and courtiers practised at the tilt for weeks beforehand in order that the tournaments arranged for the occasion should be exceptionally brilliant.

Mary was carried to the field in a gorgeous car on which were emblazoned the arms of England and Scotland. She was preceded by two heralds who cried, "Place, place, pour la Reine d'Angleterre." It was the hour of her triumph. Proclaimed queen of three countries, revered, loved, and fêted, it seemed as though Heaven itself revelled in her earthly glory. The sun shone at its brightest, the great field lay stretched before her crowded with the people who would have laid down their lives gladly for her life, the women wore their gayest costumes and their most sparkling jewels, the knights shone in their bravest array and wielded their weapons with the utmost adroitness. So far as was humanly possible, perfection seemed to have been achieved in the display of colour and feats of chivalry which rejoiced every eye that witnessed them; when, lo and behold, the note of tragedy which seemed to haunt Mary Stuart more or

less closely throughout her days was struck in the very midst of the bridal pageant. King Henri, in the pride of his manhood and wearing the colours of his mistress, was pierced in the eye by the lance of the Comte de Montgomery, and the shouts of encouragement and victory were suddenly hushed into a silence that foreshadowed death. Throckmorton was an eye-witness of this accident, which in a moment changed joy into mourning. "Marry," he wrote, describing the condition of the king, "I saw a splint taken out of a good bigness ; and nothing else was done to him upon the field, but I noted him to be very weak, and to have the sense of all his limbs almost benumbed. . . . There was marvellous great lamentation made for him and weeping of all sorts both men and women. Thus your lordships may see, what God sometimes doth to show what He is and to be known ; that amongst all these triumphs, and even in the very midst and pride of the same, suffereth such mischance and heaviness to happen."

In a fortnight the king was dead, Mary's husband ruled in France. Catherine de Médicis gave way before her daughter-in-law for a space. But being proclaimed regent she regained the precedence she had temporarily relinquished. For fifteen months Mary ruled in theory over the countries which called her queen. She was still too young for affairs of state to weigh heavily on her shoulders. Then through the death of François II. on December 5, 1560, the position which had been made for her in France ceased to exist. She left that country's shores a saddened woman to face as yet unforeseen difficulties and terrors in the land of her birth,

CHAPTER VII

MARIE-ANNE-CHRISTINE-VICTOIRE DE BAVIÈRE

Five reigns pass without a dauphine—The first dauphin of France—His education—Birth of Marie-Anne de Bavière—The Court at Munich—Her mother's French tastes—Description of the princess—Her rivals for the hand of Monseigneur—The dauphine's letters—Her household—Her trousseau—Marriage by proxy at Munich—Her journey to France—She is anxious to become a Frenchwoman—Her friendship with Bossuet—Meeting with the king—The dauphine's unprepossessing appearance but charming manners—Meeting with the queen—Second ceremony at Châlons—Madame de Maintenon appointed Second Mistress of the Robes—Madame de Montchevreuil—Bickering among the dauphine's women—Death of the dauphine's lady-of-honour, Madame de Richelieu—Suggested appointment of Madame de Maintenon—Her refusal—Relations of the dauphine and the favourite—The wicked Bessola—Liselotte speaks her mind—The dauphine's apathy and love of solitude—All attempts to rouse her fail—Birth of the Duc de Bourgogne—Marriage of the Marquis de Dangeau and Mlle. de Loewenstein—The dauphine's indignation—Birth of the Ducs d'Anjou and de Berri—Death of Queen Marie-Thérèse—The *contredanse*—Illness of the dauphin—Entertainment at Sceaux—A lottery—The Order of the Holy Ghost—King and Queen of England at Saint-Germain—Death of the dauphine—Mlle. de Choin—Intrigue at Court—Second marriage of the dauphin—The Court of Meudon—Madame de Maintenon visits Mlle. de Choin—Death of Monseigneur.

MARY STUART became queen of France in 1559, and five reigns passed before there was another dauphine at Court. François II., succeeded by his brothers Charles IX. and Henri III., brought the house of Valois to an end. Then came Henri IV., first of the Bourbons, followed by his son Louis XIII., who was crowned at the age of nine before his marriage

with Anne of Austria. Their son, Louis XIV., became king at the age of four and a half, and was married in 1660 to Marie-Thérèse, the Spanish princess. A year after this marriage the Grand Dauphin was born at Fontainebleau, the first to be called Dauphin de France instead of Dauphin de Viennois, to be known by the imposing title of Monseigneur without an affix, and to bring to Court a new dauphine in the person of Marie-Anne-Christine-Victoire de Bavière after one hundred and twenty years without one.

Louis, son of Louis XIV., was one of the most important personages ever known at Court. His father heaped advantages upon him, but he was too lazy and too wanting in intelligence to profit by them. Grandeur surrounded him, and his household, indicated in the Introduction, was as profuse and carefully chosen as possible. His education was organised on the most elaborate and erudite scale, all the savants of France being collected together for his benefit. It was for him that thousands of pounds were spent on the Delphin classics. Everything was done that could be done, at a time when the country was at its zenith of glory and prosperity, to make him worthy of ruling it when one day his turn should come. That the day never dawned which saw him crowned was perhaps not the country's loss.

As a child he was overweighted by the splendour that surrounded him, and rebellious against the discipline. When his marriage was discussed before him, he cried, "We shall soon see whether M. de Huet expects me to learn any more ancient geography." Although he hated lessons, there are glimpses of him

in the pages of Madame de Sévigné's correspondence which show him to be of an inquiring turn of mind and not altogether spoilt, for he kissed her prettily and without condescension, a kiss that was to be sent to Madame de Grignan. M. de Montausier was responsible for his early training. One day, speaking to little Louis of the dignity of cardinals, he told him that the responsibility of their appointment rested entirely with the Pope, and that if he wished he could make an ostler a cardinal. Soon afterwards Cardinal de Bonzi arrived at Court. The dauphin, bubbling over with his new knowledge, asked him whether it was true that if the Pope chose to do so he could raise a common ostler to the rank of cardinal. M. de Bonzi was surprised at the question, but answered shrewdly, "It is true, Monseigneur, that the Pope can choose whomsoever pleases him ; but at all events we have not seen up to now that he employs cardinals in his stables." When some one told the dauphin that a man in Paris had achieved a masterpiece in the shape of a chariot to be drawn by trained fleas, he was greatly exercised in his mind with regard to the harness, and could not be pacified until the Prince de Conti informed him that it had been spun on purpose by a neighbourly and friendly spider.

The chief personages at Court when the dauphin reached the age of ten or twelve, and his marriage was already under discussion, were the king, the queen, the little Monsieur, Philippe d'Orléans, his wife Henriette, then at the point of death, her two daughters Mademoiselle and Mlle. de Valois, Mlle. de la Vallière, her day just over, Mme. de

Montespan, the rising star, and La Grande Mademoiselle, getting old and tiresome, being disappointed in her marriage with Lauzun. The changes that occurred between that date and the wedding of Monseigneur were comparatively few, the most important being perhaps the arrival at Court of the Bavarian Princess Elisabeth-Charlotte, Monsieur's second wife. Into these brilliant surroundings her compatriot, the dauphine, was presently to come, a tranquil, meditative, and melancholy princess. She stood alone in half-shadows against a brightly coloured background, nor was her career fruitful in dramatic incident.

Mlle. de Scudéry composed the following madrigal to the dauphine :

A MADAME LA DAUPHINE

Quoi donc, Princesse, en un moment
 Vous gagnez de Louis l'estime et la tendresse,
 Notre Daufin est vostre amant !
 Et pour vous adorer, tout le monde s'empresse.
 Cela tient de l'enchantement,
 Ou du pouvoir d'une Déesse,
 Rien ne peut résister à vos attraits vainqueurs ;
 Tous efforts seroient inutiles
 En un mot, vous prenez les cœurs,
 Comme nostre Roi prend les villes.

Marie-Anne-Victoire-Christine was the eldest daughter of Ferdinand-Marie, Elector of Bavaria, and his wife Adélaïde-Henriette de Savoie. Born in 1660, Marie-Anne was brought up at the stiff and narrow Court, at Munich. Her mother was a very charming and beautiful woman. Daughter of Christine de France, granddaughter of Henri IV., she loved all that was French, and influenced her husband to further the interests of Louis XIV., being seconded in this policy

by the Prime Minister, Herman de Furstenberg. "Thus this Court, Austrian as it was, became quite French," wrote Pomponne, discussing the proposed alliance; "but a bond still more tight and powerful ended by uniting it entirely with France." Perhaps the view taken by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was extreme. Whatever may have been Adélaïde-Henriette's leanings, according to other accounts she hardly had as much influence as he suggested. Some years previously Coulanges, the friend and correspondent of Madame de Sévigné, described the interior of the Bavarian Court. When visiting Munich, he was refused an interview with the elector, but was received by the elector's wife, whom he regarded as one of the most beautiful princesses in the world and one of the most accomplished. "But," he added, "I think it may be said at the same time, she is one of the most unfortunate; she lives under continual constraint, and has no liberty at all. . . . There exists no cloister where life is more regular and more severe than at that Court. People get up at six in the morning, hear Mass at nine, dine at ten or half-past ten, sitting at table for an hour and a half; are present at Vespers every day, and at six in the evening no one is left in the palace except a few necessary servants; they have supper at the same hour, and go to bed at nine or at ten."

Negotiations for the marriage were commenced in 1670, when the future dauphine was ten years old, and the dauphin a year younger. Louis XIV. was meditating war against Holland, and was glad enough to avail himself of the opportunity of an alliance

with the powerful Elector of Bavaria, whilst at the same time he secured his son's future. He sent Robert de Gravel, who was plenipotentiary at the Diet of Ratisbonne, to Munich to arrange the treaty of defensive alliance. A description of the princess about this time comes to us from the pen of Count Leopold Wilhelm von Königsegg, special envoy to the Court of Bavaria, and incidentally throws further light on the love of Adélaïde-Henriette for everything French. "In temperament," he wrote, "the princess is like her mother ; is ambitious in thought, and therefore hears with pleasure that the suggestion is made that she should marry the dauphin. The princess is loved by her mother better than her brother, and knows how to accommodate her mood to that of her mother's, and to care for and follow those people whom her mother loves and follows. The princess is given a certain amount of liberty. . . . If both prince and princess intercede for a favour, one may take it that the favour will be granted, although such intercessions do little for the Germans. The princess is quite learned, writes a good hand, as does also the prince, but is not beautiful in person."

Marie-Anne had two brothers and one sister, the Crown Prince Maximilien-Emmanuel, Joseph-Clement, and Yolande-Beatrix, the two younger ones being children at the date of her wedding. They were all well educated, and the dauphine spoke several languages. Almost ten years elapsed from the time of the first proposal before the arrangements for the marriage were definitely settled. In the meantime the electress had died in 1675, Herman de Furstenberg soon after,

and the Elector Ferdinand in 1679. At the close of the latter year Colbert de Croisy was despatched from France to conclude the alliance. Madame de Scudéry wrote to Bussy-Rabutin on October 29 that the marriage of the dauphin to the Princess of Bavaria was announced. "Father Verjus, who knows her well, tells us marvels about her," she continued. "She speaks Latin, French, and Italian, and has a perfect knowledge of her own language. She has a badly-made nose, but is otherwise well-shaped. Président Colbert is going to demand her hand. Every one is astonished that this honour is accorded to a man of the long robe. Some say that the Duc de Villeroi will go too, others mention the Duc de Crussol. If what they say about the household of the dauphine be true, it will be composed wholly of *dévots*."

The chief rivals for the hand of the dauphin Louis were Marie-Louise his cousin, a princess at Florence and one at Parma, who were respectively twelve and thirteen years of age, the archduchess, daughter of the emperor, who was only eleven, and a daughter of the house of Saxe-Gotha, who was also young and a Lutheran as well. The only formidable competitor was the first named, eldest daughter of the little Monsieur, Louis XIV.'s brother, and Henriette d'Orléans. She was in love with Monseigneur. The king decided to marry her to Charles II., the crowned imbecile of Spain. The wedding took place by proxy at Fontainebleau in 1679, and poor Marie-Louise wept piteously. The king, to comfort her, assured her he could not have done better for his own daughter.

"No," she said, thinking of her cousin, whom she wished to marry, "but you might have done differently for your niece."

Colbert de Croisy, who was sent to Munich to complete the arrangements for the dauphin's marriage, was also commissioned to negotiate for an alliance between Mademoiselle de Valois, younger sister of Marie-Louise, and the Elector Maximilien-Emmanuel, but this project fell through. The details of the more important proposition did not take long to complete. Madame de Sévigné's letters are full of information concerning the dauphine's appearance, her presents and trousseau, and the ladies-in-waiting. "Her portrait has arrived," she wrote in December, 1679; "it is only very indifferently beautiful: they praise her wit, her teeth, her figure, and it is these things which De Troy has not found it possible to depict"; and in January she added, "The portrait does not appear to be that of a good-looking person." The Abbé de Lannion, who saw the princess in Bavaria, said she was much better-looking than the portrait by De Troy. He called her a *virtuosa* because of her knowledge of languages, and declared that her mind gave grace to her person. Her letters were sensible, and expressed the great satisfaction she felt at being called to a high station at the Court of France. In after-years, unfortunately, she found the reality by no means equal to her expectations. She used to say to Madame, Elisabeth-Charlotte de Bavière, who became the second wife of Monsieur, "We are two unhappy persons, but there is this difference between us: you endeavoured as much as you could to avoid coming

here ; while I resolved to do so at all costs. I have therefore deserved my misery more than you."

Before she reached France, however, she was all eagerness to take up her new position. "She sent letters to the dauphin," wrote Madame de Sévigné, "in varying shades of style, according to the approaching nearness of her marriage, which showed plenty of wit. It will be the prince's business to put the finishing touches and erase from her mind all remembrance of the country she leaves with much joy."

One of these communications appears in the Comte de Bussy's *Correspondance* :

"MONSEIGNEUR (it runs),—

"After receiving the letter which you have done me the honour to write me, I do not know how to refrain from confessing to you the impatience I have to be with you, but I should have reason to fear painters and courtiers if I did not know the sentiments of my heart, which I have consulted so carefully that I can promise to persuade you by my conduct and all my actions that I shall be throughout my life, Monseigneur,

"Your very humble and obedient servant

"MARIE-CHRÉTIENNE DE BAVIÈRE."

In January 1680 the preparations for the wedding were nearly completed. The ladies of the household were ready to start for Schlettstadt, where they were to join the dauphine, and the king sent a hundred guards and several officers of the household under the charge of M. de Rieux, his maître-d'hôtel. The

dauphin, now eighteen, was wildly excited at the coming of his bride. "He inquired of M. de Montausier when he thought Madame la Dauphine would give him an heir," wrote Madame de Sévigné on January 24, 1680. "They are to be married to-morrow at Munich. He is persuaded, I believe, that it might be as soon as she arrived at Schlettstadt. The prince, her brother, is to marry her by proxy. They have sent her magnificent clothes which the elector ordered for him and for his sister, but not so many as he wished, for nothing could exceed the magnificent outfit that the Maréchale de Rochefort is taking for the princess. The lady-of-honour, mistresses of the robes, maids-of-honour, the governess, and the whole household leave to-morrow. Madame de Coulanges is in the midst of the turmoil of their departure to-day. They are all in Paris."

The Maréchale de Rochefort, mistress of the robes, who was entrusted with the ordering of the dauphine's trousseau, had one hundred thousand francs placed at her disposal to begin with. The elector wanted his sister to have her clothes made in Paris, and Louis XIV. told her she need not trouble about getting anything, because he was sending everything for which she could possibly wish. The marriage by proxy was performed as already stated at Munich towards the end of January 1680, the elector marrying his sister in the place of the dauphin. The bride started immediately for France. She was conducted with much grandeur and magnificence through Strassburg to the frontier, where she was to meet her household. She drove into the city of Strassburg in a gilded coach with six fine brown

horses, and the deputies came to pay her their compliments. When they addressed her in German, she said to them, "Please, gentlemen, speak French to me. I do not understand German." She hardly regretted leaving her native land, it was said, because she wanted to become a Frenchwoman.

On March 5 she arrived safely at Sermaize, where she was received by the Duc de Trémouille in the name of the king and the dauphin. The day following was Ash Wednesday, and she went to hear Mass in the chapel of the castle at Begnécourt. She received the ashes from Bossuet, Bishop of Condom, who, having been appointed her chief almoner, was sent with the other members of her household to meet her. She had a long and intimate chat with him, and begged him to instruct her as carefully as he had done the dauphin. "I take an interest in all you have taught Monseigneur," she said; "do not, I beg you, refuse to give me your help also, and be assured that I will endeavour to profit by your words." The same evening she reached Vitry, where a message reached her that the king, who had been staying at Châlons, would meet her. King Louis and his brother Philippe drove in a *calèche*, whilst the dauphin followed in a coach with the Ducs de Montausier and de Crussol and M. Milet. They arrived at the little town of Vitry at half-past eleven and had dinner before proceeding on their journey. They set off again, and after driving two miles met the dauphine's carriages. Then the usual formalities took place. Every one dismounted, and the dauphine stepped forward to greet her father-in-law. As she

was about to kneel before him he took her in his arms and presented her to Monsieur and Monseigneur. On the way to Vitry she sat beside the king, Monseigneur on the other side. Monsieur was next to the Duchesse de Richelieu, Marie-Anne's lady-of-honour, and the Maréchale de Rochefort and Madame de Maintenon were seated on the other side of the king in the big travelling-coach, which held as many as ten people. When Vitry was reached at five o'clock in the afternoon, the dauphine was presented to a number of princes, nobles, and cardinals. Supper was partaken of at a public table. The king being terribly impatient to hear something definite about the appearance of his new daughter-in-law, had previously sent a messenger, Sanguin, who had the reputation for not being able to flatter, to get an unbiased opinion. "Sire," said Sanguin, on his return from seeing the princess, "the first glimpse of her is very disconcerting, but afterwards you will be pleased." This, according to Madame de Sévigné, was very well expressed. "There is something about her nose and her forehead which is too long in proportion to the rest," wrote that lady, "and this has a very bad effect at first; but they say her manners are so graceful, her hands and arms so beautiful, her figure so fine, her neck and teeth so white, her hair so luxuriant, and that she has so much sense and goodness of heart, is so affectionate without being insipid, is affable yet dignified, and, in short, possesses so many fascinating qualities, that her first appearance is bound to be forgiven. Monseigneur did very well. He forgot to kiss her at first in saluting her, but he did



Mrs ANNE CHRISTINE-VICTOIRE DE BEAUVILLIER WIFE OF
MONSIEUR SON OF LOUIS XIV. 1660 90

not forget the things which M. de Condom was unable to teach him."

From the first the king and the dauphin were pleased with Marie-Anne, but after a couple of hours' conversation, which took place that first evening after supper in the dauphine's apartments, they were delighted by her wit and understanding. A messenger had already been despatched to the queen at Châlons to tell of the arrival and say that the king approved of the appearance and conduct of the dauphine, and also to reassure Marie-Thérèse that the painter De Troy had been quite unable to do justice to the light in her eyes and the vivacity of her expression.

On March 7 at half-past two Queen Marie-Thérèse, accompanied by Madame, Mlle. d'Orléans, Madame de Guise, and other ladies left Châlons to meet the king and the dauphine. What a meeting that was!—and what a strange company! The proud monarch delighted that his treasured son, having reached man's estate, should be about to take a wife and give him an heir to the throne; the queen, silent, stupid, and stolid as usual, having nearly finished with the things of this world, which she had found empty and disappointing; the dauphin, a carefully trained Bourbon with a veneer of virtue covering hereditary vice, and without the qualities that redeemed the Grand Monarque, his father; the bride, trembling and blushing, full of faith in a future that cruelly deceived her; Madame, the brusque German princess, already pitying in her heart her young countrywoman now so eager, and about to face the difficulties which she, being made of sterner stuff, had come through

without serious scars ; Philippe, the little Monsieur, her effeminate husband, more womanish than any woman ; in the background Madame de Maintenon, hovering ever near the king, waiting in all humility and virtue for the hour when she should step into the place vacated by the queen ; and encircling the chief figures a throng of courtiers and ladies, smart scandal-mongers,—all ready to criticise the newcomer, to flatter, to praise, and to extol the woman they depreciated as soon as she turned her back.

After the usual compliments and embraces had been exchanged, the company drove to Châlons, where the second ceremony was performed by Cardinal de Bouillon, Grand Almoner of France, at seven o'clock in the evening in the chapel of the episcopal palace. Marie-Anne was led into the chapel by the Duc de Richelieu, her *chevalier d'honneur*, and the Maréchal de Bellefonds, her first equerry.

At the beginning of the ceremony the cardinal blessed thirteen pieces of gold and a ring of welded gold and silver, and said in a loud voice, "Louis, Dauphin of France, do you take Marie-Anne-Christine-Victoire de Bavière to be your wife ? And you Marie-Anne-Christine-Victoire de Bavière, do you take Louis, Dauphin of France, to be your husband ?" And when they had both responded, he handed the thirteen gold pieces and the ring to the dauphin, who placed the ring on her finger and gave her the gold pieces as a wedding gift.

Then the company had supper, and at ten o'clock the dauphin and the dauphine retired, the king handing the dauphin his *chemise* and the queen the dauphine

hers, as the custom was. On March 8 the whole company went to Mass, the dauphin and dauphine kneeling before the altar. The Bishop of Orleans and the Bishop of Condom spread a veil of cloth of silver over their heads, which remained there during the prayers. When she returned to the palace the dauphine received her *corbeille*, twenty little baskets containing gloves, fans, mirrors, and other trifles, and three sets of jewellery, which she bestowed upon Mlles. de Laval, de Tonnerre, and de Biron, her maids-of-honour.

After the midday meal the household of the new dauphine took an oath of fidelity to her, first her chief almoner, Bossuet, Bishop of Condom, the Duchesse de Richelieu as lady-of-honour, the Maréchale de Rochefort and Madame de Maintenon as first and second mistress of the robes, M. de Chamarante as first maître-d'hôtel, M. Chouart as *surintendant*, and M. Fagon as physician.

The presence of Madame de Maintenon in the dauphine's household requires a little explanation. The post of second mistress of the robes was created especially for her, since it was usual for the dauphine to have only one mistress of the robes, who in importance ranked below the lady-of-honour and above the maids-of-honour. She had charge of everything connected with the *toilette*, directed the women who looked after the clothes, and received the rings and jewels on the indispensable salver that was used when the dauphine put on or took off her trinkets or small articles of adornment. Moreover she was responsible until such jewels were safely locked away. "Madame

de Maintenon found an honourable opening to withdraw from the tyranny of Madame de Montespan," wrote her niece, Mlle. d'Aumale. "The king appointed her second lady of the wardrobe to the dauphine, but first he had the politeness to ask Madame la Maréchale de Rochefort, who was lady of the wardrobe, whether she would have any objection to this arrangement."

The document appointing Madame de Maintenon to the post in question was worded as follows: "On this the eighth day of January 1680, the king being at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, desiring to form the household of Madame la Dauphine and to fill the chief offices with those whose merit is known to him and who possess all the necessary qualifications for acquitting themselves worthily of the functions which bring them into the closest contact with one whom they should hold most dear, His Majesty has believed it impossible to find any one more suitable to fill in a satisfactory manner the office of second mistress of the robes than dame Françoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon, whose good conduct and other qualities are well known to him. For this reason his Majesty has this day retained and hereby retains the office and charge of second mistress of the robes to Madame la Dauphine for the said Marquise de Maintenon, after she will have sworn the oath between the hands of the dauphine, as required in such cases, to serve her in the aforesaid office and perform all the functions of the mistress of the robes in the absence of the Maréchale de Rochefort, to have and to hold the honours, authorities, prerogatives, pre-eminences, privileges, franchises, liberties, exemptions, and appurten-

ances, and the wages, pensions, and other rights which are regulated by his Majesty, desiring that she shall be paid the said wages, privileges, and pension by the treasurer-general of the household of the dauphine on her simple receipt, in virtue of the present brevet which is signed by her hand and countersigned by me, Councillor Secretary of State and of Finance.

“[Signed] LOUIS.

“[And lower down] COLBERT.”

By the expedient of giving Madame de Maintenon a place in the dauphine's household, Louis XIV. put an end to the continual friction which had occurred recently between her and his mistress, Madame de Montespan.

Marie-Anne had six maids-of-honour: Mlle. de Laval, who was a good dancer and was looked on with favour by the king; Mlle. de Biron, who was no longer young and had lost her good looks; Mlle. de Gontaut; Mlle. de Tonnerre; Mlle. de Rambures, who made love to the dauphin and caused his wife uneasiness; and Mlle. de Jarnac, of whom it was said her complexion was so bright that it served to illuminate her ugliness. Presently Mlle. de Laval was replaced by Mlle. de Loewenstein, who became better known as the wife of the Marquis de Dangeau. Dangeau succeeded the Duc de Richelieu as the dauphine's *chevalier d'honneur*. Madame de Maintenon was responsible for the appointment of Madame de Montchevreuil as governess of the maids-of-honour, an appointment that caused a good deal of unpleasantness and heart-burning. Saint-Simon's account of this woman was

very bitter. He described her as "a tall creature, lean, yellow, who laughed foolishly and showed long ugly teeth, disgustingly *dévoté* and of a composed manner, who needed nothing but a wand to be a perfect fairy. Though without wit, she had captivated Madame de Maintenon so completely that she saw through her eyes, and her eyes only noticed superficial appearances and left her the dupe of all. Moreover, she looked after all the women at Court and likes and dislikes depended on her evidence, and even good or bad fortune hung on her word. Even the ministers and the daughters of the king trembled before her. She was approached with difficulty. A smile from her was a favour which counted for much. The king showed the most marked consideration for her. She joined in all the journeys and was always with Madame de Maintenon."

This dame was in the position of fourth lady and was called upon to serve the dauphine at any time when her three chief ladies were absent. She must have been a thorn in the flesh of the sensitive princess. Madame de Caylus said of her that she might be regarded as a woman of merit, if the idea of merit was limited to keeping free from *galantries*; that she was a woman cold and dry in commerce, with a sad face, her intellect less than mediocre, and her zeal capable of disgusting the most devoted to piety except—and there was the sting—Madame de Maintenon herself! Elisabeth-Charlotte de Bavière accused the old *guenipe*, whom she hated, of appointing Madame de Montchevreuil to place the dauphin upon good terms with the maids-of-honour, and that she finished by estrang-

ing him altogether from his wife. And when the dauphine died, she went further and declared that the reason he was not plunged in grief was because "old Montchevreuil had told him so many lies of his wife that he could not love her."

It seems a thousand pities that the dauphine's life at Court should have been made miserable by bickerings and ill-feeling between the women who surrounded her, but so it was, and undoubtedly she was greatly to blame for it herself. She did not rule with a firm enough hand, but when anything displeased her—and she loathed and detested everything in the nature of gossip or intrigue—she shut herself up in hermit-like retirement, which tended to increase rather than abolish the very conditions from which she desired to escape.

At first she took this attitude towards Madame de Maintenon, who at the time of the dauphine's arrival in France was becoming the most important personage in the land. It was this lady's plan to make friends wherever she could, and she was doubtless ready to propitiate Marie-Anne to the full extent of her powers, and if in the doing of it she happened also to patronise her a little, that was only her way. Her first account of the dauphine contained nothing but eulogy. It was written to the king from the frontier, where she first beheld her mistress. She described her person as very agreeable, her shape, neck, arms, and hands beautifully moulded, and that, coupled with a desire to say what she thought would please, she possessed a goodly share of judgment and dignity. But when the lady-of-honour, Madame de Richelieu (who was jealous of Madame de Maintenon, because in earlier

days she had taken her under her wing as Madame Scarron and disliked being eclipsed by her in the king's favour), began to speak ill of the second mistress of the robes to the dauphine, she sowed the very seeds of mistrust which caused Marie-Anne to withdraw like a snail into her shell. The dauphine saw the necessity of keeping in with Madame de Maintenon if she wished to stand well with the king, her father-in-law, yet having once been warned against her, she could not find it in her to treat the favourite with any degree of friendliness or warmth.

In 1684 Madame de Richelieu died, and an explanation took place between the dauphin and her second mistress of the robes, who was then queen in all except in name. Both were deeply moved, and Marie-Anne repeated many of the things which her lady-of-honour had told her. Madame de Maintenon was naturally greatly grieved to see how unjustly she had been abused, and a better understanding was brought about between them. No doubt intending to compensate Madame de Maintenon for the dislike she had secretly harboured against her, the dauphine proposed that she should accept the post left vacant by the death of Madame de Richelieu. The king had had the same idea—it is possible that the plan emanated from him—but Madame de Maintenon, with one of the efforts at renunciation which she knew so well how to make effective, unconditionally refused the promotion. "If I accept, sire," she said to the king, "I shall be envied by all the Court for the honour you did me in choosing me." This refusal caused much discussion at Court, many people regarding it as actuated by something

quite other than modesty. "I confess," wrote Madame de Caylus, "that my childishness did not prevent me from taking the same view. I remember Madame de Maintenon sent for me as usual to see what I should think of it. She asked me if I preferred to be the niece of a lady-of-honour or the niece of a person who had refused to become one. To which I replied without hesitation that I thought she who refused far more worthy than the other; and Madame de Maintenon, pleased by my reply, kissed me." The result of this decision was that Madame d'Arpajon became lady-of-honour in Madame de Richelieu's place.

Madame de Maintenon always pursued the same policy and always won in the end. A letter of later date written to her by the dauphine proves that the friendliness, once established, never again failed.¹

"As for the feelings which you inform me you have for me," wrote the dauphine, "I have never doubted that they were as you say, for I know well that you have too much wit and probity for them to be otherwise. You do me an injustice in thinking I do not reply to you for fear of finding it tiresome to do so, for I assure you I feel much pleasure in writing to you, and you can see it from the fact that my letters are longer than usual."

Regarding the relations between Marie-Anne and Madame de Maintenon, Elisabeth-Charlotte de Bavière had a good deal to say, and when Liselotte wished to speak out, she entirely overlooked the value of reticence. The two Bavarian princesses were friends in theory; in practice they had very little indeed in common.

Liselotte was masculine, broad-minded, candid, and energetic. She was a sportswoman, and loved to be in the open air. Marie-Anne was delicate, melancholic, hated exertion of any kind, and preferred to shut herself up in her room with her favourite German maid, Bessola, ignoring all outside interests. The caustic pen of Madame turned frequently to the subject of the dauphine, and, to judge by what she said of her, Elisabeth-Charlotte would gladly have roused the younger woman from the apathy into which she fell soon after her arrival in France, and would if possible have encouraged her to take up her lawful position in a somewhat more self-assertive and dignified manner than Marie-Anne seemed capable of. "She was ugly," wrote Madame, "but her extreme politeness made her very agreeable. She loved the dauphin more like a son than a husband. Although he loved her very well, he wished to live with her in an unceremonious manner, and she agreed to it to please him. I used often to laugh at her superstitious devotion, and undeceived her upon many of her strange opinions. She spoke Italian very well, but her German was that of the peasants of the country. At first, when she and Bessola were talking together, I could not understand a word.

"She always manifested the greatest friendship and confidence in me to the end of her days. She was not haughty, but as it had become the custom to blame everything she did, she was somewhat disdainful. She had a favourite called Bessola—a false creature, who had sold her to Maintenon. But for the infatuated liking she had for this woman, the dauphine

would have been much happier. Through her, however, she was made one of the most wretched women in the world.

"This Bessola could not bear that the dauphine should speak to any person but herself; she was mercenary and jealous, and feared that the friendship of the dauphine for any one else would discredit her with Maintenon, and that her mistress's liberality to others would diminish that which she hoped to experience herself. I told this person the truth once, as she deserved to be told, in the presence of the dauphine; from which period she has neither done nor said anything troublesome to me. I told the dauphine in plain German that it was a shame that she should submit to be governed by Bessola to such a degree that she could not speak to whom she chose. I said this was not friendship, but a slavery which was the derision of the Court.

"Instead of being vexed at this, she laughed, and said, 'Has not everybody some weakness? Bessola is mine.' . . .

"When the dauphine arrived from Bavaria, the fine Court of France was on the decline: it was at the commencement of Maintenon's reign, which spoilt and degraded everything. It was not, therefore, surprising that the poor dauphine should regret her own country. Maintenon annoyed her immediately after her marriage in such a manner as must have excited pity. The dauphine had made her own marriage; she had hoped to be uncontrolled, and to become her own mistress; but she was placed in that Maintenon's hands, who wanted to govern her

like a child of seven years old, although she was nineteen. That old Maintenon, piqued at the dauphine for wishing to hold a Court, as she should have done, turned the king against her. Bessola finished this work by betraying and selling her; and thus was the dauphine's misery accomplished! By selecting me for her friend, she filled up the cup of Maintenon's hatred, who was paying Bessola; because she knew she was jealous of me, and that I had advised the dauphine not to keep her; for I was quite aware that she had secret interviews with Maintenon."

With regard to the suggestion that the German serving-maid acted in the capacity of spy to Madame de Maintenon, such an idea may be at once dismissed as improbable; but that she was thoroughly unscrupulous and did a great deal of harm to the dauphine in the eyes of others is a fact that cannot be overlooked. Madame de Caylus gave Bessola the credit for not being really bad, but regarded her as the chief cause of the dauphine growing weary of other conversation and never adapting herself to her surroundings. "Perhaps," she added, "the good qualities of the princess contributed to this state of affairs: an enemy of slander and mockery, she could neither endure nor understand the banter and malignance which flourished at Court, nor could she enter into the subtleties that went on there. In truth, I have seen foreigners, even those who appeared most in touch with French mannerisms, disconcerted at times by our continual irony, and Madame la Dauphine de Savoie, whom we had with us as a child, could never accustom herself to it. She said very often to Madame

de Maintenon, whom she called Aunt in a joking spirit, full of friendship, 'My aunt, they joke at everything here.' "

Louis XIV. objected strongly to his daughter-in-law's taste for solitude. He did everything he possibly could to draw her from a mode of life which he not only regarded as unhealthy, but as most unsuitable to her rank and position. Thinking, as did the others, that her attachment to Bessola, the German maid, was in some manner responsible for her attitude, he proposed to marry the girl to a man of quality, in order that she might now and again have meals with the dauphine and drive in her carriages—in short, that they might not be entirely separated ; but Marie-Anne refused to listen to any such proposition. " Her heart would be divided from mine," was the sentimental reason she gave against entering upon an arrangement which would have resulted in her own benefit.

Then the king tried other methods to make her take more interest in the outward life of the Court. He sent to her rooms extravagant gifts of jewels and silks, from which she was to choose what she liked best, bestowing the remainder on her women. Even such overtures, dear as they would have been to most feminine hearts, failed to stir Marie-Anne, whose failings did not include that of cupidity. Her melancholy and invalid habits grew gradually upon her, till at length she passed the chief part of her life without view or air, shut up in her boudoir, where she became a prey to the dread condition known as *les vapeurs*.

It had not always been so. Madame de Sévigné

in her letters follows very exactly the career of this unhappy dauphine, frequently exercising her mind as to what it was that lay behind her apparent indifference. At first every one spoke highly of Madame la Dauphine. "She is a personage," wrote Madame de Sévigné, "a fine and good intellect, character, quite charming, has good sense, engaging manners, and is quite French. She is as much at home in this Court as though she had been born here. [This was only a month after her arrival.] She has her own ideas about everything, and will not take other people's point of view. 'Madame, do you not wish to play cards?' 'No; I do not like cards.' 'But you will hunt?' 'Not at all; I do not see any pleasure in it.' What does she do then? She likes conversation very well, reading verse and prose, embroidery, walking, and, above all, to please the king. He spends many hours in her room, and no longer any in that of Madame de Montespan. This makes a very dull Court, for the princess seldom appears while she has such good company. A circle is held in her apartments for one hour. Nobody is admitted to her *toilette* nor to her *coucher*."

Only a week later Madame de Sévigné had discovered her predominating characteristics. "She likes to be alone in her room quietly, doing nothing for four or five hours; it astonishes her to see to what trouble people will go to be amused. She refuses to listen to gossip. The other day the Duchesse de Ferté wished to tell her a joke about the poor Princess Marie-Anne [her namesake the Princesse de Conti] quite as a secret, but the dauphine said to her with a serious air, 'Madame, I am not curious.'"

The dauphine held her reception from eight in the evening until half-past nine. The Princesse de Conti was frequently present at these gatherings, and, child-like, sat open-mouthed, drinking in such wisdom as the dauphine could impart. Marie-Anne often spoke of her mother with tenderness, attributing such happiness as she possessed to her, because she had taken pains to have her properly educated.

Only a few weeks later doubts crept into Madame de Sévigné's mind. "Who can tell," she wrote, "whether the heart of the princess whom we praise so much is thoroughly contented? She has appeared dull these three or four days past. Who knows how things are with her? . . . Who knows whether she is pleased alike with all the ladies who have the honour of attending upon her? And, lastly, who knows if she may not weary of so retired a life?"

Madame de Sévigné, who obtained much of her information concerning what went on at Court from Madame de Coulanges, a lady who stood high in the favour of the dauphine, imagined that the latter was anxious to have change of scene, and that visits to Paris and Saint-Cloud would bring about a corresponding change in her mood, and indeed a round of festivities was soon begun, in which the wife of the heir to the throne took a lackadaisical part. Fêtes were given by the king at Versailles, by Monsieur at Saint-Cloud, and a state visit was paid to the capital, where the dauphine declared she could see nothing but the heads of the masses and the tops of the trees in the Tuileries. But presently Madame de Sévigné's doubts returned with redoubled vigour. She perceived that the confined

and retired way of life usually led by Marie-Anne was by no means agreeable to her taste or inclination, and "were it not for the docility of her temper, and her extreme wish to oblige, it must be called a restraint." "Indeed," she added sententiously, "who knows what passes in the most beautiful place in the universe?" Almost immediately afterwards she believed herself to have found at least some solution of the mystery. The *Princesse de Tarente*, her great friend, informed her that at one of the royal balls, the *Duc de Villeroi* was fixed upon to dance with the king's daughter-in-law. The courtier acquitted himself so well, was dressed so elegantly, and his colours were so well chosen, that the king's attention was attracted to the couple. Meeting the cavalier in question a short time afterwards, he said, "I think you want to make my son jealous. I would advise you to take care what you do."

"This was enough," remarked Madame de Sévigné. "There was no more dancing. I could tell you a thousand trifles of this kind, were they worth your notice." But the dauphin was not the only one to suffer the pangs of jealousy—if ever he did so, which is doubtful. Whilst the princess moped alone and refused to take part in the festivities arranged for her, her husband frequented the Court balls, taking a pleasure in often changing his coat in order that he might "speak to indifferent persons" without being recognised.

Madame de Sévigné asserted that the queen accused Madame de Maintenon of causing unpleasantness between her and the dauphine, by which the favourite fell into some disgrace but was speedily consoled by

the king. The dauphine occasionally paid visits to Madame de Maintenon, with whom she invariably found the king. They were seated in elbow-chairs, and broke off their conversation when Marie-Anne appeared, presumably to resume the thread of their discourse as soon as she took her departure. Such visits were not enlivening.

Taking everything into consideration, there was not much at the French Court with which the dauphine sympathised, and few who had tastes in common with her ; nevertheless, the early years of her marriage passed tranquilly enough, and her husband was attached to her at least until after the birth of the Duc de Bourgogne in 1682.

This event was heralded by the nation with supreme joy. The king, the queen, the dauphin, Madame, Mlle. d'Orléans, the princes and princesses of the blood, Madame de Montespan, the Duchesse de Créqui, and all the ladies of the dauphine's household, including, of course, Madame de Maintenon, were among the number who welcomed the infant into the world. The king was so anxious to know whether the baby was a prince or princess (as kings usually were under such circumstances) that he arranged with Clément, the doctor, to say "What is it ?" Clément was to reply "I do not know, sire," if the baby was a girl, and "I am not quite certain, sire," should the dauphine give birth to a boy. At the first sound of the child's cry, the king remarked, "What is it ?" "I am not certain yet," came the answer. Whereupon, without waiting for further information, the king cried aloud in joyous tones, "We have a Duc de Bourgogne,"

and every one went wild with excitement. One of the king's guards, who was sleeping on a mattress near the dauphine's apartments, wearied with long vigils, was awakened by the sounds of delight, and running off with his mattress, threw it down in the courtyard and set fire to it. This was a signal. In a few moments half a dozen fires had sprung into life round about, the people catching up whatever they could in the way of benches, tables, and other wooden furniture for the purpose of throwing them to feed the flames.

"What noise, what bonfires, what outpourings of wine, what dancing at the palace gates, what shouts of 'Vive le roi!' what firing of cannon, what crowds of compliments and harangues!—and all this must have an end," wrote Madame de Sévigné in her usual vivid style. A fuller account was given by the Abbé de Choisy, who twenty-one years previously had been present at Fontainebleau at the birth of the dauphin.

"When Madame la Dauphine gave birth to M. le Duc de Bourgogne at Versailles," he wrote, "the king came first into the antechamber and said, 'Madame la Dauphine has given birth to a prince.' . . . Every one was nearly mad with joy. Any one took the liberty of embracing the king. The crowd carried him from the *surintendance*, where Madame la Dauphine lay, to his own apartments. Any one who liked embraced him. The people seemed to have lost their senses. They made bonfires, and the chair-porters burnt their mistress's golden chair. They made a large fire in the court of the Galerie des Princes, and threw upon it some of the flooring and parquets intended for the grand gallery. Bontemps, who was angry, came to tell

the king, who began to laugh and said, 'Let them do as they like ; we will have fresh parquets.' . . . The shops were shut for three days, all the streets were full of tables, at which passers-by were regaled and forced to drink without paying, and many artisans ate one hundred crowns' worth each in three days, which they could not have earned in a year."

Immediately after birth the Duc de Bourgogne was sprinkled with holy water by the Cardinal de Bouillon, and was then taken out of the dauphine's apartments into those already prepared for him. There the Marquis de Seignelai, Secretary of State and Treasurer of the Order of the Holy Ghost, placed round the baby's neck the cross of the Order—an honour enjoyed by all the children of France.

For a time the dauphine was roused out of her apathetic state of mind by the birth of her son, but her spirits soon fell to their old depressing level, and it became more and more difficult to get her to take an interest in what was going on around her. One incident, however, goes to prove that she was the victim of melancholy and ill-health, rather than that her condition was the outcome of an utterly colourless nature. When the Marquis de Dangeau became her *chevalier d'honneur* he fell in love with Mlle. de Loewenstein, one of her maids-of-honour, and the betrothal took place in the dauphine's ante-chamber, the wedding ceremony being performed in the chapel of the palace, both under the patronage of the king. No sooner had the latter event happened than Mlle. de Rambures, another of Marie-Anne's ladies, ran to her, crying, "Madame, I have just witnessed a fine

thing. Loewenstein has been married in exactly the same manner in which you yourself were wedded, and the priest called out quite loudly, 'Sophie de Bavière!'" "What?" inquired the dauphine, "did he not call her the Comtesse de Loewenstein?" Then she gave way to a fit of passion, sent for the marriage contract and the unfortunate bride, and demanded that she should sign her name upon it as the Comtesse de Loewenstein. The meaning of this little ebullition is soon explained. The Comtes de Loewenstein were descended from the Elector Frederic le Victorieux, regent-uncle of Louis l'Ingénu, Elector of Bavaria, and his wife Claire de Tettingen, who was not a princess. Their descendants took the title of count, but as they were of legitimate and royal descent, one of them called himself Louis de Bavière, and innocent Sophie had thought herself quite safe in taking a title which was the same as that of the dauphine. The latter refused to hear any explanations or apologies, simply answering everything that was said by "It is our pleasure that it should be so." The king, seeing how obstinate she was and fearing she would make herself ill in her fury, permitted the contract to be revised, but at the same time was courteous enough to write round to the German counts and explain that no reflection was intended to be cast upon the house of Loewenstein. Madame de Dangeau was allowed to use the arms of Bavaria, and a week after the affair Louis XIV. gave her brother Philippe an important appointment which put a stop to any ill-feeling which might otherwise have arisen.

Time passed, and the dauphine gave birth to two

more sons, the Duc d'Anjou (who afterwards became Philippe V. of Spain and father of the dauphine Marie-Thérèse) and the Duc de Berri. When Queen Marie-Thérèse died in 1683, Louis XIV. devoted more time to his daughter-in-law. She was now the first lady in the land in theory, although Madame de Maintenon, who soon became the king's wife, was practically first in importance. When he travelled, the dauphine had to be present, and she accompanied him to Fontainebleau immediately after the queen's death, riding in his carriage. Much as she preferred the retired life of the hypochondriac to which she had accustomed herself, between the years 1684 to 1689 she is frequently mentioned in Dangeau's journal as taking part in the evening receptions, looking on at the balls, sharing in the fun and prizes of the lotteries, driving or walking with the king or Monseigneur on their return from the hunt, playing *reversi*, or watching the French and Italian comedies. Several incidents show that she was not altogether the meek young lady her quiet life made her appear. She knew how to snub an English duke's son who had the temerity to invite her to dance with him, oblivious of the discrepancy in their rank. When, a little time afterwards, the Court ladies danced some *contredanses* taught them by an English master, the dauphine was rather disgusted with the exhibition and showed her feelings by getting up and leaving the ballroom. Nevertheless, some days later she condescended to open a ball, dancing the despised *contredanse* with Monsieur. At the end of 1684, too, she grew rather more interested in politics, her brother, the elector, acquitting himself

remarkably well at the siege of Buda. Six months later she was rejoicing at the news of his marriage with the archduchess, daughter of the emperor. At the close of the year the dauphin fell ill, and his wife nursed him tenderly, barely leaving his side except to look in at the evening reception for a few minutes, as the king desired her to do. In 1684 the order of the day at Court was fairly uniform. The king having closeted himself with his ministers until half-past twelve sent word to Madame la Dauphine that he was ready to hear Mass, and all the royal household went to Mass, where there was excellent music. Mass was over between one and two, and the king went to see Madame de Montespan till his dinner was ready. Dinner was served for him in the dauphine's ante-chamber, gentlemen servants waiting at table. Monseigneur, Madame la Dauphine, Monsieur and Madame, Mademoiselle and Madame de Guise ate at the king's table, and sometimes the princesses of the blood, though not when the dauphine or Madame was present. After dinner the king spent a few moments with the dauphine, and then worked or went out. At seven or eight in the evening he visited Madame de Maintenon, returned to sup with the dauphine, spent a few moments with her before he said good-night, and then visited Madame de Montespan.

On reception days, the reception began at seven. The king played billiards till nine, then went to see Madame de Maintenon. The dauphine watched the king play for a few moments, then listened to some music, and after that the ball began. Monseigneur played at lansquenet or at *culbas*, and on evenings when

there were no gatherings, Monseigneur played cards in the dauphine's apartment or went to the comedy with her.

One of the most striking events of 1685 was a grand entertainment given by the Marquis de Seignelai to the king and Court in the gardens of Sceaux, which had been newly laid out by the celebrated Le Notre. Racine's poem on Peace was performed there, and was one of the features of the evening. The road from Versailles to Sceaux, a distance of about ten miles, was illuminated by eight thousand lanterns on this auspicious occasion.

When the dauphine was in good health, she took a languid interest in the various amusements at Court, but from this time onward she became more and more of an invalid. The king still did his best to rouse her from her apathetic condition, and in May of 1685 he arranged a special lottery with fine prizes which he hoped would amuse her.

At nine o'clock on the evening of the 4th the dauphine went to the king's apartment. All the courtiers were excluded. The lottery consisted of drawing 3,000 tickets, the prizes being large sums of money and valuable jewellery. The lottery took place before and after the supper given by the king to the ladies who were present. There were seventeen at table—the king, Monseigneur, the dauphine, the Princesse de Conti, Mlle. de Nantes, Madame de Montespan, Madame de Maintenon, Mesdames de Thianges, d'Arpajon, de Rochefort, de Montchevreuil and de Bury, Milles. de Biron, de Rambures, de Loewenstein, de Grammont, and d'Hamilton. The jewels were

won by various people, but by extraordinary luck Mlle. de Loewenstein won the four lots of money, which amounted to 500 louis.

The comedies, the masquerades, the suppers at the Trianon, the games and sports and dancing were enjoyed less and less frequently so far as the dauphine was concerned. She was always complaining of ill-health, but no one knew whether her ills were real or imaginary. She passed most of her days in her bedroom deploring her sad fate, and in the belief that she had but little time to live. At the beginning of 1689 she made a last effort to join in the celebrations which took place at Court, and was present at the installation of knights novices of the Order of the Holy Ghost on New Year's day. Madame de Sévigné gave a full and amusing account of the proceedings. She was always looking out for the ridiculous side of things, and at the ceremony in question there were several occurrences which gave rise to humorous comment. "The Maréchal de Bellefonds was quite absurd," she wrote; "either to avoid parade or from carelessness, he had neglected to put ribbons to his breeches, with disastrous results. The whole troop was magnificent: M. de la Trousse the most so; but by some accident his wig was disarranged and turned almost round, so that one side of his head was bald. He kept tugging without being able to put matters to rights, which disconcerted him not a little. M. de Montchevreuil and M. de Villars so completely entangled themselves, their swords, ribbons, lace and spangles were so mixed up, jumbled, confounded, and all so completely inter-

woven, that it was not in the power of man to separate them, and the more this was attempted the more entangled they became, like the rings of Roger's arms. In short the whole ceremony, the bows and all the proceedings were interrupted. It was necessary to separate them by force, and the strongest gained the day. But the most ridiculous scene of all, which entirely destroyed the gravity of the ceremony, was the carelessness of good M. d'Hocquincourt, who, having dressed himself in the manner of the Provençals and the Bretons, his breeches fitting less tightly than those he usually wore, his shirt would not be confined to them in spite of all he could do, for knowing its condition, he was continually endeavouring to adjust it properly, but without success. At last the dauphine could no longer refrain from bursting into a loud laugh. The king himself nearly gave way, and in the whole of the archives of the Order there was no precedent for such an incident. In the evening the king said, 'I take the part of the poor d'Hocquincourt; all the blame rests with his tailor.' But it was really very amusing."

No one should have grudged the melancholy dauphine her burst of harmless merriment—although the humour of the day was trivial, if not coarse—for the clouds of her unhappiness were gathering thickly and obscuring her horizon more and more.

A few days after the installation of the knights of the Order of the Holy Ghost, King James II. and Mary of Modena, exiled from England, were expected at Saint-Germain, and plans were made to receive them with festivities and rejoicing. But the

dauphine, who was to take precedence of the Queen of England, because, though not a queen, she was the representative of one, was too ill even to pay her respects to the visitors.

Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter on January 17: "The English Court is quite established at Saint-Germain: they would not accept more than 50,000 livres a month, and have regulated their Court upon that foundation. The queen is very much liked; our king converses very pleasantly with her. *She has good sense without affectation. The king wished the dauphine to pay her the first visit, but she was always so conveniently indisposed, that the queen paid her a visit three days ago, admirably dressed; a black velvet robe, a beautiful petticoat, her hair tastefully disposed, a figure like the Princesse de Conti's, and great dignity of manner.* The king received her as she alighted; she went first into his apartment, where she had a chair below the king's; here she remained half an hour. He then conducted her to the dauphine, who was up. This occasioned a little surprise. The queen said to her, 'I expected to have found you in bed, madame.' 'I wished to rise, madame,' replied the dauphine, 'to receive the honour your Majesty does me.' The king left them, as the dauphine does not sit in his presence. The queen seated herself with the dauphine on her right hand, Madame on her left, and there were three other chairs for the three young princes. They conversed together for upwards of half an hour."

After a year of extreme suffering the dauphine died in the spring of 1690. Dangeau's journal is full of

reports concerning her increased ill-health. All hope of her recovery was abandoned in March. On the 23rd she demanded the sacrament and edified everybody by her piety and resignation. Then she rallied. On the 20th of the following month, feeling herself to be in extremity, she received the last rites and said farewell to the king and Monseigneur. She also sent for Madame de Maintenon, who was then at Saint-Cyr. Her children were brought to her bedside to receive her blessing. Embracing the little Duc de Berri, she said, "Ah, my son, you have cost your mother dearly." She believed that his birth was the cause of her own death. Then she passed away quietly. The king, Monseigneur, Monsieur, and Madame went to Marly, and the king gave orders that the honours to be paid to the late dauphine were to be similar to those with which the queen had been buried. The corpse was guarded by four ladies who changed places with others every hour. Two altars were brought into her room and Mass was said at daybreak.

Madame de Maintenon wrote the following letter to the Duc de Richelieu from Marly on May 1: "You will have been informed of the death of the dauphine. It is long since we were prepared for it, but no one thought it would come so soon, and God willed that she herself should not be surprised. She showed piety and courage. The king saw her expire after remaining at the foot of her bed in prayer. You will know of the pension he has given to Bessola. They are speaking already of marrying Monseigneur, who was more touched than he cared to show."

The king had, in fact, bestowed a pension of 4,000 livres upon Bessola with instructions that she was to go into a convent. A year after the death of her mistress, she returned to her native province, taking with her all the jewels on which she could lay her hands, and complaining that she had not been adequately rewarded for her long service. The king, having exposed her treachery, allowed her to retain the booty.

Charlotte-Elisabeth de Bavière declared that every one regarded the dauphine as crazy because she never ceased to complain. A few hours before her death she remarked, "I must die to justify myself. To-day I shall convince everybody that my sufferings were not merely imaginary." "She was as much put to death," added this lady, who loved innuendo, "as though she had been killed by a pistol-shot." She probably referred to the dauphin's neglect of his wife, which had brought about a condition of chronic melancholy. At the funeral service Madame carried the taper and some pieces of gold to the bishop who celebrated Mass, and she sat in an armchair near the altar.

"The prelate intended to have given them to his assistants, the priests of the king's chapel," she wrote in her facetious style, describing what happened when she had given up the coins and the taper, "but the monks of Saint-Denis ran to him with great eagerness, explaining that the taper and the gold belonged to them. They threw themselves upon the bishop, whose chair began to totter, and made his mitre fall from his head. If I had stayed there a moment longer, the bishop, with all his monks, would have fallen upon me. I descended the four steps of the altar in great

haste, for I was nimble enough at that time, and looked on the battle at a distance, which appeared so comical that I could not but laugh, and everybody present did the same."

It was the irony of fate that Marie-Anne, who had amused very few people in her life-time, should have laughter mingling with the tears at her funeral.

The dauphin recovered his spirits soon after the loss of his wife. Before many months had passed he became entangled in an escapade.

Par le secours de la Chouin
Du dauphin,
Il pensait faire à sa guise,
Mals le malheur d'un billet
Indiscret
Déconcerta l'entreprise.

So ran a verse of a poem which referred to this affair.

If imitation be really the sincerest form of flattery, then Monseigneur paid his father the highest possible compliment by following in his august footsteps and contracting an unacknowledged marriage. There was only this difference about it: Mlle. Marie-Emilie Joly de Choin had been his mistress before she became his wife, whereas Madame de Maintenon resolutely demanded a formal and religious recognition from Louis XIV. as the price of her favours.

Mlle. de Choin was a strangely calm and not altogether unsympathetic character, remote from the gay bustle of the legitimate Court. The central figure of a quiet little circle of her own, she steadily pursued her way in spite of drawbacks and false appearances

which might well have daunted many a woman of stronger character.

Saint-Simon, who thoroughly disliked the Grand Dauphin, allowed his personal animus to extend to the favourite of Meudon. "She is a stout girl, brown, ugly, with a flat nose and a managing spirit, who amused Monseigneur and by degrees won his confidence," was his disparaging account. Fortunately for her, however, some opinions of her personal appearance and mental characteristics were less harsh.

Marie-Emilie Joly de Choin was of noble family, her forefathers having come from Pavia, and at an early age she was placed in the household of Marie-Anne, the Princesse de Conti, who was the daughter of Louis XIV. and Mlle. de la Vallière ; the very same who sat at the feet of her namesake the dauphine, trying to imbibe wisdom into a brain that was full of frivolity and turned more happily to the making of scurrilous chansons than to more intellectual occupations. The Princesse de Conti was so lively that Monseigneur, bored by his hypochondriacal wife, turned in relief to her for companionship, and when visiting at her apartments came frequently into the company of *la petite Choin*. Before long he was head over ears in love with her, and an intrigue was being hatched which had far-reaching consequences. Madame la Comtesse de Lislebonne (or Lorraine, as she was sometimes called) and her two daughters, who were intimate with the Princesse de Conti, soon became aware of what was on foot and grew friendly with the woman who any day might occupy a position of influence. M. de Luxembourg, who was out of

favour with the king and wished to keep in with Monseigneur, also scented what was going on and wanted to have a hand in the affair. They drew into the scheme the Chevalier de Clermont, upon whom the Princesse de Conti had cast eyes of friendship, and persuaded him to pretend to be in love with Mlle. de Choin and to offer her marriage, all with the intention of getting the upper hand of Monseigneur, and with a view to feathering their nests the moment that he should mount the throne. It must be said in the favour both of the Princesse de Conti and Mlle. de Choin that they were unaware of the toils which were being spread to catch them ; not so, however, the king, who, getting wind of the cabal which surrounded his son, took steps to obtain the letters that were passing between the chief actors in this little drama, and clearly seeing their intentions, called up the Princesse de Conti into his study and taxed her with indiscretion, mentioning the said Clermont. Drawing the letters from his pocket, he asked, "Do you know this writing?" producing some of her own and then those of Clermont. The princess burst into tears, and the king taking pity on his daughter, explained the whole matter to her, and showed her who was her rival in the affections of Clermont. He ordered her as a punishment to read the letters of the latter and those of Mlle. de la Choin aloud. This was more than she could bear, and falling on her knees she begged for forgiveness. The king relented, but demanded that La Choin should be summarily dismissed, and that Clermont should be sent off into exile in the Dauphiné. On August 22,

1694, the rumour of the disgrace of Monseigneur's favourite spread through the Court. Fearing Monseigneur's displeasure—for his intrigue had leaked out in the letters—the Princesse de Conti sent off her ady-in-waiting in her own carriage to Port Royal and settled a pension of 2,000 livres upon her, as well as bestowing on her enough furniture to establish her comfortably in a convent.

But before she took up her lodging there definitely, Mlle. Choin stayed with her friend the Comtesse de Lislebonne, and Monseigneur went to see her, at first secretly, then more openly, to condole with her in her disgrace. According to Dangeau, the dauphin bestowed upon his mistress a hundred pistoles every quarter, and the son of Louis XIV. had no great reputation for generosity. Undoubtedly the scapegrace Marie-Emilie was making hay, not while the sun shone, but during the storm. The dauphine had died in 1690. Four years later Monseigneur had no eyes for any one but Mlle. de Choin, whom he visited sometimes at Choisy, a country house left to him by Mademoiselle, again at the Château of Meudon, where he went under the pretext of rebuilding and of superintending the laying out of new plantations. It was about this time that his attachment was legalised by means of an unacknowledged ceremony, and that the former maid-of-honour became a personage to be reckoned with.

Having removed from the convent for the sake of greater freedom, Marie-Emilie went to live with a relative of the name of Lacroix. She received private messengers from her husband to inform her

whenever he was going to Meudon, whither she drove hastily in an ordinary hired coach, dressed like any common officer's wife and accompanied by a single waiting-maid. As the dauphin's affection for her continued to increase, Marie-Emilie went more and more frequently to Meudon still, "with a maid, and her things in a bag, on the evenings of the days when she knew the dauphin was to sleep there." "She remained there," added Saint-Simon, "seeing nobody but him, shut up with her maid, and never leaving the entresol, where one of the castle servants who was in his master's confidence brought her food." Presently, however, the dauphin, whose relations with his father and Madame de Maintenon had been rather strained, was taken back into favour, and the precautions at Meudon were relaxed, a few personal friends being admitted into the secret romance, and a little court gathering round the woman who was the central figure of it. Among the friends of the dauphin's wife, who by her birth was excluded from taking her lawful position as dauphine, were Dumont, the governor of the castle, M. de Sainte-Maure, Biron, the Princesse d'Epinoy and her sister Mlle. de Lislebonne, and the Comte de Roucy; but even such small privileges had not been won by Marie-Emilie without rare tact and patience on her part. She had studied to excite neither jealousy nor comment, to seek neither influence nor busy herself with politics. Perhaps, said Saint-Simon rather maliciously, she never talked of affairs of state to her husband because both of them understood next to nothing about them. As for the reality of the

marriage, the acquiescent attitude of the Court, of the Princesse de Conti, and of Madame de Maintenon were sufficient guarantee of its existence, were it not amply proved by letters from Monseigneur to Madame de Maintenon. In one he wrote : " As I am convinced, madame, that I have no better friend than you, and as I have promised to acquaint you with all my affairs, I write this letter to you. I am sure it will surprise you greatly, for it is to tell you that I am thinking of marrying again, being still young enough to feel that I should not be too wise ; and as I know that the king greatly apprehends lest I should grow dissipated, I ask you to let me know truly your sentiment on this matter, and to inform me when I can see you, so that we can discuss it. I am sure you will believe that I have considered all the drawbacks which may arise, for I assure you that for a long time I have thought of nothing else. The first, which at the same time is the most considerable, is that I believe the king is very adverse to the idea, and the second, that I know of no princess who suits me. That is all I can say in writing at the moment," and then he begged her to say nothing to any one of the matter, not even to the king himself, but to believe that he would rather die than displease his father, and with renewed protestations of affection he ended. This letter is undated, and appears in a volume published by Monmerqué for the Société des Bibliophiles Français, in front of those dated 1693. It was undoubtedly written before the secret marriage took place, when the dauphin, with an astuteness he did not always

show, appealed to the one woman who would be most likely to sympathise with his intentions, and who would be in a position to say to the king, "Well, you did this thing yourself, why forbid it to your son?" In another letter addressed to Madame de Maintenon from the camp of Horelle on July 19, 1694, Monseigneur openly alluded to his wife, and expressed his astonishment that she should have written to him about her. "I am delighted," he continued, "that every one is pleased with me. I have no other thought in the world but to think of means to give pleasure to the king, and apply myself to everything I believe to be my duty and for his service." He then went on to discuss the war.

From that date onward the little Court at Meudon became more and more popular. There in the lovely old castle the dauphin resided with his wife. Originally it had belonged to the Sanguin family, and was ceded in 1539 to the Duchesse d'Etampes, favourite of François I., who sold it in 1552 to the Cardinal de Lorraine, whence, having been acquired by Louvois, it passed finally into the hands of the Grand Dauphin, who improved it considerably. Philibert Delorme had reconstructed the buildings, and the graceful painter Mignard decorated them. From its terrace a splendid view was to be had of the valley of Fleury, of the river, the park, and surrounding woods.

At the beginning of the new century it became quite the fashion to visit the château and dine with the heir to the throne under the glamour of romance and secrecy. These little parties became known as the *parvulo* of Meudon, and it was an honour much

sought after to be invited to one of them. The Prince de Conti went frequently, the little Duchesse de Bourgogne, daughter-in-law to Monseigneur, was allowed by Madame de Maintenon, her strict duenna, to meet her husband and the Duc de Berri at the château, and quite a number of other nobilities were to be found there. Indeed, the air of secrecy was merely a formality and served to prevent an inrush of people great and small who might have caused inconvenience to the dauphin and a good deal of gossip at Court.

Though she could claim no right to the title of dauphine, Marie-Emilie lived up to many of the privileges enjoyed by her more fortunate predecessors. She slept in the best apartments of the castle, she sat in an armchair in the presence of Monseigneur, and she made the little Duchesse de Bourgogne sit on a stool and behave towards her with as much respect as she showed for her "aunt," Madame de Maintenon. Perhaps the duchess was allowed more freedom at Meudon than at Versailles, though her husband, according to Saint-Simon, was kept in leading-strings, whilst the Duc de Berri was more spoilt than his elder brother. On the whole Marie-Emilie was very friendly to her stepsons.

When the dauphin was not at Meudon, his wife left the château and returned to her simple home in Paris with her relative Lacroix, where no one visited her, and those who desired to curry favour had to content themselves with flattering her friends and awaiting the time when she would again emerge from her retirement and become the great lady of Meudon

where she was on terms of equality with royalty itself.

A rencontre which set all the Court in a flutter happened in 1708, when Louis XIV., quite contrary to his usual custom, went from Versailles to dine at the village of Meudon with the Duchesse de Bourgogne, Madame de Maintenon, and a number of ladies. During the visit, Madame de Maintenon paid a call at the château and was received by the dauphin's wife in the entresol. There were state reasons for this condescension which it is impossible to enter upon fully. Madame de Maintenon disliked Chamillart, the Secretary of State for War, and wished to obtain his dismissal. Louis XIV. hated changing those of his ministers in whom he had confidence. Madame de Maintenon, realising that she had need of Monseigneur's support if anything was to be done in this matter, paid court to his wife, and went so far as to beg the king to settle a substantial pension on Mlle. de Choin (as she was still called), to give her an apartment at Versailles, and invite her to accompany the dauphin on the annual journeys to Marly and elsewhere. "Such a change of front," said Saint-Simon, "flattered Monseigneur, overwhelmed Mlle. de Choin, but did not succeed in persuading either the one or the other." Monseigneur believed that he would lose a good deal of his liberty if he accepted, his wife thought she would have to play second fiddle to Madame de Maintenon, and the plan fell through. They refused these magnificent offers and continued to live in the retired manner to which they had become accustomed. Then Madame de Maintenon

decided on a bold step. She had not set eyes on Mlle. de Choin since her disappearance from Court in disgrace, which gave a peculiar significance to the visit to the château. The outcome of that visit was that in the following year Chamillart was superseded by Voysin and Mlle. de Choin's influence was regarded as established and dependable. Her importance increased by leaps and bounds ; even in town she began to hold receptions, now in a little house in the Rue Saint-Antoine. Having no private resources she was obliged to do her best with the none too munificent allowance provided by the dauphin. But this period of recognition was not to be of long duration. Early in April 1711, Monseigneur was taken ill with the small-pox at Meudon. Hearing this news, Louis XIV. accompanied by Madame de Maintenon set out immediately for the château. On the appearance of the king, Mlle. de Choin fled from the sick-room and never entered it again until he had left it, remaining in solitude whilst a crowd of his royal relatives surrounded her husband's couch. For a time the dauphin's condition appeared greatly improved, and Saint-Simon naïvely confessed that "Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans and I lamented together at seeing Monseigneur escape, at his age and with his weight, from so dangerous a malady." Elisabeth-Charlotte, on the other hand, was overcome with grief, though she had little love either for Monseigneur, of whom she said: "All that was good in him came from his preceptors ; all that was bad from himself," or for his wife, who, she declared, "had the figure of a duenna ; was of very small stature ; had very short

legs, large rolling eyes, a round face, a short, turned-up nose, and a large mouth filled with decayed teeth." Any one who really wished for the dauphin's death was not doomed to be disappointed, for he expired suddenly on April 15, after only a few days' illness. Mlle. de Choin appeared to be broken-hearted. Two of her friends persuaded her to get into a carriage and drove her into Paris. There she remained, the king granting her a pension of 12,000 livres. She was, however, quickly consoled. Perhaps her heart had not really been given into the dauphin's keeping. She had had but a disappointing life with him, without retinue, without carriages, having no part in public amusements, and having for eighteen years made the best of Monseigneur's not very amiable character, his parsimony, his weaknesses, and his exactions. She had lived a life of sacrifice, of self-effacement, and the hope she may have had of becoming even an uncrowned queen was utterly destroyed. But she had recovered her liberty and emerged from an equivocal position. The only consolation which remained to her was to renew a correspondence with her old lover Clermont, who was still an exile in the Dauphiné. She lived so quietly in her little house in the Rue Saint-Antoine, surrounded by intimate friends, but otherwise unrecognised, that extreme doubt exists as to when she died. Some say 1744, some 1723, some 1732. She had been brought for a space out of the gloom of obscurity into the glare of semi-publicity only to drop back into darkness when the light she had reflected became extinct.

CHAPTER VIII

MARIE-ADÉLAÏDE DE SAVOIE

France and Savoy—Victor Amadeus—His marriage—Interference of Louis XIV.—Birth of Marie-Adélaïde—Her education—Negotiations for her marriage—Comte Tessé at Turin—The trousseau—At Pont-de-Beauvoisin—Meeting with the king at Montargis—Description of the princess—Arrival at Fontainebleau—Madame du Lude appointed lady-of-honour—Marie-Adélaïde's life at the French Court—Her marriage with the Duc de Bourgogne—The nuptial *coucher*—Balls and frivolity—Gambling and flirting—The Duchesse de Bourgogne's children—Scene at the carp pond—The Vendôme cabal—War—The Peace of Utrecht—Marie-Adélaïde becomes dauphine—Her new dignities—The Court at Fontainebleau—Death of the dauphine, dauphin and their son—*Tout est mort ici !*

“AUNT, I am under infinite obligations to you ; you have had the patience to wait for my reason,” remarked the young Duchesse de Bourgogne one day when a difference of opinion had occurred between herself and Madame de Maintenon, who had undertaken her education. The vivacious and joyous moods of Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie required a sterner discipline than she received from her indulgent monitress. It was not easy to prevent her from over-stepping the bounds of strict decorum upon occasion, but she was so adorable in spite of her youthful follies that these were readily forgiven her. “Three years before her death,” wrote Elisabeth-Charlotte de Bavière, “the dauphine changed greatly for the better. She no longer played foolish tricks nor drank more than was good for her.

Instead of being utterly intractable she became polite and sensible, wore a dignity suitable to her rank, and no longer permitted her ladies to be too familiar, dipping their fingers in her platter, rolling on her bed, and such-like elegant pranks."

This fascinating, bright, amusing child, who was brought up at the French Court to be a solace to the declining years of the Grand Monarque, played a considerable part in the political relations of France and Savoy. The history of these relations would fill volumes and form a record of vacillation between allegiance to and war against France on the part of the smaller and less powerful country. The building of the House of Savoy had been a long process, only achieved after protracted struggles and vicissitudes. In the early days Charles III., Duc de Savoie, had sided with the Emperor Charles V. against François I., and by the Treaty of Nice France kept possession of Savoy. Charles Emmanuel I. had waged war against Henri IV. and Louis XIII., and was deprived by the French of large tracts of land. Louis XIV. obtained complete mastery over Charles Emmanuel II., who died in 1675 and left a son, Victor Amadeus, aged nine, under the regency of Jeanne de Nemours. The latter incited the people of Savoy against France whilst at the same time she carried on intrigues with the Court. Savoy was not strong enough to throw off the French yoke. Victor Amadeus dallied for some years as previous dukes had dallied, now with the Empire and now with France, but in the end he decided definitely to side with the latter and acceded to a proposal made by Louis XIV. that he should marry his niece Anne-

Marie, Mlle. de Valois, daughter of Henriette d'Orléans. The king's manner was haughty and supercilious. He considered he had a right to issue his requests in the form of a command, and it was certainly suggested that if the Duc de Savoie did not care to entertain the idea of this alliance it might lead to unpleasantness not altogether beneficial to the smaller country.

The Duc de Savoie saw what was expected of him, and the contract cementing friendly relations between the two countries was signed. As an earnest of his good feeling Louis withdrew his troops across the frontier and friendly relations appeared to be established on a sound basis. No sooner had the wedding festivities ceased, however, than dissensions crept in, and the apparent amity and agreement hardly outlasted the honeymoon. The young French bride having reached her future home in Turin found that the Court there literally merited the description that it was but "an ante-chamber of Versailles," so strict was the supervision exercised over it by Louis XIV. The Abbé d'Estrades, French Ambassador to the Court of Turin, was charged to keep his king informed of everything that went on, even to the minutest domestic details, such as expenditure, the duke's journeys, his private life and so forth, Louis XIV. making it speedily clear that marriage with his niece gave him a right to dictate in all the affairs of his nephew, and that Savoy must resign herself to be under the control of France. The first aggressive steps came from the French Court and occurred in 1685, when a courier was specially despatched from Versailles to Turin to command

Victor Amadeus to abandon a projected pleasure trip to Venice. The duke decided to comply with this wish and expressed his intention of remaining in Turin. The next move made by Louis XIV. was an objection to the marriage of Victor Amadeus's uncle, the Prince de Carignan, which had been arranged without his consent. The wedding, however, took place and Louis XIV.'s resentment speedily made itself felt. These rebuffs coming from his wife's relations naturally enough caused unpleasantness between the Duc de Savoie and Anne-Marie. A temporary reconciliation was brought about when their daughter Marie-Adélaïde was born. Later she was to be instrumental in bringing about peace between the two countries. The disaffection, however, was to grow into open rupture before such a desirable state of things was accomplished. Soon after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Louis XIV. found ample cause for expressing his displeasure with the Duc de Savoie on account of the numbers of French Protestants who, fleeing from their country into the Alps, had taken shelter in the districts surrounding Turin. Louis XIV. commanded the duke to turn his subjects back into the true Church and offered him the loan of troops for this purpose if Victor Amadeus found his army was not strong enough. The duke temporised ; Louis grew more and more indignant. He was unable to tolerate this independent spirit in a prince who ruled a state which belonged in a manner to France. He wrote a strong letter to Victor Amadeus begging him to reflect upon the course he was taking and assuring him that it was not well to slight his authority.

Thus goaded, the Duc de Savoie found it necessary to join hands with the French king in persecuting the Protestants, but on the termination of the Waldensian war which was the outcome of this decision he determined finally to shake off the sovereignty of France. For several years he kept this end in view, and in 1690 took action by joining forces with the Emperor of Austria, presently throwing himself into the arms of the allies. Savoy's adherence to the League entailed open rupture with France. After various ups and downs—more downs than ups so far as the Duc de Savoie was concerned—and a serious defeat at Marsaglia in 1693, Victor Amadeus considered the possibility of coming to terms with his enemy. Considerable concessions on the part of France caused the Duc de Savoie to break away from the allies and, after some delay, a Treaty of Peace was signed on May 30, 1696, in which one of the most important clauses related to the alliance between the Duc de Bourgogne, eldest son of the dauphin, and Princess Marie-Adélaïde, eldest daughter of the duke.

When Marie-Adélaïde was born on December 6, 1685, her mother, Anne de Savoie, had long ceased to expect happiness in her married life. She was fourteen when her uncle, Louis XIV., arranged the marriage without any reference to her tastes, and Victor Amadeus was no more inclined than she to the alliance which had been forced upon him. He soon showed that his interests were elsewhere, indeed his affairs of the heart emulated in number and variety those of his uncle by marriage, who, having become bigoted and stern in his old age, had no longer

sympathy with follies which he himself had long since outgrown. If any consolation was left to Anne-Marie, it was to compare her own fate with that of her sister Marie-Louise, who became the wife of Charles II. of Spain, and who was even more unhappy, as she had wished to marry her cousin, the dauphin.

The coming of a little daughter was some compensation for the Duchesse de Savoie's troubles. The baptism passed without great rejoicing, for regret was felt at Turin because there was no heir to the dukedom. Marie-Adélaïde remembered this fact for many years and referred to it in a letter to her grandmother, Madame Royale, Jeanne-Baptiste de Nemours, dated December 13, 1698. "I believe, dear grandmother," she wrote, "that I hardly was a joy to you, thirteen years ago, and that you very much wished I had been a boy. But I can no longer doubt, if I may judge from all the kindnesses you have shown for me, that you have forgiven me for being a girl."

As a tiny child she showed the signs of intelligence and precocity and the charm and grace which later distinguished her. The Marquise de Saint-Germain, assisted by a certain Madame de Noyers, attended to the education of the little princess in her earliest years. They found it very difficult to teach her writing and spelling, and to the end of her life Marie-Adélaïde's letters were written in a childish hand and with laborious effort. Also they were very short. According to Liselotte, "she had learnt good principles from her virtuous mother"—Liselotte was that lady's step-mother and in a position to judge of her character—"and when she arrived in France she had been well

brought up ; but the old lady [*la vieille guenipe* was her favourite name for Madame de Maintenon], wishing to gain her affections and keep sole control over her, allowed her to have her own way in everything and never restrained her in whatever caprices she might indulge."

Anne-Marie de Savoie, in spite of the fact that the French marriage was a great joy to her, because all her tastes had remained French, and she was delighted that her daughter should return to her own family, regretted that the little girl should have to leave Turin at an age when she still required a mother's care. She was to be brought up at the French Court in accordance with the high estate awaiting her, and it would have made her mother still more anxious had she known that the arrangements for her education were not carried out more satisfactorily than Liselotte indicated.

In July 1696, when the future dauphine was barely ten years old, the Comte de Tessé was sent to Turin to carry on the negotiations for the marriage. When he arrived at the palace, the Duchesse de Savoie saw him approach, and behind her, peeping from the window, was the little princess, almost overwhelmed by her curiosity to see one who represented her future husband. Her portrait had already been sent to the king, but Tessé busied himself with obtaining a second, and also forwarded the most minute details about his bride to the Duc de Bourgogne, who seemed quite satisfied with what he was told. The portrait too turned out successfully, though there seemed to be a doubt about the colour of her hair, which in reality

was a clear chestnut although it looked darker in the painting. To Barbezieux, the Minister of War, Tessé sent what was then called a *corps*, which in reality was a bodice and a ribbon giving the measurements of her figure, doubtless that her dresses might be made in Paris, though why the Minister for War was supposed to be interested in these domestic details is not stated.

"The more I notice the young princess," wrote the Comte to Louis XIV., "the more I am convinced that she is strong and has a good constitution. Whenever I see her she blushes with becoming modesty, as if in seeing me she is reminded of the Duc de Bourgogne."

Marie-Adélaïde was intensely anxious that nothing should happen to interfere with the plans for her future. When the Austrian diplomatist, the Comte de Mansfeld, arrived at Turin, she was overcome with a fit of trembling. "Mon Dieu," she said quaintly to her mother who spoke of him, "why does *he* come here? You will see that father will listen to what he has to say as he used to. That man has no business here. Why don't you leave him alone?" Her intuition was correct. The Emperor Leopold had sent his ambassador to put obstacles in the way of the proposed marriage, but he was not able to succeed and the contract was signed in September 1696. The marriage was to take place when Marie-Adélaïde was twelve, her dowry was to be 200,000 crowns paid by instalments, and Victor Amadeus promised her a trousseau and wedding gifts. Louis XIV. was to give her 50,000 crowns' worth of jewels and to arrange for her household expenses and income. Her father had

to conduct the princess in state to Pont-de-Beauvoisin, where she was to be met and sent the rest of the way in French carriages. Her trousseau was very simple. The chief items were twenty-four thousand francs spent on linen and lace, an additional thousand on point de Venise, thirteen thousand for silver and gold brocade, nine thousand five hundred for trimmings, nearly three thousand for embroidered skirts, and only a hundred odd francs for boots and shoes. The whole amount only came to fifty-four thousand francs, and this was evidently thought insufficient, for Marie-Adélaïde's sister, who became Queen of Spain, received a trousseau which cost double.

"This morning between ten and eleven o'clock," wrote Tessé on September 16, "the princesses entered the apartment of Madame the Duchesse de Savoie, where the duke was, powdered and beautifully dressed. Madame Royale was wearing all her jewellery," and then he went on to describe what all the Court ladies wore and how they all went to Mass and after Mass how they returned and signed the contract. "I wish with all my heart," he added, "that your majesty could have seen the young princess making her curtseys and signing boldly, modestly, and with dignity." The formality over, the doors were opened and the crowd was admitted. Every one kissed Marie-Adélaïde's hand. The Marquis de Saint-Thomas, Minister to Victor Amadeus, who for three years had been trying to carry through the negotiations between France and Savoy, was rewarded by the gift of a jewelled portrait of Louis XIV. and some handsome silver plate.

As there was to be no marriage by proxy, all that remained to be done was for Marie-Adélaïde to set out on her journey to her new home. Her father put off her departure as long as he possibly could, but Louis XIV. grew impatient and despatched an urgent message that he was very anxious to meet the little princess at Fontainebleau, and that late in the autumn the palace was very damp and did not agree with his health. On October 1 he despatched the carriages which were to take her household to the frontier. There were five of them, two with eight and three with six horses. The coach in which the princess was to ride was draped with purple because the French Court happened to be in mourning. *The lady-of-honour and ladies-in-waiting drove in the second carriage, Brionne and Dangeau in the third, the fourth was for the femmes de chambre, and the fifth for the king's doctor, Bourdelot, the first surgeon, and the apothecary.* Then followed a number of carriages containing the suite and officials numbering in all some six hundred individuals.

The future dauphine left Turin on October 7 in the charge of the Princesse de la Cisterna and the Marquis de Dronero. At the beginning of the journey she was accompanied by her mother and grandmother and a large suite of cavaliers and ladies. The first night was spent at Avigliano. The next morning the dowager duchess and Anne-Marie returned to Turin after taking an affectionate farewell of Marie-Adélaïde, who proceeded with the Princesse de la Cisterna and her governess, Madame de Noyers, to France.

The journey was slow, and stoppages were made at Susa, Lans-le-Bourg, Modane, Montmelian, and Chambéry, which was reached late on the night of the thirteenth and where the princess was received with joyous acclamations by the people, fireworks, and illuminations. On the 16th inst. Marie-Adélaïde arrived at Pont-de-Beauvoisin, where her new household awaited her. At the bridge, the princess got out of her carriage, a Savoyard page holding her train, and stepped forward to meet the Marquis de Dangeau, the Duchesse du Lude, and their suite. Then the page handed her train to the French page, and she was led by Brionne and Dangeau to the king's carriage, which occupied the centre of the bridge. After the usual formalities and compliments, chiefly in the shape of presents, the royal cortège left Pont-de-Beauvoisin on the morning of the 17th, reached Lyons on the following day, where a halt was made until the 21st, and then, still travelling by slow stages, proceeded to Montargis. There, on November 4, she met the king, who was accompanied by Monsieur and Monseigneur.

The moment her carriage appeared, the king, who was standing on the balcony to see her arrive, went down into the street, and before the little princess could jump off the carriage step he took her in his arms, saying, "Madame, I have waited for you with great impatience." Marie-Adélaïde replied that this was the happiest day of her life and kissed the king's hand. Then she was taken indoors and introduced to every one and kissed and petted. The king thought her charming. When he left her to rest a little he



MARIE ADÉLAÏDE DE SAVOIE DUCHESSE DE BOURGOGNE 1685-1712

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sat down and despatched a letter to Madame de Maintenon straight away.

"I arrived here [Montargis] before five o'clock," wrote Louis XIV. ; "the princess did not come till nearly six. I went to receive her at the carriage. She let me speak first and afterwards replied extremely well, but with a little embarrassment that would have pleased you. I led her to her room through the crowd, letting her be seen from time to time by holding the torches closer to her face. She bore the march and the lights with grace and modesty. At length we reached her room, where there was a crowd and heat enough to kill us. I showed her from time to time to those who approached us, and I regarded her from every point of view in order to inform you what I think of her.

"She has the best grace and the prettiest figure I have ever seen ; dressed like a picture, and her hair done the same ; eyes very bright and very beautiful, the lashes black and admirable ; complexion very even, white and red, all one could wish ; the finest blonde hair that was ever seen and a great mass of it. She is thin, which is natural to her age, her mouth is rosy, the lips full, the teeth white, long, and irregular, her hands well made but the colour of her age. She speaks little as far as I have heard, is not embarrassed when looked at, like one who has seen the world. She curtsies badly, with a somewhat Italian air. She has also something Italian in her face ; but she pleases. I saw that in the eyes of all who were present. As for me, I am entirely satisfied.

"She resembles her first portrait, not the second. To speak to you as I always do, I must say I find her all that could be wished, and should be sorry if she were still better-looking. I say it again, everything is pleasing except the curtsy.

"I shall be able to tell you more after supper, for there I shall observe many things I have not yet been able to notice. I forgot to tell you that she is short rather than tall for her age. Up to this time I have done marvels; I hope I can sustain a certain easy air which I have worn, until I reach Fontainebleau, where I greatly desire to find myself."

At ten o'clock that evening Louis added a postscript to his letter :

"The more I see of the princess the more satisfied I feel. She says little, and that little is to the point in reply to questions asked her. . . . We had supper and she did not fail in anything, and showed a charming politeness in every case. To me and my son she failed in no particular and behaved as you yourself might have done. She was much looked at and observed; and all present seemed distinctly satisfied. Her air is noble and her manners polished and agreeable. I have pleasure in telling you so much that is good regarding her, for I find that without partiality or flattery I can do so, and that indeed I am obliged to do so. . . . I forgot to say that I have seen her play at spilikins in a charming manner."

It is to be hoped that Marie-Adélaïde was unaware of the searching criticism to which she had been subjected.

The following day the royal party returned to Fontainebleau, where crowds greeted the arrival of the little princess as she stepped boldly up the horse-shoe staircase beside the king, as though, said Saint-Simon, he had brought her out of his pocket. She had met her future husband, the Duc de Bourgogne, who was then fourteen years old, at Nemours, but she did not see very much of him for some time to come. The king only allowed him to visit her once a fortnight, and his brothers once a month. Other rules for her daily life were laid down with great exactness. She was to be called "La Princesse" without any other title. She was to have her meals alone, served by the Duchesse du Lude, and she was only to see the ladies of her household and others to whom the king gave express permission. She was not to hold a Court of her own for some time to come. It sounds rather a dull life for a lively little girl like Marie-Adélaïde, who was described, not without some truth, as "the most beauteous of all the dauphines," as she certainly was one of the most insuppressible. The Court at which she had arrived was very dull indeed. There was neither queen nor dauphine and the future Duchesse de Bourgogne was first titled lady. Marie-Thérèse had been succeeded by the unacknowledged wife, Madame de Maintenon, Marie-Anne Christine de Bavière was soon forgotten after her death in 1690, and had been replaced in the affections of Monseigneur by *his* unacknowledged wife, Mlle. de Choin. Monseigneur, her future father-in-law, was not very interesting as a companion for a little girl, but the Ducs d'Anjou and de Berri,

who were thirteen and ten, might have become excellent playmates had they been admitted more frequently into her company. As for the Duc de Bourgogne, he was nervous, haughty, of not too equable a temper, and with a precocious intellect. He was kept well under the thumb of tutors, governors, and servants—Louis XIV. saw to that. Everything went by rule and rote at the Court of the Grand Monarque so soon as he himself had become tired of variety and irregularity. But on her first arrival even her future husband had but little interest for Marie-Adélaïde. Her chief companions were Madame de Maintenon, the king himself, and her lady-of-honour, Madame du Lude.

The appointment of this lady had not been made without much deliberation and had been completed almost by chance. Several names had been mentioned of eligible ladies, among them the Duchesse de Chevreuse, the Duchesse de Beauvilliers, both daughters of Colbert, the Duchesse d'Arpajon, who had been lady-of-honour to the late dauphine, and the Duchesse de Créquy, who had fulfilled the same duties for the queen. Madame de Maintenon did not approve of any of these, and things were at a standstill. The final decision had to be made and no one knew what to decide. The king was ill in bed and Monsieur was in his room when the question of the missing lady-of-honour was brought up. "Why," said Monsieur, glancing from the window, "there is a lady passing now who would be glad enough of the post and who would fill it well." It was the Duchesse du Lude crossing the courtyard on her way from

Mass. "Good!" said the king. "She will do very well to teach the princess to rouge her cheeks and apply patches." At this time all but the *dévots* wore paint and patches, a fact which gave rise to Madame de Sévigné's remark that "rouge was the law and the prophets, the point on which all Christianity turns." The king had spoken with bitterness; he was growing *dévo*t himself, so that no one was more surprised than Monsieur when the appointment was actually made. According to Saint-Simon, however, there was another side to the story. Madame de Maintenon had an old familiar called Nanon, who was friendly with a serving-woman of Madame du Lude's, and a little deal passed between these two underlings in which the sum of 20,000 crowns changed hands, and every one was made happy except Madame d'Arpajon and the other aspirants to the post, who were furious. "A Nanon who sells the richest and most sought after appointments at Court," was Saint-Simon's comment on the affair, "and a rich woman, duchess, of good birth, without children or other encumbrances, free and independent, who is foolish enough to buy her servitude dearly. Her joy was extreme, but she knew how to contain it." In spite of the rouge and the patches she won the day, and no one was the wiser because Madame de Maintenon may have pulled the strings. Louis XIV. had been most particular that the little princess should retain only French attendants at Versailles, having gained his experience in the case of the late dauphine and her attendant Bessola, who prevented her from settling down happily in France. Nothing of this kind was

allowed to disturb Marie-Adélaïde's peace of mind. She took far more kindly to Madame de Maintenon than did her predecessor. On the very day following her arrival Madame de Maintenon wrote to the Duchesse de Savoie as follows :

"A letter of this sort little suits the respect I owe your Royal Highness ; but I believe you will pardon it on account of our excessive joy at the treasure we have received. The princess need not speak to show us her wit ; her way of listening and all the emotions of her countenance show that nothing escapes her notice. Your Royal Highness will scarcely believe how much the king is delighted with her ; he told me yesterday he had to restrain his feelings lest his happiness should appear too excessive. The princess is polite to a degree that does not allow her to say anything disagreeable. Yesterday I wished to decline her caresses, and put her off by telling her I was too old ; but she assured me, 'Oh, not so old !' When the king left the room she ran to embrace me. She then made me sit down, after observing my difficulty in standing, and placing herself with great condescension almost on my knees, she said to me, 'Mamma has charged me to give you a thousand demonstrations of her friendship, and to beg yours for myself. Pray instruct me well in everything whereby I may please the king.' These were her words, madame ; but the gay, the sweet, the graceful air with which they were uttered are not to be expressed in a letter."

Liselotte had made it clear that Madame de Maintenon had tried to manage the affairs of Marie-Anne

Victoire de Bavière, and had failed in gaining control over her ; this time she arranged things better. The new dauphine was ten years younger than the last when she came under the favourite's influence, which made it easier to gain her affections and see that she was surrounded by those who would strengthen her authority. The Duchesse du Lude was so much Madame de Maintenon's creature that Madame de Caylus said "her deference to that lady takes the place of wit" ; the Comtesse de Mailly, mistress of the robes to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, was Madame de Maintenon's cousin ; the Marquise de Dangeau, who was her lady-in-waiting, as she had also been to the late dauphine, was quite devoted to the favourite ; and the Comtesse de Montgon, another lady-in-waiting, was her *protégée*. With all these means of establishing herself as the chief personage in the eyes of Marie-Adélaïde, it was not surprising that she managed to order the little girl's life entirely. Although she may have been actuated in the first place by her desire to control the most important person of the immediate future, genuine affection for the princess was not wanting, and Madame de Maintenon had always proved herself a kind guardian where young people were concerned.

Marie-Adélaïde's little letters, which were very childish, are full of expressions which show that she appreciated the kindnesses shown her. "I do what you ordered me about Madame de Maintenon," she wrote to her grandmamma, "I have much affection for her and confidence in her advice. Believe all that she writes you about me, though I do not deserve

it ;" and two years later she added, "The Duchesse du Lude has come to me ; which delights me, and it is true that Madame de Maintenon sees me as often as she can. I think I can assure you that those two ladies love me." Again in 1699 she wrote, "I have a good friend in Madame de Maintenon, and it will not be her fault if I am not perfect and happy."

Everything was done that could be done to bring variety and amusement into the life of the little princess. Madame de Maintenon looked after the more serious occupations and arranged that she should have a dancing-master, a master for the harpsichord, and one for writing, who continued to teach her with but little success long after she was married. Instead of being taken to the opera, to balls, or to comedies, she was allowed to visit Saint-Cyr, the school for young ladies of noble birth which was Madame de Maintenon's special hobby.

She appeared there regularly once or even twice a week and became the favourite among the pupils, whose rules were a little relaxed when the princess came. She wore the long cloak and brown skirt and the muslin cap which formed the regulation costume. The classes were divided into reds, greens, yellows, and blues according to the colour of the ribbon worn in the hair. Marie-Adélaïde ought to have done lessons with the greens who were between eleven and fourteen years of age, but she was so backward that she did the exercises given to the lower class, the reds. After a time this pretending to be a *religieuse* pallied upon her and she longed for amusements more compatible with her age and station. The king encouraged her in her taste

for play and gave her a menagerie at Versailles. He also had a special carriage built for her which was very light and drawn by four horses, and in this she drove to the country and accompanied him to hunting-parties, suppers in the forest, and other outdoor amusements. The more she was with him, the more he grew to delight in her sprightly ways, and even forgave her mischievous little tricks. One of these which was not without its consequences was told by the Abbé de Choisy and concerned the promotion of Tessé to be a marshal of France :

“The king was working in Madame de Maintenon’s apartments with M. de Chamillart and was making out the list of the marshals of France which was to be announced the next day,” he wrote. “Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne was looking over his shoulder and saw that Tessé’s name was missing. She jumped and danced, laughing as usual ; suddenly she began to cry. The king desired to know the reason of her tears. ‘Oh, sire,’ she said to him, ‘you have dishonoured the one to whom I owe the honour of belonging to you, the one who has made me what I am.’

“The king was angry because his secret was disclosed and tore up his list in a passion. The marshals were not appointed until a year afterwards : in ~~the~~ place of four, there were ten of them in order to give Tessé a place.”

After a year of her life at the French Court preparations were made for Marie-Adélaïde’s marriage, which was to be celebrated in December 1697, as a mere form, for both bride and bridegroom were still children. Madame de Maintenon, whose views on marriage were

very serious, and who thought that a woman who became a nun was likely to have a much happier and easier time of it than if she became a wife, improved the occasion by giving some very serious advice indeed to her little charge. One clause of the many she propounded was, "Do not hope that this union will give to you perfect happiness. The best marriages are those in which one suffers turn about, first one and then the other, in resignation and patience." There was so much croaking about all that Madame de Maintenon did with the best of intentions in her later years that it is not surprising many Court ladies regarded her as a spoil-sport of the worst order. Fortunately at this period of her life the little Duchesse de Bourgogne was too lively for her spirits to be depressed easily. She went to the altar with the boy husband she still knew only slightly with the satisfaction that she was already fulfilling her destiny.

The Duc de Bourgogne appeared in his bride's apartments at half-past eleven on the day of the wedding accompanied by the Duc de Beauvilliers. He wore a coat of black velvet embroidered with gold, and a mantle of cloth of silver also embroidered. Marie-Adélaïde was dressed in cloth of silver, and wore beautiful jewellery of rubies and pearls. Hand in hand they passed along the gallery of the palace and reached the chapel, where Cardinal de Coislin was waiting to pronounce the nuptial blessing. Then came a banquet and in the evening fireworks, which the royal family witnessed from the grand gallery. Then an adjournment was made to the apartments of the new Duchesse de Bourgogne, which had been re-

furnished with a splendid new bed, upholstered with green velvet embroidered with gold. At the *coucher* the King and Queen of England, who were the most important wedding guests, were chosen to go through the usual formality of presenting the *chemises*. Saint-Simon described the ceremony. The king went to bed and everybody left the nuptial chamber except Monseigneur, the ladies of the bride, and the Duc de Beauvilliers, who remained near his pupil whilst the Duchesse du Lude stayed beside the little duchess. Monseigneur chatted for a quarter of an hour and then persuaded his son to kiss his bride before getting up to dress and retire to his own apartments. The Duchesse du Lude thought it her duty to interfere and a little discussion took place, in which she turned out to be right, for the king decided that the newly married couple were much too young for love-making, and was not pleased to hear that his instructions had not been strictly adhered to.

The day after the wedding the duchesse held her first reception, which passed off with great *éclat*.

When all the marriage festivities were over the young couple resumed their ordinary lives, with this difference, that they were now allowed to see each other more frequently, though they were never left alone together. It was about this time that Marie-Adélaïde wrote to her grandmother about her writing lessons, saying it was "a shame for a married woman to have need of a teacher for anything so common." Consolation was offered her in the shape of various amusements. Masquerades, operas, and spectacles were no longer denied her, and the Court laid aside

its puritanical habits and countenanced card games and lotteries for high stakes and prizes. Such occupations made the little duchess genuinely happy. Amusement and frivolity were the breath of life to her, and dancing was her favourite pastime. But her husband, who was of a more studious turn of mind, did not enter into this gay life. Nor did her father-in-law, Monseigneur, show more sympathy with her tastes. He was heavy and taciturn and much at Meudon with his wife. But the duchess never lost her hold on the king's affections, and she was the bright star of his declining years. She had no fear of him, and though she was now growing up, she would throw her arm about his neck or perch herself upon his knees as though she were still a little girl. The presents he showered upon her at this period were of more value than animal pets or new carriages. He bought her a necklace of twenty-one perfect pearls that was worth fifty thousand crowns.

In 1699 it was arranged that the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne should begin their life together and establish a new household. Special apartments were given them at Versailles and Fontainebleau, and the princess was freed from all restraint and the shackles of childhood, and was allowed to go her own way in the manner which pleased her best. And what a light-hearted manner it was! Surely Madame de Sévigné would have turned in her grave at the doings at Court had she seen the letter which her old friend Coulanges wrote to Madame de Grignan in February 1700. "The king," he declared, "wished that Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne should do as she

likes from morning until night. . . . There are now only journeys to Marly, to Meudon, going to and fro to Paris for operas, balls, and masquerades, and to find gentlemen who will provide banquets and thereby win the favour of the young princess. The ladies who join in these pleasures need to be very well off. Expenses are quadrupled. They never use materials for the masquerade dresses costing less than a hundred or a hundred and fifty francs the yard, and if any one is unfortunate enough to be obliged to appear twice in the same costume, they say that it is easy to see she has only come to Paris to get accustomed to frippery." There were balls every day. On February 8, 1700, there was a special fête at the Chancellor's residence. The attractions consisted of a comedy, a concert, and special stalls were arranged to provide sweets and liqueurs. The rooms were so crowded with guests in masks that it was almost impossible to move. Monseigneur, his three sons and the Duchesse de Bourgogne, who were all masked, were received by the Chancellor de Pontchartrain, and the festivities went on till three in the morning. The *Mercur de France* gave twenty-five pages to a description of these revels, and reported fête after fête. The expression which occurs most often in these descriptions was "Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne was greatly applauded." Sometimes she dressed like the goddess Flora, sometimes as a dairy-maid, sometimes in Spanish costume, or as an Eastern sultana. The best way to please this frivolous little princess was to arrange a ball in her honour. Monseigneur had the brilliant idea of giving a public

masked ball to which any one and every one was to be admitted. His daughter-in-law was delighted at the prospect, but Louis XIV. took a different view of the matter and a misunderstanding occurred between father and son in consequence. "The king," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "opposed it with charming gentleness, and told Monseigneur it was not proper if he wished the Duchesse de Bourgogne to be present that all sorts of men and women should be present also. The princess, on her part, could see no harm in it, for she is just as ready to dance with a comedian as with a prince of the blood. I cannot tell you how this little squabble has made me suffer."

Of all the dauphines it must be confessed that Marie-Adélaïde was by far the most frivolous. She never grew tired of enjoying herself, of dancing, of flirting, and of gambling. It is strange that any one brought up under the wing of the pious Madame de Maintenon should have hankered persistently after the flesh-pots of Egypt and have still retained the old lady's affection and esteem. On this point at least Madame de Maintenon was quite human, and her tenderness to the little Duchesse de Bourgogne is one of the most amiable traits with which the at times insufferable old lady was endowed. It is true she had frequently to scold her charge, and that she did it thoroughly, because of her strong sense of duty and not because she liked it; but Marie-Adélaïde had such a sweet manner and showed contrition so prettily, that the worst of her scrapes was allowed to pass and she easily won forgiveness. Even the king was roused now and again when an extra bout of card

playing came to his ears and the debts of the careless duchess were in need of settlement. Once he was very angry at her insatiable love of pleasure when she had been gambling at Bretesch with some light-minded courtiers. "Is not a dinner, a cavalcade, a hunt, a collation enough for one day?" he cried in despair, and he told Madame de Maintenon that she was to inform the gentlemen in question that they "were not paying their court well" to gamble with the Duchesse de Bourgogne. Madame de Maintenon's letters are full of accounts of these doings, and the consequent injury to Marie-Adélaïde's health. "Our princess makes great efforts to amuse herself," she wrote, "and only succeeds in making herself giddy with fatigue. She went to dine at Meudon yesterday accompanied by twenty-four ladies. After that they went to the fair to see some famous rope-dancers, returned to sup at Meudon and play cards no doubt till daybreak. She must have come home this morning—ill perhaps, certainly serious, for that is the usual result of all her pleasures."

Night after night the young duchess gambled or danced, until Saint-Simon, whose wife was in her train and was forced to be present at these dissipations, said gravely that they had not seen the light of day for three weeks, and he welcomed the arrival of Lent because there was bound to be a respite from gaiety.

In the first year of the new century there were one or two changes at Court. Philippe d'Anjou, the Duc de Bourgogne's brother, was made King of Spain, and the year following married Marie-Louise de Savoie, the Duchesse de Bourgogne's sister, who was

as serious in tone as Marie-Adélaïde was gay. The Duc de Berri, the third son of Monseigneur, was married to the daughter of the Duc d'Orléans, a marriage which the Duchesse de Bourgogne helped to bring about and afterwards regretted, for the Duchesse de Berri was an impossible person, and there were constant squabbles between them.

In 1701 Monsieur died suddenly, and though the king and the Duchesse de Bourgogne took their loss to heart, the gaieties and fêtes were soon resumed. Neither public misfortunes nor Court mourning were allowed to interfere with the ordinary arrangements. The king had a growing horror of seeing anybody dull. He was dull himself and permitted no one else to indulge in a similar privilege.

Marie-Adélaïde occasionally enjoyed more healthy pursuits than those which entailed spending half the night in heated ballrooms or rapt in the fascinations of the card-table. She made of her menagerie at Versailles the same kind of pleasure resort that in later years the Petit Trianon became to Marie Antoinette. There she and her ladies played at innocent and childish games such as blind man's buff and hide-and-seek, made sugar-cakes and improvised banquets, thought out practical jokes, fed their rare birds and pets, and rode donkey-races. On summer nights she arranged walks or river parties. Sometimes she wandered till early morning in the plantations and in the gardens; never a serious thought entering her pretty head. Whilst the parties at the menagerie were limited to ladies only and were entirely harmless, it was said that the river excursions allowed the

delights of coquetry in which the duchess was an adept. At this period the Duc de Bourgogne was more in love with his wife than she with him, a state of things which presently led to complications. "There is nothing surprising," wrote Elisabeth-Charlotte de Bavière, "in the fact that the dauphin was in love with the dauphine. She had much intelligence and was very agreeable when she chose to be. Her husband was devout and rather melancholy in temperament, while she was always gay ; that served to animate him and disperse his gloom ; and as he had a strong liking for women (humpbacked persons always have), but was so pious that he thought he committed a sin by looking at any other woman than his wife, it is very obvious that he was much in love with her. I have seen him squint to make himself ugly when a lady told him he had fine eyes ; though it was not necessary, for the good soul was ugly enough without endeavouring to make himself more so. He had a shocking mouth, a sickly skin, was very short, humpbacked and deformed. His wife lived very well with him, but she did not love him ; she saw him as others did ; and yet I think she was touched by the passion he had for her."

If Liselotte was too severe, at all events she was justified in declaring that the Duc de Bourgogne was neither charming to look at nor amiable and companionable. He was not the sort of man to satisfy any coquettish and wild young woman whose eyes had fallen, not without pleasure, on Louis Armand de Brichanteau, Marquis de Nangis. This handsome young soldier, who was married early in 1705, had

been brought up in intrigue and gallantry, according to Saint-Simon, by his grandmother, the Maréchale de Rochefort, and his mother, Madame de Blanzac, both of them fast beauties who introduced him into their own smart circle at a very early age.

“Nangis, who commanded the king’s regiment, was not displeasing to the dauphine,” continued Liselotte, “but he had more liking for the little La Vrillière. The dauphin was fond of Nangis, and thought it was to please him that his wife talked to Nangis; he was convinced that his favourite had gallant relations with Madame de la Vrillière.” That did not prevent him, however, from flirting with the duchess, who was young and foolish enough to be drawn into a superficial rivalry with the jealous little Madame de la Vrillière, who was *jolie comme les amours* and of whose fury her lover was justly afraid. Whilst he was deliberating whether it was wiser to offend the powerful duchess by appearing cold when she was ready to make advances, or to risk a scandal at Court when his mistress chose to make a scene and allow it to come to the ears of the king or the Duc de Bourgogne that he was paying marked attention to the duchess, Marie-Adélaïde herself came to his assistance by adding coquetry to coquetry, indiscretion to indiscretion, and making eyes at the Marquis de Maulevrier, husband of Tessé’s daughter. Perhaps she did this with the intention of making Nangis jealous, perhaps it was sheer wanton cruelty because she saw that Maulevrier was really attracted to her, and she found him as amusing and companionable as Nangis was good-looking and gallant; at all events

she allowed the flirtation to go further than was wise, received letters from him and replied to them, arranged meetings with him in the gardens, and when he was ill and lost his voice she allowed him to come close enough to her to whisper pretty speeches in her ear. His father-in-law, Tessé, profited by this real or feigned illness to have his doctor order him off to Spain, where he repeated his amorous devotion with the Queen of Spain as an object instead of her sister, so that Tessé had to be equally diplomatic in getting him away from Madrid as he had been in sending him there. When he returned to Versailles he found that the Duchesse de Bourgogne had consoled herself in his absence and Nangis' temporary coolness by amusing herself with a new flirtation. The Abbé de Polignac was now her best friend, and though he was forty-four years of age, and therefore quite elderly in her eyes, he combined good looks with a very pretty wit, and was in every way a suitable person on whom to lavish her superfluous gay spirits which seemed to require an outlet. Innocent as the duchess's little affairs of the heart were in reality, she was to learn that it is never safe to play with fire. Maulevrier chose to resent her apparent indifference and wrote letters containing more reproaches than protestations of affection. His passion became akin to madness, and the threats he uttered against Nangis, and finally against the duchess, became so extravagant that it was necessary to put him under restraint. As his tendencies were homicidal he was kept under close supervision until one day in April 1706, when his servants neglecting to watch him, he threw himself

out of a window and was instantly killed. This terrible affair made a marked impression on Marie-Adélaïde and quite sobered her. It was a lesson she never forgot, and it had a salutary result. When Nangis returned to the army and Polignac was despatched to Rome, her thoughts no longer strayed in the direction of other men; she was content to forgo all frivolous attachments, however innocent.

The Duchesse de Bourgogne was not fortunate in her children. She was very nervous and highly strung, and the knowledge that the king and people expected her to give birth to an heir to the throne weighed heavily upon her spirits. However, in 1704, after much suffering, a Duc de Bretagne was born who unfortunately lived only a few months. If she had not cared for this little son much when he was given her, she grieved very sincerely when he was taken away. She wrote to her grandmother, on April 25, 1705, "I cannot, my dear grandmother, be longer without seeking mutual consolation in the sorrow that has befallen me. I am convinced that you have felt it, for I know the affection you have for me. If we did not take all the sorrows of this life from God, I do not know what would become of us. I think He wants to draw me to Him, by overwhelming me with every sort of grief. My health suffers greatly, but that is the least of my troubles."

In January 1707 a second Duc de Bretagne was born. "He is only two months old," she wrote in March, "and I should not be surprised if, a few months hence, he became pretty. I don't know whether it is that I am beginning to grow blind as far

as he is concerned and deceive myself with hope. But I believe that I shall never be blind about my children and that the love I have for them will make me see their defects and so try in good season to correct them. I go to see my son very seldom, in order that I should not grow too attached to him ; also that I may note the changes in him. He is not old enough to play with as yet, and as long as I know he is in good health, I am satisfied." This child reached the age of five, dying within a few days of the death of his mother and father.

A few months later a report was spread that the princess was expecting another addition to her family. It was about the time when the Court made its annual visit to Marly, and though the doctors advised the king that it would be well for the Duchesse de Bourgogne to stay at Versailles, he insisted that she should accompany him, because he was not happy in her absence.

Two or three days after the arrival at Marly the King was feeding his favourite carp in the pond in the palace gardens when the Duchesse du Lude hurried up to inform him that the Duchesse de Bourgogne had been taken ill after her journey, and that all hopes of another child of France were for the time being at an end. Perhaps the manner in which the news was conveyed annoyed the king, perhaps he did not care to show his real concern before the crowd of courtiers who were discussing dismally the lessened chances of the duchess to bear children. Considering that his grand-daughter-in-law held the warmest place of all in his affections, it is not possible to believe that

the selfish and angry words he uttered, according to Saint-Simon's account, were seriously meant or that he did not regret his fit of momentary ill-temper.

"What of that?" he cried. "What has it to do with me? Has not she one son already? And if he should die, is not the Duc de Berri old enough to marry and have children? What does it matter which one of them succeeds me? They are all my grandsons." And then he added impetuously, "If it was to happen, it is just as well it has happened now, and I shall not be hindered any longer in my journeys and other things I want to do by the croakings of doctors and matrons. I shall come and go as I like and they will leave me in peace."

After this outburst there fell a silence, in which one could hear an ant walk, to quote Saint-Simon. They lowered their eyes, they dared hardly breathe. Every one was stupefied, and the strain lasted a quarter of an hour. Then King Louis, feeling that he had gone too far, tried to turn the matter off by speaking in his natural voice about the carp. There was no response, however, and presently the king withdrew. The courtiers who remained gave vent to the dismay they felt.

Marie-Adélaïde gave birth to her third son on February 15, 1710. He became the weak and vicious King XV.

On May 14, 1708, the Duc de Bourgogne departed for Flanders to take the lead of the army, and during the year the Duc de Vendôme formed a cabal against him and attempted to render his campaign a failure and incidentally to bring about the prince's ruin.

Marie-Adélaïde, roused to intense indignation, wielded the cudgels staunchly in his defence at Versailles. As a result of her partisanship a storm of ill-feeling broke out against her. Her husband wrote to Madame de Maintenon upholding her actions. "This is not the first time," he said, "that I have known of persons at Court who do not like her, and who see with annoyance the affection that the king shows for her. I believe I am not ignorant of their names. It will be for you, madam, when I see you to enlighten me more particularly that proper precautions may be taken to save Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne from falling into certain very dangerous traps, which I have often seen you dread. As for mischief-making, it would be most unjust to accuse her of that, she has too much dignity not to despise it, and her spirit is far indeed from being of the feminine type. She has solid intelligence, good sense, an excellent and noble heart—but you know her even better than I, and this description is of no use to you. Perhaps the pleasure that I have in speaking of her prevents me from perceiving that I do it too often and at too great length."

This letter and the affair which occasioned it prove that the attachment between the dauphin and dauphine had been steadily growing for some time. Marie-Adélaïde had for several years been plunged into genuine grief by the struggle between Savoy and France, and in her trouble had turned naturally for relief to the deep affection which her husband bore her. She was in the same position as Marie-Josèphe de Saxe found herself when dauphine half a century later.

Both were torn between the love for the country of their adoption and the country of their birth.

In 1703 Victor Amadeus had joined hands with the Empire and three years later defeated the French before Turin. "She has an affection for her father but feels a great resentment against him," wrote Madame de Maintenon about this time, and again: "She is too anxious about the war for a person of her age."

As time passed and the situation did not improve, Marie-Adélaïde grew more sober and the affair in Flanders completed what the battle in the south had begun. "She shows throughout these sad events," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "the sentiments of a true Frenchwoman such as I have always known her to feel; but I own I did not think that she loved M. le Duc de Bourgogne to the point we now see. Her tenderness goes even to delicate sentiment; she keenly feels that his first battle has proved disastrous; she would like him to have been as much exposed as a grenadier, and then to have come back to her without a scratch."

A few months later Marie-Adélaïde expressed her feelings strongly in a letter to the Duc de Savoie. "Blood, my dear father, makes itself warmly felt under all circumstances," she wrote, "and in spite of my destiny—unfortunate because it puts me in a party opposed to yours—your interests are so strongly imprinted in my heart that nothing can make me wish the contrary. But this very tenderness only increases my grief when I think that we are among the number of your enemies. . . . I would willingly

sacrifice my life for you ; your interests are the sole object of my present desires."

The same note is struck in a later letter to her mother : "I confess the truth, my very dear mother, it would be the greatest happiness I could have in this life if I could see my father brought back to reason. I cannot comprehend how it is that he does not make terms, above all, in the unfortunate position in which he now finds himself, and without any hope whatever of succour. Will he let them take Turin again? The rumour is afloat here that it will not be long before that siege is laid. Judge, therefore, my dear mother, of the state I must be in—I, so sensitive to all that concerns you. I am in despair at the position to which my father is reduced by his own fault."

Mischievous, thoughtless, and high-spirited as the Duchesse de Bourgogne was known to be, it is impossible to believe that she could ever be dishonourable. Duclos in the *Mémoires secrets sur le Règne de Louis XIV.* accused her of betraying France. It was said that she gave to Victor Amadeus certain information which she had gathered from military plans to which she had access in the king's study, and that after her death proofs of her treachery were discovered in her writing-desk by Louis, who, turning to Madame de Maintenon, declared, "What? the little rogue deceived us then." Had such an accusation been made against her during her lifetime it is easy to imagine with what fiery indignation she would have refuted it and have demanded that at all costs her name should be cleared. That her sorrow for France

was genuine and sincere, although she indulged in it by fits and starts according to her mercurial temperament, was proved by the fact that at times she was too heavy-hearted to console herself with amusements, though she could play at childish games while Monsieur lay on his death-bed and France was stricken by the loss of the dauphin. "Whom do you wish me to play with?" she asked one day fiercely at Marly, whilst war was raging and her grief was acute. "With women who tremble for their husbands, their children, their brothers? And how can I play, I who tremble for the safety of the State."

She longed heartily for peace, and childishly arranged that she would celebrate it right royally when it came. But she was never to see the day. The peace she prayed for was signed at Utrecht a year after her death. "She intends to do something on the day peace is concluded," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "that she has never done before in her life and never will do again; but she has not yet decided what it is to be. Meantime, she is going to the *Te Deum* at Notre Dame, to dinner with the Duchesse du Lude in a beautiful new house, after that to the opera and to sup with the Prince de Rohan in the magnificent Hôtel de Guise, then cards and a ball all night, and as the hour when she returns will be the hour when I rise, she will perhaps come in here to ask me for some breakfast when she arrives." She was not yet an entirely reformed character, though less thoughtless than before and with more heart. She saw at length that she had grown unpopular by her flippant behaviour and instituted a reform. "She changed her way of life,"



MARIE-ADÉLAÏDE DE SAVOIE. 1685-1712
(From a painting at Versailles)

declared Madame, "and in one month she brought back to her side all those whom she had caused to dislike her. Thus she continued until her death. She said frankly how much she regretted to have been so giddy, but excused herself on the ground of her extreme youth, and she blamed the young women who had set her such a bad example and given her such bad advice."

To Madame de Maintenon some of the credit of shaping her character must be given, the more so because she accomplished her task through love rather than severity. To the Princesse des Ursins she wrote on December 15, 1710 :

"You must allow me, madame, to pour out to you my feelings about the Duchesse de Bourgogne. After having borne with much discussion as to the bad system I had pursued in her education ; after being blamed by all the world for the liberties she has taken in running about from morning till night ; after seeing that she was disliked by some because she never spoke to them, and being accused of horrible dissimulation in the affection she has shown the king and the goodness with which she honoured me, I see her to-day, with the world singing her praises, having faith in her good nature, and in her great intelligence, and believing that she understands how to hold her Court. I see her adored by the Duc de Bourgogne, tenderly beloved by the king, who has arranged that she should have her household in her own hands to manage it as she wishes, and saying in public that she is capable of governing in a larger sphere. I tell you of my joy in this, madame, convinced that you will

share it with me, for you were the very first to discover the merits of our own princess."

Marie-Adélaïde's new dignities came to her as dauphine thickly and more thickly, for the king loved ceremonial, and thought it had been in disuse long enough since the queen's death. When Monseigneur died at the age of fifty in 1711, Louis XIV. lavished upon his granddaughter the grandeur which was dear to his heart. She had for some time been filling the position of first lady in the land, but now several forms of etiquette were revived on her behalf, and her state was considerably augmented. As Duchesse de Bourgogne she had been followed by four mounted guards when she drove out. Now she was to have eight. She was allowed to use the *carreau* or kneeling-cushion in church, which was the king's peculiar privilege, and the arrangements at meal-times were the same for her as they had been for Queen Marie-Thérèse. She was treated as though she were already queen, with far more ceremony than the late dauphine had enjoyed.

The *Mercur Galant* gave an account in September 1711 of her first public dinner as dauphine at which she was allowed the *nef* (a silver vessel containing the salt-cellar, the serviette and plates), the *cadenas* (a locked case in which knives and forks were kept), and the *bâton*, which was wielded by the *maître-d'hôtel* and was a survival of early precautions against poison.

Her first meal *à son grand couvert* as dauphine took place on August 8, and her second on August 10. At the latter she was served by M. de la Croix, her *maître-d'hôtel*. After he had washed his hands in

the buttery he was offered a plate on which lay long strips of bread. Of these he selected two, and dipped a piece in all the dishes, giving one to the steward to taste. A procession was formed. First came a guard, his carbine at his shoulder, then two ushers, then M. de la Croix with his bâton in his hand. A serving-man and the controller each carried a dish, the steward and his underlings followed bearing other dishes which were placed on a special serving table or buffet. Then they were all tasted again, the man who carried each dish receiving some of the bread that had been dipped in it. Finally they reached the table laid for the dauphin and dauphine.

The maître-d'hôtel informed the dauphin and dauphine that all was ready and then returned to the table, where he waited for the dauphin. As soon as the latter appeared M. de la Croix gave his hat and bâton into the charge of the chief cup-bearer, and offered the prince a moistened serviette which lay between two golden plates, for him to wipe his hands. He then presented another moistened serviette between two golden plates to the dauphine, and a similar service was done for Madame, who was dining with the dauphine for the first time.

Then taking up his hat and bâton, M. de la Croix returned to the buttery, preceded by the guard and two ushers. The second service was made from the buffet where the *nef* was. Then he placed himself at the right side of the dauphin's armchair and remained there throughout the meal with the bâton in his hand. The serving-men performed the service in the same manner as for the king. A great number of ladies of

rank were present at this banquet and afterwards the dauphine held a reception in her apartments.

Her added responsibilities did not destroy her love for childish games, but she became more polite and attentive to others. Whilst the Court was in mourning for Monseigneur she played "goose" in her apartments because card-games were not allowed in the salons, and she had a passion for "hoca," the rules of which she learned from the Duc de Chevreuse. It was said of her that no princess knew the art of pleasing better than she, and that she was "seductive by virtue of a thousand charms." She frequently made jokes, and many of her bright sayings are quoted in the memoirs of the period. "Do you know, aunt," she said one day to Madame de Maintenon, before the king, "why the queens in England govern better than kings? It is because men rule over the women who govern, and women over the men."

When the king spoke about the Duc de Bourgogne's affection for her, she said quickly, "I desire to die before my husband, but I should like to get a glimpse of him afterwards, for I feel sure that I should find him married to a *sœur grise* or a *tourière* of the Filles de Saint-Marie."

She frequently referred to the fear she had of an early death, and the dauphin prophesied that he would not long survive her. Both these forebodings were fulfilled. Occasionally, however, her thoughts about herself were less morbid.

In September 1711, whilst the Court was at Fontainebleau, the king, the dauphine, the princesses and ladies were in the king's cabinet after supper one evening. Conversation languished. The king

was sad and morose. Bad news had come to hand from the seat of war. The dauphine to amuse everybody talked baby language and did a hundred childish tricks in the hope of diverting him. The Duchesse de Bourbon and the Princesse de Conti were rather shocked by this display of childishness. When the king left the room, the dauphine seized hold of two of her favourite ladies, the Duchesse de Saint-Simon by one hand and the Marquise de Lévis by the other, and said excitedly, "Did you see? did you see? I know as well as they do that all I have said and done is not common sense, and that it is absurd, but it was necessary to be noisy, and such things divert him," and then leaning on the arms of her ladies, she began to jump and dance, and cried in a loud voice, "Ha! I can't help laughing! Ha! I must have my joke. I shall be their queen and I shall take no notice of them neither now nor at any other time, and they will have to reckon with me, for I shall be their queen."

A few months later she was taken ill with a virulent form of measles. She had never been strong and had suffered agonies at times with face-ache. She had not a sound constitution and indeed, as her life shows, was a mere bundle of nerves. "She was delicate in health and even sickly," was the verdict of Elisabeth-Charlotte, who was as strong as a horse herself. "Until the last, Dr. Chirac assured us that she would recover. And it is true that if they had not let her get up whilst she had the measles, and had not bled her in the foot, she would now be living. Immediately after the bleeding, from being red as

fire she became pale as death and felt extremely ill. When they took her out of bed I cried out that they ought to let the sweating subside before they bled her. Chirac and Fagon were obstinate and only scoffed at me. The old *guenipe* came up to me and said: 'Do you think yourself cleverer than all the doctors who are here?' I replied, 'No, madame, but it does not take much cleverness to know that we ought to follow nature, and if nature inclines to sweating, it would be better to follow that indication than to take a sick person up in a perspiration to bleed her.' She shrugged her shoulders and smiled ironically. I went to the other side of the room and never said another word."

This must have been unusual restraint for Madame.

The dauphine grew worse, and after a few days' illness died on February 12, 1712. Every one was in despair. But there was more sorrow to come. The dauphin never attempted to recover from the blow. In a week he too was dead, and the Duc de Bretagne sickened of measles and followed his parents to the grave. The disaster was national, but to Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon it was overwhelming. "Tout est mort ici, all is dead here," wrote the latter; "life has fled from us; our lost princess was the soul of everything. The Court is as wretched as myself—all is blank and void—there is no longer any joy or occupation."

The light of life had departed with one of the most fascinating of the dauphines, and there was nothing that could be said to assuage the general grief.

Tout est mort ici !

CHAPTER IX

MARIE-THÉRÈSE D'ESPAGNE

D'Argenson's estimate of the new dauphine—Her personal appearance—Character of the dauphin—Marriage by proxy at Madrid—Christophe de Beaumont—The Bayonne hams—The *corbeille*—A banquet at Sceaux—*La Princesse de Navarre*—The masked ball—Marie-Leczinska—Negative qualities of the dauphine—Her premature death.

NO one could have been a greater contrast to the Duchesse de Bourgogne than her niece by marriage, the Infanta Marie-Thérèse, who came to Versailles to succeed her as dauphine. The former was pert and lively, the latter was timid and shy; the former was delighted when she received presents or when festivities and entertainments were arranged for her, the latter hardly said "thank you" for any of these things. Marie-Adélaïde had hundreds of friends and some enemies, but no one was indifferent to her. Marie-Thérèse was neither liked nor disliked and only one person was not indifferent, and that was her husband. Poor little girl, it is hardly fair to judge her, for she had but little opportunity of showing what she could do. She arrived in France in February 1745, and in the following July twelve-month she gave birth to a daughter and departed this life. "We possessed this Princess in France for eighteen months only," wrote the Marquis d'Argenson; "her loss was great; she would have borne many

children, which is the first quality to desire in women of that rank; she would never have done harm in the kingdom, and that is all we ask of them. As for usefulness, we release them from that—'the lilies spin not.'” D'Argenson was something of a cynic, but he was not without wisdom where the dauphines were concerned. If they did not happen to possess some of the domestic virtues, they really were hardly worth their very expensive maintenance.

The Duchesse de Bourgogne was certainly a lily in the non-spinning sense, in spite of the fact that she gave France an heir to the throne (Louis XV. was such a bad king that things might have gone better had he never been born), but she was a beautiful lily. Marie-Thérèse was more like a buttercup, which, in the language of flowers, stands for childishness and ingratitude. She was Spanish, and Spanish princesses never had an unqualified success at the Court of France. If there was an exception to this rule it was Anne of Austria, who, after many years, had the chance of asserting herself and living down her early mistakes. The Infanta Marie-Thérèse, wife of Louis XIV., though she did not make mistakes, never made anything else and was not at all popular, and her namesake had something similarly apathetic in her character without the excuse of her husband's infidelity to account for it. D'Argenson explained this race-difference by saying she had externally that Spanish pride which so little suits the French temperament, and he thought her grave and taciturn. Besides, she had red hair, which was then regarded as dishonourable in France. D'Argenson said she concealed this defect very care-

fully even from her husband, without explaining how he learnt of it himself, but his statement is not quite in accordance with the story that the dauphin, when this bride was first suggested, showed a portrait of her to one of his sisters, begging her to admire the nobility of the features and the brilliancy of her complexion. "Don't you think," said the princess, "that the painter has flattered the infanta? They say she is red-haired." "What does that matter?" replied the dauphin indignantly. "They tell me she is very good and that is all I care about."

De Luynes described her as not tall, but not small, well-made, with a noble air, very pale and extremely fair even to the eye-brows and the eye-lashes. (He does not mention any freckles.) Her eyes were keen, but he thought her nose the worst feature, for it was large and not agreeable to look at, and the bridge was not good. Madame de Chavigny said she had decayed teeth. Every one agreed that she was well educated and intelligent; but she certainly did not show her intellectual gifts to advantage. D'Argenson thought her countenance sinister, said she had a delicate skin and her plumpness was well distributed. He accused her of trying to govern her husband, the dauphin, "no small undertaking in France, where passions have no constancy." "Before she left Spain," he added, "her mother gave her many instructions to captivate her husband and be useful to Spanish interests. It may be said in her praise that the part of these lessons she retained was that relating to the dauphin, for she became as good a Frenchwoman as though she had been born at Versailles." She was

the daughter of Philippe V. and had Bourbon blood in her veins.

In November 1700, when the childless Charles II. of Spain died, he appointed the Duc d'Anjou, second son of Monseigneur, to be his heir. The story of the arrival of the Spanish courier hastening from Madrid with the news of the late king's will which spread like wildfire at the French Court is well known. Louis XIV. was on the point of starting for the hunt at Fontainebleau. He countermanded his orders, sent for his ministers and Monseigneur, and in the historic councils which were held in Madame de Maintenon's apartments it was decided that his grandson should accept the Spanish throne. The Duchesse de Bourgogne went so far as to say that it would be "very silly" of the king if he refused the offer. In September 1701, Philippe was married to her sister, Marie-Louise de Savoie, who died at the beginning of 1714. By the close of that year Philippe V. had taken a second wife, the ambitious Elizabeth Farnèse, and their daughter, Marie-Thérèse-Antoinette-Raphaelle, was born on June 11, 1726.

At the beginning of 1739, there was talk at Versailles of a marriage between the dauphin and the infanta. Louis was then ten years old. About this time D'Argenson described him as greatly wanting in control. "The dauphin is frightfully violent," he wrote, "and instead of this disposition becoming corrected, it increases, although he is now ten and a half years old. He strikes everybody about him; and the other day he gave a great box on the ear

to the Bishop of Mirepoix, his tutor, for having contradicted him. . . . The dauphin has an air of excitement and unreasonableness which threatens to become dangerous."

These traits he attributed to the system of education in vogue for the heir to the throne, and added certain moral reflections on the same subject :

"No one can tell the cause that makes the minds of Parisians brilliant in their childhood only to render them secretive and stupid in their youth ; later passions speak, and waken them only to make them libertines ; they do not acquire maturity until they attain old age. Princes, far from being exempt from this rule, are more subject to it than others ; I believe that this comes from the sort of education given to them ; the most expensive masters are the worst in France."

Nevertheless Louis possessed two good traits : he respected his father and he loved his mother. He meant also to be a good husband. For a month or two in the summer of 1739, there was doubt as to whom he should marry. Marie-Thérèse was so ill that her life was despaired of, and arrangements were made that, in the event of her death, the dauphin should wed her younger sister, Marie-Antoinette. A full description of the latter's appearance, tastes, and characteristics was prepared ready to be sent off to France at a moment's notice, when Marie-Thérèse recovered her health and the original arrangements held good, although some years passed before they were completed. On December 8, 1744, the Bishop of Rennes, ambassador of Louis XV. at the Court of Spain, made the formal demand for the hand of

the princess. The contract was signed on the 14th, and the marriage of the princess by proxy to the Prince of Asturias took place on December 18. It was the custom in Spain to ask the bride three times whether she would accept the bridegroom as her husband. At the first question she remained silent, at the second she knelt to the king and queen and kissed their hands whilst they raised her up and embraced her in turn. When the question was put for a third time, she had to reply in the affirmative and blush prettily.

Marie-Thérèse took her departure from Madrid two days after the marriage ceremony. The parting from her mother was the occasion for many tears. She was accompanied as far as Alcala by nearly half the population. From thence onward to France she had a retinue numbering two hundred people and an escort of seventy-two halberdiers and guards. In the meantime the dauphine's household under the Duc de Lauraguais set out from Paris at the end of November to meet the princess on January 4. The Duchesse de Brancas, lady-of-honour to Marie-Thérèse, held the king's brevet which gave her command over the women of the household on the outward journey. On the return journey she was under the orders of the dauphine, who was nineteen and therefore quite old enough to take charge. The brevet was sent to Madame de Brancas by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It was not a right appertaining to the lady-of-honour, but was in the nature of a favour which had been accorded in a similar manner to the Duchesse du Lude when she went to meet the



MARIE-THÉRÈSE D'ESPAGNE, FIRST WIFE OF LOUIS THE DAUPHIN,
SON OF LOUIS XV.

Duchesse de Bourgogne. In all two hundred and sixty persons composed the French escort, of which eighty formed the guard under the command of Saint-André.

During the first part of the journey a courier from the Spanish Court reached the dauphine every day, and she sent regular replies, but when she received a letter from her future husband she was very reticent about its contents and said nothing of them to her mother. She was afraid of not pleasing the dauphin. She remembered that her elder sister had been engaged to Louis XV. and had been sent back to her own country because she was considered too young, and she feared that it might be her fate to suffer a similar affront. She confided some of these fears to Christophe de Beaumont, Bishop of Bayonne, who did his best to reassure her, telling her that the French would show devotion to her as soon as she became the wife of the dauphin. Her household met her at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, and the Comte de Montijo, who had brought her so far in the name of Philippe V., now handed her over to the Duc de Lauraguais. From thence they went to Bayonne, which they reached on January 18. The town was wearing its most festive garb. The streets were strewn with foliage and flowers, and soldiers lined the way. The houses were decked with tapestry and coloured hangings. Young peasant girls danced Béarnaise dances, to the sound of flutes and tambourines. A company of Basques escorted her into the town, she was introduced to the members of the municipality, and then she drove to the episcopal palace, where she enjoyed the

hospitality of Christophe de Beaumont, to whom she gave some money for the poor. She bestowed upon the members of the municipality gold medals representing the King of Spain on one side and the dauphin on the other. She received a present of Bayonne hams, which she accepted gracefully and which became the cause of quarrelling among her ladies. Madame de Brancas claimed them as belonging to her and the first *femme de chambre* looked upon them as her perquisite. In the end they decided to divide them amicably, but when the king was appealed to in the matter he declared that Madame de Brancas had acted under a misapprehension and that by rights the hams belonged to the *femme de chambre*. By that time the hams had disappeared and it was quite impossible for the lady-of-honour to rectify her error.

A beautiful *arc de triomphe* had been erected at Bayonne, on which was a shield bearing the arms of France and Spain, supported by dolphins. On each side of this erection were galleries crowded with ladies beautifully-dressed *à l'Espagnole*. Whilst the dauphine stood beneath the arch, the Mayor of Bayonne made a suitable speech to which she timidly replied, and then a salute was fired. All this rejoicing gave the shy dauphine much encouragement, and she determined that she would learn to be happy in a country which welcomed her so warmly.

On January 19 she and her *cortège* left Bayonne and passed by slow stages through Bordeaux, Poitiers, Blois, and Orleans, where M. de la Mothe, the queen's *chevalier d'honneur*, arrived with a present from the queen, a magnificent square casket which had cost

forty thousand livres, and was covered outside with crimson velvet edged with gold, and lined inside with blue satin. It contained a watch, a tabatière, an étui, a fan, and a flask. Marie-Thérèse received it in silence. De la Mothe told De Luynes later that she uttered no word of thanks and seemed in no hurry at all to examine the present. Her ladies at length took it upon themselves to open the box and spread out the contents for her to see, but even then she did not seem pleased and bestowed no praise on the gift, although it was well worth it. The same thing happened with the *corbeille* which Louis XV. sent her and which contained thirty-six fans, a dozen golden watches, a dozen flasks, eight of which were of gold and four of crystal, thirty snuff-boxes, twelve cases of tooth-picks, six cases to hold rouge, six baskets of beautiful workmanship, three cases containing golden scissors and three golden knives. All these were packed in a specially made chest and were intended for the dauphine to give away to the members of her household. The king sent her a number of beautiful gems and ornaments for herself. He was terribly extravagant, had chosen all the presents personally and could talk of nothing else but their value. When his eldest daughter, Marie-Louise Elisabeth, married Philippe de Bourbon, son of Philippe V. and brother to Marie-Thérèse, he had given her so magnificent a *corbeille* that Cardinal de Fleury expostulated, remarking "Why, it cost enough money to have married off all the Mesdames." However many gifts were lavished on the new dauphine, she never showed any enthusiasm. She offended her ladies at the beginning by not distributing

the king's presents to them immediately on her arrival. Although they were valued at about 86,000 livres, she never even looked at them for more than a week after she received them. One excuse for this delay was that she wanted to give something particularly nice to her sisters-in-law, Mesdames, and as there was nothing she considered suitable she meant to have something specially made. In the end she did not wait, however, and timidly distributed the gifts. Her apparent ingratitude, her want of tact and her embarrassment were chiefly due to shyness. A little incident which happened during the distribution of the presents proved it. An enamelled watch was amongst them which the king liked very much, and Madame de Lauraguais knew that if the dauphine would give it to him he would accept it with pleasure. She spoke of it to her husband, who told Madame de Brancas. Madame de Brancas consulted M. de Richelieu, who said it would be absurd for the dauphine to offer such a present to the king. Madame de Brancas, who had put aside the jewel, was a little vexed by his answer. She questioned Madame de Lauraguais again, and finding the latter had good authority for believing the king would be pleased with the watch, they decided to present it in spite of what M. de Richelieu said. But in the presence of the king the dauphine was so nervous and shy that she could not make up her mind to give him the watch, and Madame de Lauraguais took it out of her hand and put it into the king's. He looked at it and praised it and then refused to accept it unless the dauphine gave it him herself. This she

did, under constraint, but she was trembling all over as she placed the little gift in the palm of his hand. During her journey from Spain, however, Marie-Thérèse had done her best to please, and had earned a reputation for being sweet and amiable, so that every one at Court was surprised to find her dull and retiring.

On February 21 she had arrived near Etampes, and Louis XV. and the dauphin, who were staying there, rode out to Mondésir to meet her. When she saw them approaching she wished to kneel to them, but Louis raised and embraced her according to the usual etiquette, and the dauphin kissed her on both cheeks after she had been presented. Then the king said to her, "Here is a good day's work done." The dauphine replied, "Sire, this is not what I dreaded most. I flattered myself you would receive me kindly. I am more afraid of to-morrow and the next day when everybody will have their eyes on me, and I shall perhaps find them not so favourably disposed." In this she showed insight. When they reached Etampes the dauphine was made acquainted with the princes of the blood and nobles who were present, and after a short interval of rest a game of lansquenet passed the time till supper was ready. The dauphine did not care for cards. She had wanted to play cavagnole but was not at all amused. Then it was suggested that she should learn lansquenet, but she was not clever at the game, and M. de La Fare sat beside her and showed her how to play.

The queen was at Sceaux, and when they met the dauphine was not quite so shy with her. At this

place all her ladies passed before her in review and she kissed the titled ones. Then it was the men's turn. As they entered the room and were presented she bestowed a kiss on those who had titles. This was a rather formidable ceremony for a young girl. Those who were presented kissed the hem of her gown. Afterwards there was a banquet. The king and queen, who very rarely had meals together, sat side by side in fauteuils which had their backs to the windows. The dauphin was on the right of the king, the dauphine on the left of the queen, and Madame Adélaïde was on the left of the dauphine. The dauphin handed the serviette to the king, and the dauphine did a similiar service for the queen.

The king, the queen, and the dauphin left Sceaux separately the same evening, and Marie-Thérèse was left behind to continue her journey to Versailles the following morning, where she arrived in good time to dress for the wedding. At one o'clock she appeared in public wearing a gown of silver brocade trimmed with pearls, while the dauphin was in cloth of gold adorned with diamonds.

The Cardinal de Rohan officiated at the marriage ceremony and preached a sermon in which he mentioned all the alliances which had been made between France and Spain. Every one was relieved when he got back as far as Blanche de Castille and could not get any further. It was said that not only was his discourse very eloquent, but that he delivered it and the nuptial benediction which followed in the most feeling manner. The ceremony was over by two and then the dauphine had to undergo the usual ordeal of receiving the

oaths of fidelity from members of her household. All the dauphines had very strenuous wedding-days ; indeed, it is surprising that many of them went through the arduous proceeding without feeling more ill effects. As a rule the wedding-gowns were heavy enough to make it almost impossible to stand in them for hours at a time without fainting.

It had been arranged that the dauphin and dauphine were to dine alone together on their wedding-day, and the meal had been laid for two in the dauphine's reception room, and was to be served from her buttery, when at the last moment the king sent word that he would like Mesdames to dine with them, and extra places were laid. During the meal M. de Richelieu brought some medals which had been struck on the occasion of the marriage from the king for his daughters.

A ballet had been arranged for the evening, and began at six o'clock. The words were by Voltaire, and the music by Rameau. The piece was called "La Princesse de Navarre." The scenery represented the Pyrenees mountains. When Philippe d'Anjou became King of Spain, Louis XIV., according to Voltaire, made the famous remark that now the Pyrenees no longer existed. The ballet dealt with much the same theme, for the mountains had been removed by Love. Cupid was made to descend in a chariot, his bow in his hand. He sang some verses, beginning :

Des rochers entassés, amas impénétrable,
Immense Pyrénée en vain vous séparez
Deux peuples généreux à mes lois consacrés,
Cédez à mon pouvoir aimable.

Then the mountains disappeared and in their place a magnificent temple arose which was consecrated to Love, and in which Cupid sat on a golden throne.

Some of those who were present criticised the piece rather harshly and declared that France had been glorified too much, and Spain too little. Marie-Thérèse herself was too practical to enjoy Voltaire's symbolism and thought that he made too many pleasantries. She never could see a joke. The hall in which the performance took place was very large and a good many people did not hear what was said, so that they were not satisfied. Even a wedding ballet does not please everybody.

After supper the usual ceremony of the nuptial *coucher* took place. Everybody was present except the unmarried princesses, Mesdames, who were sent off to bed. It would have been much less trying for the bride and bridegroom if a good many of the others had followed the example of Adélaïde, Henriette, Sophie, and Louise.

The festivities and illuminations lasted many days. Concerts, dances, and banquets were arranged in covered halls specially erected for the purpose in the principal quarters of Paris. There were four palaces of the Seasons—Spring in the Place de Louis le Grand, Summer in the Place du Carrousel, Autumn in the Rue de Sève, Winter in the Place de l'Estrapade. In a Temple of Hymen in the Place Dauphine refreshments were distributed amongst the people all day long, and a sixth palace was that of Momus in the historic Rue Saint-Antoine.

A masked ball was held at the Hôtel de Ville,

and it was reckoned that between fourteen and fifteen hundred masks joined in the dance at one time. The king and six of his companions were dressed the same and masked *en if*. The dauphin and dauphine were *en berger et bergère*. The king never unmasked, but he paid marked attention for the first time to "la petite d'Etiolles," who before the end of the year was better known as Madame de Pompadour. She was irresistible that evening, dressed as the huntress Diana, with the inevitable bow and quiver. It was eight o'clock in the morning before the dance was over, and by the end of the week most people had had about as much as they wanted of wedding festivities. They had not the faintest suspicion that they would have to do the whole thing over again, and do it even better, before two years had passed.

Marie-Thérèse looked timidly around her as soon as the Court returned to its usual jog-trot, and she was no longer kept awake late at night by illuminations and greeted first thing in the morning by a salvo of guns. She did not quite know what to make of her new relations.

In 1745 Louis XV. was thirty-five years old. Ennui, his evil genius, had not yet attacked him seriously. Still he was not particularly lively, and though he was good-looking and friendly, his daughter-in-law did not feel at ease in his presence.

The queen was forty-two years old, and a somewhat pathetic figure at Court. The king neglected her, and his daily visits were as perfunctory as those he used to pay later to Mesdames, his daughters, which lasted about five minutes. Marie Leczinska had no

opinions of her own. "She laughs at fatal events," wrote D'Argenson, "and is grieved by comic ones; she is charitable from bigotry, and devout with a foreign superstition that is more ridiculous than edifying in the eyes of Frenchmen. She is not without intelligence; but nature has refused her all genius and the spirit of system."

The king had lost Madame de Châteauroux, and found nothing in his wife's society to relieve him from boredom. For a time the interest of the new dauphine's arrival at Court had kept him occupied, but this soon palled. "The queen's life," wrote M. de Goncourt of Marie Leczinska, "had become pacific and lethargic. The humiliations put on her by the king, who would let her stand for a long time before he said to her 'Be seated, madame'; the privation of all influence, the most wanton shames and annoyances, her penury, which compelled her all one summer at Marly to play with borrowed money; the haughtiness and imperious manners of the Duchesse de Châteauroux, the long course of sorrows, immolations, anguish, and sacrifices had prematurely aged and soured the temper of that queen who wrote in so sad an accent, 'the most innocent pleasures are not made for me.'"

Her deeds were grave and pious. She remained in her apartments, living an austere life away from the bustle of the Court. She went out only to perform errands of charity, to obtain the muslin dresses she liked to wear from the community who made them, or when State occasions rendered it necessary for her to put in an appearance. She lived a life as monotonous

as that in any convent, spending the mornings in prayer and devotional reading, the afternoons in embroidery or works of benevolence, the evenings in quiet chats with a few intimate friends. It was this life rather than the gay doings of some of the frivolous Court ladies which attracted the dauphine, who spent much of her time in her boudoir alone or with the dauphin. At first they went privately to the queen's apartments; that is to say, dauphin and dauphine alone without *menins*, ladies or other attendants. Marie Leczinska welcomed these informal talks, but Louis XV. put a stop to them, and suggested that they lasted too long and that if the dauphin and dauphine liked to go to the queen's apartments half an hour before the card-games began that was long enough. It was not merely that he was selfish enough to interfere with any of the queen's amusements, but he had an ulterior reason for his actions. The queen, the dauphine, and Mesdames had formed a little party against the king and his favourites. D'Argenson declared that when wife, daughters, and son gathered together they talked more ill than good of husband and father, and Marie-Thérèse seemed very much inclined to follow her husband's example. She certainly was always cold and embarrassed in the presence of Louis XV. Some said she did not like him, others that the queen was trying to alienate her affections from him. It was at this time that the factions grew up at court which made it very difficult for Marie-Josèphe de Saxe to be diplomatic and still more so for Marie-Antoinette.

When Marie-Thérèse reached Versailles Madame de Châteauroux had been dead for two months and

Madame de Pompadour was beginning to attract attention. She was at her full power during Marie-Josèphe's time and Madame du Barry reigned whilst Marie-Antoinette was dauphine. When the latter arrived at Versailles she asked naïvely, "What are Madame du Barry's functions at Court?" The discreet answer was "To amuse the king." "Then I shall be her rival," said the little archduchess. Mesdames, who varied in age from eighteen down to ten in Marie-Thérèse's time, were already indignant at their father's follies. Under the régime of Madame de Pompadour they became more than ever set against the reigning favourite, and when Madame du Barry appeared on the scene there were no bounds to their disgust. For nearly forty years this rift in the royal household grew wider and ever more wide.

The Court paid visits in 1745 to both Marly and Fontainebleau, but the dauphine was curiously apathetic about these palaces and said the dauphin had described them to her so that she seemed to know them quite well. At Versailles her apartments were beautifully furnished and decorated. Her reception-room was hung with tapestry representing the story of Esther. Her bedroom was upholstered in crimson embroidered with flowers in gold. The bed-hangings had dolphins worked on them in silver thread. The fauteuils, tabourets, chairs, and couches of her reception-rooms cost 45,000 livres, and those of her boudoir 15,000 livres. All she could desire was hers. Special carriages and horses had been ordered for her, but she took little interest in such things; indeed, she was a bundle of negative qualities. Card-games bored her,



MARIE-THÉRÈSE-ANNOÏNETTE RAPHAËLLE D'ESPAGNE 1726-48

(From a painting by Louis Tocque at Versailles)

comedies did not please, she was afraid of people and had but little to say to those who wished to pay her court. She enjoyed hunting—for a time, because it was a novelty to her to hunt with hounds, which was not the custom in Spain. She had also learnt to shoot because the King and Queen of Spain had insisted on it, and she always tried to be obedient. She was not exactly unhappy, but she was never gay, for nothing amused her, and she snubbed Madame de Brancas, who tried to rouse her by making jokes. One of her chief virtues was punctuality—she never kept any one waiting for her, and she got up early in the morning and went early to bed. Another was good-temper; she said to Madame de Brancas she never could understand how any one could ever be angry. One thing in her favour was that she remembered her old friend Christophe de Beaumont, and she obtained for him the Archbishopric of Vienne and before her death recommended him as successor to Bellefonds, Archbishop of Paris.

Three months after his marriage, the dauphin accompanied the king to the army and won his spurs at Fontenoy. Early in 1746 Marie-Thérèse was expecting her baby. A daughter was born on July 19, and cost her mother's life. Madame, as the little princess was called, died on April 27, 1748. Le Franc de Pompignan pronounced the dauphine's funeral service and her old friend De Beaumont said Mass for the dead. Had she lived it is possible, but not probable, that Marie-Thérèse would have outgrown the indifference and dullness which make her one of the least interesting of the dauphines.

CHAPTER X

MARIE-JOSÈPHE DE SAXE

A prophecy and its fulfilment—Birth of Marie-Josèphe—The story of her bracelet—A torchlight dance—A letter from the dauphin—Mesdames—Meeting with Madame de Pompadour—A wedding-night of tears—The yellow domino—Diplomacy—Her apartments at Versailles—Her library—Mozart visits her—Etiquette at Court—The toilette—Birth of a daughter—Birth of the Duc de Bourgogne—Gunpowder plot in his cradle—Death of Madame Henriette—The dauphin has small-pox—The Seven Years' War—Death of the Queen of Poland—Prince Xavier—The dauphine schemes for him—Peace proclaimed—Death of the Duc de Bourgogne—Death of the dauphin—Death of Marie-Josèphe—Review of her life.

MOTHER of the last three Bourbon kings, with only two dauphines of France to follow her, Marie-Josèphe de Saxe succeeded the impassive Spanish princess, Marie-Thérèse, as wife to the son of Louis XV. According to tradition, her good fortune was predicted by a saintly inmate of the Convent of the Holy Sacrament at Warsaw, who, approaching her royal visitor, remarked, "Madame, do you know who has the honour of holding your hand?" "I believe that you are Mother Saint-Jean," replied Marie-Josèphe. "Yes, but I am known by the name of Dauphine as well, and I declare to you that one dauphine holds the hand of another dauphine. Recollect my words."

During the lifetime of Marie-Thérèse, Marie-Josèphe thought little of this prophecy, but when the news was received of that lady's untimely death,

she became aware of the possibility of its fulfilment. The funeral chants for his late daughter-in-law had barely died away in silence before Louis XV. and his ministers were scouring Europe for a princess to succeed her. It was imperative at that juncture of affairs that the direct line should be secured, because murmurs of discontent were growing painfully audible and threatened the stability of the throne. The king's decision wavered; projects concerning a Spanish princess, sister of the late dauphine, came to nought, and the Comte de Loss, the Elector of Saxony's minister at Versailles, urged his master to offer one of his daughters. The eldest, Marie-Amèlie, was already wedded to Don Carlos, the second, Marie-Anne, betrothed to the Elector of Bavaria, and it fell to the lot of Marie-Josèphe to compete with Marie-Antoinette of Bavaria, the Princesse de Bayra, Amelia of Prussia, sister of Frederic II., and other eligible princesses, called collectively "our rivals" by Loss, who in conjunction with Maurice de Saxe spared no toil in obtaining a promise that a Saxon princess should be honoured by the dauphin's hand.

Born in November 1731, Marie-Josèphe, third daughter of Auguste III., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, was brought up simply and happily with more interest in domestic affairs than in Court ceremonial, although she had been trained from infancy to bear herself with royal dignity and to accustom herself to the etiquette and formalities with which it was her destiny to become familiar in later life. She had mastered early lessons in modesty, piety, virtue, and tact, and these qualities were valuable to

her when she plunged into life at Versailles, always dangerous to young princesses who were not sustained by their own purity and moral strength.

In many ways Marie-Josèphe was typical among the dauphines. She had to contend against as many drawbacks as any of them. She was very young when she left her native land, she knew but little of French manners, character, literature, or language, her boyish husband regarded her arrival with stony indifference, for he was lost in sad memories of his first wife, and she found corruption and faction awaiting her in the king's household, which was divided into two main parties—those who were *dévo*t, with the queen at their head, and those who were quite otherwise, under the leadership of Madame de Pompadour. Moreover, though she had natural charm and grace, she was not particularly fascinating like the beautiful little Duchesse de Bourgogne, nor had she a friend and guide at Court to sustain the rôle that Mercy-Argenteau played for Marie-Antoinette in similar circumstances. Her uncle, Maurice de Saxe, did his best, but he was little at Versailles during the three years of life that remained to him after the marriage of his divine princess or little dauphine, as he called her. Another reason which made her position peculiarly difficult was that her father had replaced King Stanislas, father of Marie-Leczinska, at the time when he had been forced to abdicate the throne of Poland, and the French queen was naturally inclined to entertain a prejudice against a daughter-in-law whose presence would be a painful reminder of family misfortunes.

A pretty story is told by the chroniclers on this

subject which at the same time brings into notice the rare sensibility and loveliness possessed by the new dauphine. According to Court etiquette, Marie-Josèphe was permitted to wear a bracelet three days after her marriage containing a portrait of Auguste III. As was only to be expected, she appeared on the appointed day with the bright jewel clasped upon her arm. Aware of the delicacy of the topic, the courtiers refrained from introducing it, and it was left to Marie-Leczinska herself to remark, "That is doubtless the portrait of your father. May I see it?" "Certainly, mother," replied Marie-Josèphe, hastening to offer the gem for inspection. "Is it not a wonderful likeness?" But when the queen saw the portrait she found to her astonishment that it represented not Auguste III. but King Stanislas. Marie-Josèphe, with a tact beyond her years, had refrained from vaunting a symbol of triumph over Marie-Leczinska in her own palace. She could not have shown more thoughtfulness had she foreseen the suffering she was to endure on behalf of her own father and mother during the Seven Years' War and the indulgence she craved from Louis XV., pleading with all her power that he should send to succour them.

The future dauphine was only a girl of fourteen when Louis XV. despatched the Marquis des Issarts as his ambassador to the Polish Court to conduct the negotiations for the marriage. The little princess, pale and trembling with emotion, assured Des Issarts that she was quite the happiest individual in the universe, but that her joy could only be crowned when she knew she had succeeded in pleasing the king and

queen of France and her future husband, and that this laudable object would thenceforward be her sole ambition. She made shy inquiries regarding the appearance and character of the dauphin, she announced proudly that she was studying Mézeray's history, an abridged form of which had been sent to her from France, and she informed him that her favourite occupations were hunting, riding, theatres, and music. In fact, she won the ambassador's heart by her frankness, and he wrote to Louis XV. : "She is not pretty, but I assure you I should be sorry if she were more so, were it at the expense of her personal charm." The Duc de Richelieu, who was despatched to Dresden when the Polish Court left Warsaw, to represent the French king at the marriage celebrations, was still more eulogistic. The Duc de Croy described her in his Journal. "She is well made," he wrote, "her complexion good, eyes charming when animated, nose and mouth indifferent. In short, without being beautiful, she pleases greatly and might be described as a homely beauty who can turn all heads. She has infinite grace both in appearance and gesture. When she is excited or even stirred by the petulance which seems natural to her, she pleases in an astonishing manner and wears a provoking air of having carried out her intention. She has plenty of wit and means to captivate those who approach her." Portraits of princesses by courtiers are usually drawn with one eye on the appearance and the other on the rank of the lady in question, and to this rule Marie-Josèphe was probably no exception. The woman whom Walpole described in 1765 as "looks cross, is not civil, and



MARIE JOSEPHINE DE SAXE SECOND WIFE OF LOUIS, SON OF LOUIS XV.
1731-67

has the true Westphalian grace and accents" cannot have been without her faults, although it is only fair to say in explanation that Walpole saw her at toilette in her bedchamber and that she hated the English. Apart from a good figure, an upright carriage, fair hair, blue eyes *bien fendus*, a clear white complexion and a round face, Marie-Josèphe was not especially gifted with physical charms, but mentally and morally she had good qualities and her natural capabilities had been trained and developed. Had she been called upon to play a part of more individual importance in the history of France, it is possible she would not have remained the colourless individual to which her secondary position condemned her.

The minutest details of the approaching marriage were settled at last; the Marquis d'Argenson worked indefatigably to arrange the matters of her household, her trousseau, the festivities, the journey, questions of precedence, and a thousand other points which required time that could ill be spared. The King of Poland gave his daughter a dowry of a hundred thousand German crowns with jewels amounting to an equal sum. Louis XV. presented the dauphin with fifty thousand crowns' worth of gems for his bride and settled an annual sum of twenty thousand crowns upon her. The contract having been duly signed on January 9, 1747, the marriage took place by proxy at Dresden on the following day, the Prince Royal acting the part of bridegroom.

A feast was held in the evening at which Marie-Josèphe was treated with the honour due to her new position. She was served with the ceremony ex-

clusively shown to crowned heads ; alone, save for the king and queen, she was privileged to wash her hands before and after the repast in a basin, instead of wiping them on a napkin moistened at one end, which was the recognised etiquette for her brothers and sisters. More than a hundred and fifty dishes in three relays formed the banquet, and a strange medley of German and French viands at the same time charmed or horrified those of different nationality and taste. Sows' ears and giblets of goose, sweetbreads à la dauphine, saucisses noires de sang de porc, pis de vache sauce d'oranges, roastbeaf (*sic*), venison, boned chicken, and hashed partridge were amongst the numerous dainties which followed in strange profusion.

When the meal was over, a torchlight dance was the great feature of the evening—a strange and solemn performance never omitted from the ceremonial of a royal wedding. The company marched two by two in procession according to rank, trumpets and kettle-drums sounding ; lighted wax torches, guttering and spitting, were carried by every one and threatened to ignite wigs and laces, to drop spots of grease on velvet coats and satin petticoats. The dance was ecclesiastic in pomp and ceremony, yet at the same time quaint and bizarre in effect.

Two days were given over to various festivities. On the 14th Marie-Josèphe left Dresden, parting tearfully from the parents she was never to see again. Her numerous escort was under the charge of Prince Lubomirski. Her governess, the Comtesse de Martinitz, and the Comtesse Przebendowska accompanied her

as far as Strassburg. The formality of the long journey was much the same as in the case of the other dauphines. Stage after stage was passed without any incident of importance, through Leipzig, Eisenach, Friedberg, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, and so to the frontier, where the dauphine's household awaited her coming. The Duchesse de Brancas was her lady-of-honour, the Duchesse de Lauraguais her mistress-of-the-robcs. Indeed, her household was much the same as that of Marie-Thérèse. She had nine ladies-in-waiting who were officially called *dames de compagnie* and who filled very much the same position as the queen's *dames du palais* or the maids-of-honour of an earlier day, although they were fewer in number. In Marie-Josèphe's train these ladies were the Duchesses de Rohan and de Caumont, the Marquises de Tessé, de Fodoas, and de Bellefonds, the Comtesses de Roure, de Lorge, and de Champagne, and the Marquise de Pons. The Maréchal de La Fare was her *chevalier d'honneur*, the Comte de Rubempré her first equerry, the Marquis de Muy her chief maître-d'hôtel. She had two private secretaries, two treasurers of the household, a chief almoner (Cardinal de Luynes, Bishop of Bayeux), and the usual number of ordinary almoners, chaplains, clerks, surgeons, physicians, and other retainers, most of them travelling all the way across France to meet her at the frontier and conduct her in triumph to Versailles.

An unfortunate incident occurred at Troyes (some say at Nangis), where a special reception was held in honour of the dauphine. The first shadow was cast upon the joy with which she anticipated meeting her

newly-made husband. Despatches had arrived from the French Court and were handed to Madame de Brancas, who, recognising the dauphin's handwriting, passed a letter to Marie-Josèphe without opening it. The girl's face changed suddenly from smiles to tears and she hurriedly left the room. The letter contained the thanks of Louis of France to the duchess for the good news and praise she had sent him concerning his bride, but he assured her at the same time that however many were the charms possessed by Marie-Josèphe, he could never forget his passionate love for Marie-Thérèse. The dauphin's tact on this point was conspicuous by its absence. It was long before Marie-Josèphe was allowed to ignore the fact that he was a widower when he married her, and years were to pass before she induced him to let her cease wearing bracelets which contained portraits of his dead wife.

The first meeting with the king and dauphin occurred on February 7, on the high-road from Nangis to Corbeil. Marie-Josèphe was at her best, gay, simple, and natural. She flirted with the dauphin, teasing him to "open his lips and not only stare at her blankly as he did at first without taking part in the conversation." She delighted the king by seeking among his presents for a portrait of himself which she assured him would have been most acceptable of all. The queen had driven from Versailles to Choisy accompanied by her daughters, Mesdames, and many of the Court ladies. She presented Henriette and Adélaïde to the dauphine, saying, "The former is wise and prudent, the latter lively and always gay." "Good," replied Marie-Josèphe, "I will follow Madame Henriette's advice

and enjoy myself in the company of Madame Adélaïde." She had still to make the acquaintance of the remaining three Mesdames, Victoire, Sophie, and Louise, who were known by the odd nicknames of Coche, Graille, and Chiffe. But though she grew to like them very much, they were never so near her heart as the others. In after years, when Henriette was dead and Adélaïde away at Plombières, she wrote prettily to the Bishop of Verdun : "Mesdames Graille et Chiffe soupent avec nous ; je les aime de tout mon cœur, mais cela ne vaut pas à mon cœur ma Loque qui est tout pour moi." Loque was Madame Adélaïde.

At Choisy the dauphine was first brought face to face with Madame de Pompadour, and though she was as innocent as Marie Antoinette, she did not make the naïve remarks of the latter concerning Madame du Barry. The introductions over, Marie-Josèphe was asked to play cavagnole with the queen, and was speedily initiated in the mysteries of that most popular and at the same time most irritating of games. In the evening the Court returned to Versailles, the dauphine remaining at Choisy for the night according to the usual custom which debarred her from entering the palace until the day of the ceremony. She arrived at Versailles at ten o'clock the next morning and was delivered immediately into the hands of her women to be dressed. Her toilette lasted fully three hours, the wedding-gown being a masterpiece of embroidery and jewels, its skirt alone weighing sixty pounds. The poor little dauphine had to stand up in it for hours, which was very much like spending the day in the heaviest armour. The ceremony began at half-past one and was performed by

the Bishop of Ptolémaïde in the place of Cardinal Rohan, who was indisposed.

During the afternoon the dauphine received pledges of fidelity from various members of her household, among them De Luynes, the Bishop of Bayeux, her almoner ; Jean Bouilhac, her first physician ; the Surintendant des Finances and Secrétaire des Commandements.

A ball was held in the evening, opened by the dauphin, who danced with Henriette. Madame de Pompadour carried off the palm for beauty as usual. A banquet followed the dance, and then came the public ceremony of disrobing. A lady-in-waiting handed the *robe-de-nuit* to the Duchesse de Chartres, who passed it to Marie-Leczinska, and she in turn presented it to her daughter-in-law. In the dauphin's apartments a similar formality was gone through by the king and princes. Then the bridal couple were escorted into the nuptial chamber. An account of these proceedings was sent to the bride's father by Maurice de Saxe in a letter from Versailles dated February 12, 1747.

"Sire," he wrote, "I have only the most agreeable facts to impart to you concerning Madame la Dauphine. . . . None could have greater success than this princess here ; she is beloved by every one and the queen regards her as her own child. The king is enchanted and the dauphin is passionately fond of her. She has borne herself with the best possible address. I have only been able to admire her greatly. At fifteen no one is longer a child, they say, and truly she astonished me. Your Majesty would hardly

believe with how much nobility and presence of mind the dauphine conducted herself, the dauphin appearing almost like a schoolboy beside her. Neither weakness nor childishness was apparent in any of her actions, a noble firmness and tranquillity accompanied them all, and certainly there are moments when great assurance is demanded of any one who wishes to sustain such a part with dignity. One especially takes place in the bedchamber when the curtains are thrown open after the bride and bridegroom have been placed in the nuptial bed—which is very trying because the whole Court is in the room. The king said to me that I should stay near the dauphine to reassure her. She went through it all with a calmness which astonished me. The dauphin covered his face with the bed-clothes, but the princess did not stop talking to me, giving her whole mind to the subject and paying no more heed to the courtiers than if there had not been a single person in the room. I told her when I approached her that the king had wished me to reassure her and that the ordeal would not last more than a moment. She said she was pleased for me to be near her, and I did not leave or wish her good-night until the women closed the curtains and the crowd left the room. Everybody wore a troubled aspect, because the affair had an air of sacrifice and she had found means of interesting every one in her.

“Perhaps your Majesty will smile at this remark, but the *bénédiction du lit*, and the priests, the lights, this brilliant pomp, the beauty and youth of [the princess, moreover the desire one has that she should be happy; together these things inspire one with

thoughts too serious for laughter. In the room were all the princes and princesses composing the Court, the king, the queen, more than a hundred women laden with jewels and wearing gorgeous dresses. The sight was unique, and yet I repeat that nothing could have worn a greater air of sacrifice."

The wedding night was one of wedded tears. The dauphin, reminded by certain articles of furniture in the bedchamber of his first marriage, wept bitterly for his infant, and it fell to Marie-Josèphe, herself heartbroken, to console him with sweet words. "Weep on," she said with her quaint unchildlike philosophy, "and fear not that your tears will give me pain. They tell me of what I may hope for myself some day if I am so happy as to merit your esteem."

The marriage festivities included a procession of gorgeous cars, each one preceded by a company of cavaliers, officers of the guard, tymbal-players, etc. The cars represented Mars, Hymen, Ceres, Bacchus, and Ville de Paris. The war-god was seated on the first among martial trophies, accompanied by two warriors bearing standards and a band of musicians with tymbals, trumpets, horns and hautboys, the liveries being flame-coloured. Eight horses, richly caparisoned in red, drew the car, grooms leading them with flame-coloured silken reins. On the second car Hymen was in the act of igniting sacred fires on a marble altar, hung with garlands of flowers. The colour of the liveries was blue trimmed with silver, the band was composed of flutes, tabours, and bassoons. Ceres and Bacchus bore ample stores of food and drink which were distributed amongst the

crowds. The fifth car represented a vessel, and symbolised the royal union between houses of different nations.

By way of the old Rue du Temple and Rue Saint-Louis the procession arrived at the Place Royale, where refreshment was given to the people, this being repeated at the various open squares, the Place des Victoires, Place Louis le Grand, Place du Carrousel, and in front of the Luxembourg. In the evening magnificent illuminations and fireworks were held, similar fêtes taking place contemporaneously at Warsaw. Public dinners, receptions, and masked balls completed the festivities at Versailles. An amusing incident occurred at one of the latter entertainments. It was noticed that an individual wearing a yellow domino pushed his way through the crowd again and again to reach the buffet, where he gulped down large draughts of liquor and devoured goodly portions of more solid fare. At intervals he disappeared only to return and recommence the attack with apparently renewed vigour. At length curiosity being aroused, it was determined to discover the identity of this valiant trencherman. The king sent a messenger to make inquiries, when, lo and behold, it was discovered that the yellow domino was being worn successively by the hundred Swiss Guards, who rejoiced, turn about, in a good place at the refreshment table.

Even royal honeymoons have an end, and the newly wedded pair settled down into the routine of Court life. The dauphin was not a very easy person to live with. He was taciturn, preoccupied, and heavy. He did not care for amusement, he was too

fat to enjoy the chase or outdoor sport, and he disapproved of all frivolity, theatres being greatly to his distaste. Marie-Josèphe tried her best to accommodate her more lively animal spirits to the needs of this somewhat depressing companion. From the very beginning she showed the sweet and docile temper which sustained her throughout innumerable trials by which her pathway was beset during the twenty years she was dauphine. "Her great gentleness," wrote the Marquis d'Argenson, "comes, they say, from mediocrity of mind." But that was unjust. She was quiet because she was waiting her opportunity—to win everybody's love. "I could foresee," continued Argenson, "that the dauphin would like his new wife better in the end than he did before he knew her ; for he went with a very ill grace to this marriage. . . . To-day (October 1747) he loves the dauphine much ; she does not govern him like the other ; she yields entirely to his humour. The king and Mesdames love her tenderly. She has conquered the ill temper of the queen, who affected for some time to hate in her the fortunate rival of her father."

These desirable results were not obtained without labour. Marie-Josèphe was in a very delicate position with the queen, the dauphin, and Mesdames on one hand, the king and Madame de Pompadour on the other. She desired to be on good terms with Louis, whom she saw only in the presence of his mistress. She knew that the dauphin and the queen strongly disapproved of the fair marquise and vented their displeasure if she did not side with them in this respect. Discouraged and lonely, fearful of the intrigue she did

not clearly grasp, Marie-Josèphe confided in Henriette, a step which was dangerous to her. Loss summed up her position a month after her arrival. "She attempts on one hand," he wrote in his despatch, "to follow the inclinations of her husband, and to mould herself as far as possible on the wishes of M. le Dauphin, who is ruled by the queen ; on the other hand to please the king and be civil to his mistress, things which are extremely difficult to reconcile. The inclinations of the former do not always agree with those of his son, and the latter being detested by the queen, however amiable she may have to appear before her face." Warned by Loss not to offend Madame de Pompadour, she found it difficult to hold herself aloof from the offensive attitude indulged in by the others. One day the favourite was in a carriage with the dauphin, the dauphine, and Mesdames whilst hunting, and they had all agreed not to speak to her whatever she might say. Madame de Pompadour was furious at the insult. "She raged, she roared." Another time Marie-Josèphe went to see her play Colette in *Les Trois Cousines*. The dauphin forbade her to repeat the experiment—she had to plead illness—nor did he permit her to play cards. Influenced by Henriette, she sided with the queen and narrowly escaped being deprived of the king's favour through Marie-Leczinska's ill-timed efforts to embroil her in that quarter. The result of the affair was that Madame Henriette received severe censure from her father for filling the dauphine's head with foolish impressions and she was forbidden to offer her further advice of any kind. He also sent word to Marie-Josèphe by Madame de Pompadour,

begging her to address herself directly to him when she wished to say something, and never to speak to him through Madame Henriette, because he had a much better opinion of her discernment than of his daughter's and he wished her to give him her full confidence. Maurice de Saxe, who had watched this by-play not without fears for his princess, wrote triumphantly at this dénouement: "Madame Henriette cried for two days over the affair and the Court and the queen were quite baffled by it."

Like most of the other dauphines, Marie-Josèphe had found it difficult to assure her position, but from thenceforward she enjoyed a little more security. She managed to conquer the queen's coolness, to retain the king's affection, to soften the heart of Madame de Pompadour by sending to inquire after her health twice a day whilst the favourite lay indisposed at Choisy, and it only needed a few more drops to fill her cup of happiness to the brim. Her husband was still indifferent and the Court was eagerly awaiting the birth of a Duc de Bourgogne. It seemed to Marie-Josèphe as though the latter event would do much to dispel the former shadow. Louis XV. and Loss had a serious discussion concerning the realisation of their hopes. In the life of every dauphine this matter is one of pre-eminent importance, but Marie-Josèphe was spared from following in the footsteps of Catherine de Médicis, who approached her father-in-law in the greatest distress to beg him not to divorce her from her husband because she had had no children. In the present instance it was essential that an heir to the throne should make

his appearance. Loss suggested a visit to Fontainebleau. "Numerous examples go to prove," remarked the grave ambassador, "that the air of Fontainebleau has wonderful effect in such cases." "Yes, yes, my dear fellow," replied the harassed king, "that is true enough, but until now Fontainebleau has been mostly responsible for the birth of daughters."

Before the event had taken place which alone could establish the dauphine's position once and for all, Marie-Josèphe and Louis of France had been installed in a beautiful suite of rooms at Versailles, the same that Louis XIV. had shown to James II. as one of the marvels of the palace on account of the ceilings painted by Mignard and the parquette fashioned by Boule. These decorations had been entirely renewed at the time of the dauphin's second marriage. The apartments, which were on the ground floor, were occupied successively by Monseigneur, son of Louis XIV., by the Duc de Bourgogne, the Duc de Berri, the Regent, and the Duc de Bourbon. After the death of the dauphin, the dauphine exchanged them for others nearer the king's apartments, and they were given to the dauphin, soon to be Louis XVI., and then to his brother the Comte de Provence. The suite was composed of a *salle des gardes*, an antechamber, the dauphine's salon, her bedroom, another reception-room, the dauphin's library, his study, bedroom and antechamber. There was an oratory and there was also a *salle de bains*. Marie-Josèphe's reception-room had three windows, was decorated with mirrors, fine wainscoting, marble mantelpieces, a painted ceiling, and furnished with rosewood tables,

cabinets, and chairs ornamented with gilded bronze and upholstered with *gros de Tours*, a kind of taffeta embroidered with a flower design. The walls were hung with *papier des Indes*, an innovation at that time, when tapestries, silks, and laces were more often used for that purpose.

The smaller salon was adorned with designs by Bérain, chiefly flowers and birds, delicately drawn in miniature. At one end was a large mirror heavily framed in gilt. The dauphine had excellent taste, and arranged her rooms with a view to elegance and luxury. She loved porcelain, especially that of Vincennes and the new Sèvres, and she bought many *objets d'art* and pieces of furniture from Lazare-Duvaux, whose journal gives details of her purchases. Sometimes she sent Madame de Brancas to the sales, sometimes M. de Boisgiroux, the dauphin's valet, sometimes her head *femme-de-chambre*. She knew how to fill her rooms without overcrowding them, arranging her possessions lovingly and with a tenderness peculiar to the amateur.

Duvaux also supplied her son, the Duc de Bourgogne, with the first furniture for his personal use when at the age of seven he was removed from the charge of women.

The dauphin's library was composed chiefly of works on theology, philosophy, history, and the classics. Marie-Josèphe did not care much for miscellaneous literature, and her own volumes were chiefly pious books, books on Saxony, painting, dancing, and music. Many of them were bound in green morocco leather with her arms stamped upon them. She loved all

the arts, but her favourite was music, and she played both harpsichord and organ creditably. She gathered about her many of the best artists and musicians. The child Mozart was taken to see her when on a visit with his father and sister to Paris in 1764. He dedicated two sonatas to Madame Victoire and two to the Comtesse de Tessé, lady-in-waiting to the dauphine. The dauphine and Madame Adélaïde had good voices, and though they limited their performances chiefly to the singing of hymns, pleasant musical evenings occasionally broke the dull routine of life at Versailles. Monotony at Court did not imply simplicity. On the contrary, the formality and etiquette were endless. Even such an ordinary matter as the desire for a glass of wine between meals, in the fulfilment became a ceremony of no little significance.

It happened once when the dauphine was in the queen's apartments she desired to drink, and asked Marie-Leczinska to whom she should address her request. The queen pointed out her lady-of-honour, Madame de Luynes, who gave her order to a lackey, and in due course the refreshment arrived, was served to Madame de Luynes, who in her turn handed it to the dauphine, the latter's ladies, who were also present, taking no part in the procedure. Another time Madame de Luynes being absent, the dauphine appealed to Madame de Villars, the queen's mistress-of-the-robcs. After giving the order, Madame de Villars left the room and did not return. The lackey, finding neither lady-of-honour nor mistress-of-the-robcs, offered the glass to the dauphine himself. Then

Mesdames de Brancas and de Duras were up in arms. They thought the duty of serving the dauphine under these circumstances lay with them. After weighty discussion, the queen and her ladies decided that the lackey ought to have called one of the *femmes-de-chambre*. To this, however, the lackey objected, saying he was not an officer of the goblet, who alone was expected to serve a *femme-de-chambre*. The subject had to be discussed afresh at headquarters, and it was finally decided by the queen that since an officer of the goblet was not qualified to enter her room, the lackey was to bring in the tray, place it on a special table arranged for the purpose, and then to go and call the *femme-de-chambre*, who was to lift the tray from the table and present it either to the lady-of-honour, the mistress-of-the-robcs, or, in case of their absence, serve Marie-Josèphe herself. In the face of such wearisome formality it would not have been surprising if the dauphine preferred to repress her thirst rather than ask for it to be assuaged.

A similar difficulty occurred when the dauphin was laid up with toothache, and no one having supplied him with food, a message was sent to the officers of the dauphine's table for a light repast. When the dauphin dined with the dauphine he was waited on by her ladies, when his meals were taken by himself he was served by his own menservants. In this instance it was found necessary to compromise, and the dishes were carried part-way by the ladies-in-waiting, and handed over to the dauphin's own attendants at the door of his study, finally being brought in triumph to his bedside.

Nor was the routine of the toilette less hedged about with petty restrictions and ceremonial. The magnificence of the reign of Louis XIV. had given place to affectation and the adoption of the extreme and the ornate. The refinements of luxury, the redundancy of ornament, detracted somewhat from the general dignity of the costume, while it added to the lengthy processes and complex mannerisms of the tiring-room. The dress was fashioned with enormous panniers which were sustained on both sides by clasps or bands of diamonds with hooks at either end. They were called *trousse-côtes*. A third clasp, called the *trousse-queue*, supported the train. They were sometimes made of knots of jewels. On the bodice of the gown was a triangle, its base uppermost, tapering to a point at the waist and composed of jewelled bows set one above the other, the largest across the breast and gradually decreasing in width. Knots of diamonds were worn upon the shoulder, and clusters round the neck. Round the waist was a long string of precious stones formed of four separate parts, two adorning the skirt in front, two at the back. On the slashed lace sleeves a button of diamonds, composed of a central stone with others round it, finished off each slashing. Indeed, when a state gown was in question no part of it which could in any manner carry jewels was left plain. A *pièce-de-corps* fashioned by Leblanc for one of Marie-Josèphe's two state costumes was a masterpiece of eighteenth-century jewellery.

Caps were trimmed with bediamonded ribbons or bore a cluster of gems at the peak. The shoes had diamond

buckles, the chatelaines and fans were jewelled. The stones were not set so heavily as in the previous reign, and their lustre was not deadened by the use of much enamel. A woman possessed a thousand gewgaws, caskets of silver, gold or ivory, chased, encrusted, or enamelled. Fans were a marvel of delicate workmanship. In the dauphine's *corbeille* were thirty-four of these articles ranging in price from 27 livres to 456 livres. Among other gifts for her ladies included in the *corbeille* were countless watches, caskets, flasks, tabatières, bonbonnières, étui-cases, writing-tablets, patch-boxes, and such-like trifles fashioned in the ornate manner of the day. Women derived a great deal of pleasure from little things. Only the few were privileged to concern themselves with matters of importance.

The monotony of Marie-Josèphe's early married life was relieved by her state entry into Paris, two visits to Fontainebleau, and a journey to Forges performed under escort of nearly four hundred people. A disappointment was in store for the Court, for presently a princess was born. "This disaster," wrote Collé in his *Journal*, "threw everybody into consternation equal to that which a lost battle might have produced had it brought the enemy to the very gates of Paris." The infant was named Marie-Zéphirine, and her mother described her at the age of six months [as "very small and even more delicate; she is very ugly, and they say she resembles me as much as one drop of water resembles another; for the rest, very wilful and as naughty as a small dragon."

Whilst every one was deploring the fact that the dauphine's first child was a daughter, Madame de Pompadour wrote to her brother from Choisy saying that she was convinced the following year would see the birth of an heir to the throne. "We must console ourselves with this thought and forget, if that is possible, about the little Madame. . . . She is very delicate and I do not know whether she will live." The former premonition was fulfilled on September 13, 1751, by the arrival of the Duc de Bourgogne, and it was thought that the tranquillity of the country was for the time being assured.

"Thank Heaven!" remarked the dauphin, "I have a son. I am no longer of so much value." The child was born in the night unexpectedly and the dauphine cried out, "The king! the king! Witnesses! Witnesses!" The dauphin, rushing in in his dressing-gown, cannonaded against M. de la Vauguyon and almost knocked him down in the antechamber. Every one was in bed. Near the king's stairway he discovered a couple of chairmen whom he hustled into the room. Six of the dauphine's bodyguard were summoned hastily and the dauphin carried in by main force a sentinel who refused to leave his post. When Louis XV. came upon the scene all was safely over.

In the evening fireworks were let off in the Avenue de Paris. By a mischance the royal stables were set on fire, but every one thought the blaze was part of the illumination and no steps were taken to extinguish the flames until a considerable amount of damage had been done. "Ah," cried a witty bystander, "we

may hope for a great deal from this prince. No sooner was he born than he began to reform the stables."¹

According to Madame de Pompadour the baby prince had a charm of his own. "He has his grandfather's eyes," she wrote, "which is rather clever of him." When he was two or three months old, the dauphin and the dauphine went to Notre-Dame publicly to render thanks for his birth. As the procession passed the bridge de la Tournelle a howl was raised by the people, "Bread, bread. Give us bread." The dauphine, according to D'Argenson's account, was greatly affected by this sad sight and "trembled like a leaf." The dauphin commanded money to be thrown to the people, but they replied angrily with a demand for food and a request for the dismissal of the king's mistress, who, they declared, was ruining the kingdom. "Did the people give you their blessing?" inquired Louis XV. of Marie-Josèphe upon her return to the palace.

"Blessing?" she cried, bursting into tears. "They begged me to give them bread."

A great scare occurred at the palace about this time. Marie-Josèphe found a packet concealed in the Duc de Bourgogne's cradle. Rumour made much of this mystery. Durini, the papal nuncio, declared that there were two packets, one containing flour, the other gunpowder, to which a paper was attached bearing a legend, "If we lack the first, the second will not be wanting." Horace Walpole wrote about the matter to Sir Horace Mann on November 22: "One hears of nothing from Paris but gunpowder plots in the

Collé, *Journal*.

Duke of Burgundy's cradle (whom the clergy by a *vice versa* have converted into a Pretender), and menaces of assassinations. Have you seen the following verses, that have been stuck up on the Louvre, the Pontneuf, and other places?

'Two Henrys immolated by our brave forbears,
One to liberty, the other to our gods,
Inspire us, Louis, to a like emprise.
In thee these former tyrants live again;
Fear our despair: the *noblesse* has its Guise,
Paris its Ravallac, the Church its Clement.'

Did you ever see more ecclesiastic fury? Don't you like their avowing the cause of Jacques Clement? and that Henry IV. was sacrificed to a plurality of gods!"

As a result of the alleged attempt at crime, Madame Sauvé, the child's head-chambermaid, who was the first to warn the governess of the discovery of the packet, was convicted of complicity in the plot and thrown into the Bastille. Madame de Pompadour treated the subject very lightly. "La Sauvé," she wrote, "is nothing but a mad woman, who imagined that by putting a suspicious parcel in the bed of the Duc de Bourgogne and then giving the alarm, she would have the air of having saved his life and that her fortune and that of her family would be made. Note that in the parcel there was nothing but stuff to set the sheets on fire, and that only if a light were applied, and it was impossible to do the child any harm." And so the danger passed.

Worse troubles were to beset the dauphine in the following year; firstly, the death of Madame Henriette in February, and secondly the serious illness of the

dauphin in August. That the loss of her favourite sister-in-law was a genuine blow appears from a pathetic little letter which Marie-Josèphe wrote to her mother immediately after the event: "Above the grief into which I was plunged by the loss of Madame, I was obliged to hide half of what I felt in order not to increase that of the king and the dauphin. Nothing can be compared to my condition at the moment, dearest mother. I loved my sister tenderly. I was bound up with her in a real friendship which sprang up at almost the first moment between us. Moreover, I owe her the happiness of my life; the sentiment which the dauphin feels for me is due to her care, because—I cannot hide it from you—when I first arrived here he held me in great aversion. . . . You who know the tenderness and sensibility of my heart can judge of the state to which I am reduced." This touching and earnest letter would appear to refute the imputation that Henriette had won the dauphine's affection only to do her harm when the opportunity should occur.

In August the dauphin was seized with smallpox. Marie-Josèphe insisted on acting as his nurse and remained with him day and night. "I am no longer dauphine," she remarked to those who uttered remonstrance, "I am nothing but a sick-nurse." When they begged her to consider her own health, she replied, "What would it matter if I died provided that he lives and that France owes him to my tenderness and care. There are plenty of other dauphines to be had if it should cost my whole self to save the dauphin."

The specialist Pousse was called in to attend the king's son. He knew very little of the Court and, seeing Marie-Josèphe by the bedside, dressed in very plain clothes, he gave instructions that her orders were to be closely followed because she seemed to anticipate all the patient's requirements. Then he turned to her and said brusquely, "What's your name, nurse?" Another medical attendant replied for her, and upon hearing that she was the dauphine, Pousse, nothing taken aback, cried, "Ah well, when I see our smart Parisian ladies playing the *précieuse* and fearing to enter their husband's sick-room, I will send them to learn in this school."

The dauphin was not told the disease from which he suffered, but suspecting the truth, he asked his wife to kiss and embrace him, believing she would refuse if his surmises were correct. But she did as he asked without showing the slightest sign of fear or repulsion. Not satisfied by this test, he demanded to see the paper, calling for the *Gazette de France*. As this contained a note about his illness, another edition was printed in which it stated that he had erysipelas, and this was shown to him. Whilst he was in a state of high fever he continually called for "Pepa," the pet name by which the dauphine had been known in Dresden, and the physicians hearing the strange word took it for the utterances of delirium. Louis XV. also used this diminutive of Josèphe when addressing his daughter-in-law.

When the dauphin was recovering, fêtes and celebrations were held, Marmontel wrote verses for the occasion, and at the Château de Bellevue fireworks

represented the dauphin attacked by dangerous beasts and rescued by Apollo. Throughout France the people were starving and cursing the prodigalities of the Court.

The dauphine during the next few years lived a domesticated and quiet life. The morning hours were spent in devotion, reading, or writing, later in the day walking and cards filled in the time till supper. She had eight children, five of whom survived her—the three sons who were to reign as Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., and two daughters. The beginning of the Seven Years' War broke up the calm content of her life. After her love for her husband, her children and their country, she held her native land most dear. Saxony was invaded by Frederic II., King of Prussia, and Auguste III. was forced to flee to Warsaw, leaving the queen practically a prisoner at Dresden. This news was a terrible blow to Marie-Josèphe. For the first time in her life she concerned herself with politics. France was revolted by the arbitrary conduct of the King of Prussia, who, regarding the Electorate of Saxony as a vassal country, took possession of the towns and fortresses, and levied heavy contributions. The dauphine moved heaven and earth to obtain France's intervention. She flung herself at the feet of Louis XV. and in a flood of bitter tears begged his protection for her father. The king, urged on by other considerations, acceded to her wish and declared war early in 1757. The reverses and mistakes that followed are common knowledge. Marie-Josèphe suffered acute distress throughout the disasters of a war she had longed

for intensely. She reveals something of her anguish in her letters to Fontenoy, who had been appointed Saxon Ambassador at Paris in April 1757. "Our misfortunes are terrible," she wrote; "I feel them in their completeness. I should have been happy indeed if I had possessed as much virtue and courage as you credited me with, but unfortunately you were mistaken in this matter. In spite of all my goodwill, my zeal and my tender attachment to all belonging to me, I feel all the time that I have been of but little use to them, nay, that perhaps I have even done harm. I am not made for affairs of this kind, they are outside my province, and indeed do not come within that of any woman. If up to the present I have dared to mix in this affair, you know that I was induced to do so solely by the hope of being useful to my more than unfortunate family, in spite of my natural repugnance to undertake matters which, as I strongly feel, are not my business. I have asked you more than once to deliver me of this burden; you have kept me to it in the belief that I could be useful to my father. Now, however, I see that I am worse than useless where his interests are concerned. I am dying of grief, and that is all the result you will achieve. I beg, therefore, you will permit me to withdraw my interference in affairs for which I am not suited. My tenderness and my respect for all who belong to me will never change. I would shed my blood with pleasure if it would be of service to them, but I cannot sustain the horror of being hated by those I love best in the world."

This letter was written in November 1757.

A few days later Marie-Josèphe sustained a terrible blow in the death of her mother on November 17. Throughout her trials the Queen of Poland had shown indomitable courage, energy, and disinterestedness. "What a saint she is!" was her daughter's cry; "why cannot I show the same resignation and the same conformity to the will of God." Her powerful enemy had shown but little consideration to Marie-Josèphe the elder. He flaunted his triumphs in the face of the imprisoned queen. When he heard of her death he wrote to his brother: "They advise me from Dresden that the Queen of Poland had died of a *catarrhe suffocatif*. *Cela me fait ni froid ni chaud*." Frederic's callousness made the dauphine's trial doubly hard to bear. She wrote indignantly of him because he had allowed his courier who was bearing news of victory to pass the queen's windows in a procession of trumpeters whose joyous blast proclaimed his success. She would gladly have exchanged the palace for a prison had she been allowed to share the queen's disgrace. She suffered both as Saxon and as Frenchwoman. Madame de Pompadour was moved to sympathy with Marie-Josèphe's grief and wrote: "Madame la Dauphine is greatly afflicted by the death of the queen her mother, who is one of the victims of the King of Prussia. Why does Providence allow him the power of inflicting such misfortunes? I am in despair about it."

One bright spot relieved Marie-Josèphe's darkness. Her favourite brother, Prince Xavier, came to Versailles on June 14, 1758, under the title of the Comte de Lusace, to join the French army. But her affec-

tions led her into indiscretion. Xavier had no great ability—the bastards of the House of Saxony were said to possess most of the brains—but he was ambitious and intriguing. Influenced by the Vicomte de Martange, of whom Louis XV. said he was a man capable of overturning the kingdom, a scheme was set on foot to place the crown of Poland on Xavier's head, and to persuade Auguste III. to abdicate in his son's favour. Marie-Josèphe worked earnestly to help her brother to realise his ambition. A secret understanding existed between her and Louis XV., who was negotiating with agents in Poland on his own account. During the battle of Minden, Xavier's correspondence was captured and sent first to England and then to Warsaw, where it fell into his father's hands. Marie-Josèphe maintained that her letters contained nothing that was compromising. She wrote to Xavier on February 9, 1760: "The king (Louis XV.) told me the other day that the English propose to have my letters published which they stole from you at the battle of Minden. It seems that in England sisters do not love their brothers, because if they can find my letters of sufficient interest to be given to the public, I judge it is because my tenderness for you has made them envious."

The dauphine's schemes led to nothing. When in 1763 Auguste III. died, his son made fresh endeavours to capture the Polish throne, but Marie-Josèphe had grown weary and dispirited. "My heart cannot detach itself from France," she wrote at last, "nor from Saxony. I fear and desire peace equally, and to complete my misfortune I see that as an

outcome of peace there would not exist a single inch of soil for a brother whom I love a hundred times better than myself."

The preliminaries of peace were arranged at Fontainebleau, where the Court was staying, early in November 1762. In spite of the disadvantageous terms, great rejoicings took place to celebrate it. A magnificent ball was given at the house of the Maréchale de Duras, at which the dauphin, the dauphine, Mesdames, Xavier and Christine, Marie-Josèphe's brother and sister, were present. A special feature of the evening was a quadrille danced by four couples representing France, Spain, England, and Germany. National dances were danced by each pair and then a Savoyard appeared upon the scene, and after dancing with the representatives of all the other nations except Germany endeavoured to organise a *contredanse* in which they were all to take part. For a long time Germany stood aloof, but at length yielded and the dance became general at the conclusion of the ballet.

The actual close of the Seven Years' War took place in the following February, on the signing of the treaties of Paris between France and England, Spain, and Portugal, and of Hubertsberg between Prussia and Austria with Saxony.

During the last ten years of Marie-Josèphe's life she had suffered a great number of personal losses. Her mother died in 1757, her sister, the Queen of Spain, in 1761. The same year saw the death of the Duc de Bourgogne at the age of ten, a grief from which the dauphine was long in recovering, and two years later her father and eldest brother died within three

months. In 1764 Marie-Josèphe gave birth to the Princess Elisabeth—a pathetic and gentle figure in French history—three weeks after the death of Madame de Pompadour ; but the most terrible blow of all was reserved for the following year. In the summer of 1765 the Court was at Compiègne, and the dauphin was attacked by a severe cold whilst directing operations in the military camps. His illness developed into consumption, and on December 20 he died at Fontainebleau. According to etiquette Marie-Josèphe was obliged to leave his bedside before the end came. Nine days after the event which prostrated her, she wrote to her brother Xavier : “God has willed that I should survive him for whom I would have given a thousand lives. I pray that He may give me grace to spend the remainder of my pilgrimage in preparing myself by a sincere penitence to rejoin his soul in heaven, where I do not doubt he is making the same prayer on my behalf.” The dauphine fell a prey to the keenest grief. She had her hair cut short, saying, “I only kept my hair because my husband always looked at it with delight. I have no longer any need to please him in this respect.” Madame Campan in her *Memoirs* casts a doubt on the sincerity of her grief. “She gave to her anguish a character of immoderate despair which made it generally suspected that the loss of the crown entered largely into her regrets.” It is hardly credible, however, that the loss of the crown should have struck the dauphine’s death-blow, yet she never recovered her former health and before many months had passed she was suffering from the same disease which had carried off her husband.

It was alleged at the close that she had been poisoned by Choiseul, with whose policy she had not been in accord. During the eighteen months of her widowhood she was treated with great care by the king, who increased her household, allowed her to retain her title, and gave her a fine apartment at Versailles close to his own. Her letters to her brother contain many marks of appreciation of the king's kindness. Among her few detractors was Michelet, who saw in the partiality of Louis XV. for his widowed daughter-in-law more interested feelings than sympathy and good-nature. He described Marie-Josèphe as "a stout German, fruitful, a true daughter of the House of Saxony in physique, in nature, and in sensibility." Collé declared that "she was hated alike by great and little for her haughtiness, her caprices, her cruel contempt, and her despotic and tyrannical manner." "She will only be regretted by four people," wrote Madame du Deffand to Walpole when Marie-Josèphe lay on her death-bed, "Madame de Marsan, Madame de Caumart, Madame de la Vauguyon, and the Bishop of Verdun. She treated Madame de Lauraguais, her mistress-of-the-robbs, brutally the other day, and the latter said to some one near, 'This princess is so good that she does not wish her death to be a misfortune to any one.'"

Marie-Josèphe died on March 13, 1767, at the age of thirty-six, and was buried at Sens with her husband. As a child she had not been wanting in personal charm and fascination; as she grew to maturity she was saddened, perhaps even a little embittered, by the death of many whom she loved and by the mis-

fortunes which overwhelmed the land of her birth. This and an air of devoutness, verging on stolidity, misled some into believing her less amiable than she really was, but her conduct as wife, as mother, as daughter-in-law was always exemplary, and reveals her as sensitive, influenced by right feeling, and with infinite power to suffer. She attended to the education of her children herself, and left minute instructions for the guidance of the little dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., which are full of noble sentiment. That the characters of her three sons exhibited throughout their reigns the weakness and instability they did, must not be laid entirely to her account, for they lost her when too young to have received benefit from her training. In the main her life was not a happy one, but it is typical in many ways of the lives of those who form the weaker or secondary, but none the less necessary, links in the chain of hereditary kingship. It was full of sacrifice, of the merging of personal glory in the glory of others, without the compensation of witnessing the results of which their labour and suffering have achieved a not inconsiderable share.

CHAPTER XI

MARIE-ANTOINETTE

Her birth—Evil omens—Her early training—Her appearance—*Le cocher de l'Europe*—Negotiations between France and Austria—Marriage festivities at Vienna—Letters to Louis XV.—A triumphal journey to France—The wedding—"Now I am dauphine"—Mercy-Argenteau—The Du Barry clique—A day at Court—Intrigue and corruption—Faro and horse-racing—Madame Etiquette—Madame Campan's story—Marie-Antoinette dispenses with ceremonial—Struggle between her and the favourite—A fiasco—The dauphine's defence—Arrival of the Comtesse de Provence—Marriage of the Comte d'Artois—State entry into Paris—Popularity of Marie-Antoinette—Plots and counter-plots—Death of the king—Marie-Antoinette becomes a mother.

MARY STUART, Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, and last but not least, Marie-Antoinette are the most lovable of the dauphines. They stand forth amongst their sister princesses as possessing in a marked degree three adorable qualities, charm, vivacity, and impulsiveness. They had individuality so distinctive that no amount of the training, pruning, and moulding to which they were subjected at the French Court served to suppress it. That the grimmest of all fates, death on the scaffold, awaited two of them, was due to actions other than their own, but lack of judgment and discretion caused all three sufferings which might well have been spared them. Marie-Antoinette in particular was pursued throughout her days by enemies whose venomous tongues perverted all she did into irregularity if not into crime, whereas her

worst failings were carelessness, want of tact, and too little regard for what others thought of her. It is easy to prophesy after the event, and from the first, it was said, signs augured ill for her and presaged the terror of her end. She was born on the day of the Lisbon earthquake, she blotted her name as she signed the marriage certificate, and an ill-managed *feu d'artifice* caused fire and panic at the wedding festivities which resulted in the death or injury of many hundreds of people. Such incidents stick in people's minds and give rise to ominous whispers. In the beginning, her birth was a disappointment to her mother, the august Marie-Thérèse of Austria, who longed for a boy because she already had five daughters and two sons, and lived in the hope of equalising matters. She entered into a wager with one of her courtiers, the Duc de Tarouka, who prophesied that the expected infant would be an archduke. When Marie-Antoinette was born on November 2, 1755, he paid for his temerity by presenting the empress with a beautiful porcelain figure and the following verse :

I lose by your fair daughter's birth
Who prophesied a son ;
But if she share her mother's worth,
Why, all the world has won.

Marie-Thérèse was too severe to be the ideal mother, but that the happiness of her daughter was very near to her heart was amply proved by the voluminous correspondence which passed between her and the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, Austrian Ambassador at the French Court, and guardian of the

dauphine. In these letters every suggestion which it was possible to make for the benefit of the archduchess, every form of advice with regard to things physical, mental, diplomatic, financial, or personal, were set forth with the greatest care and judgment, and if they were not invariably carried out and entirely successful, that was due to the wilfulness or unreliability of Marie-Antoinette herself.

True, her early training had been somewhat deficient. Hers was a case of too many governesses spoil the pupil, or in other words, her governesses frequently performed her tasks themselves, with the natural result that the little archduchess looked on bewildered and learnt nothing. Marie-Antoinette lost her father when she was about ten, but he had never had much say in the matter of her lessons. Although she was surrounded by learned and clever people from her babyhood, the archduchess, when she reached the French Court, could not write correctly, was not fond of reading, knew as much of the language of her adopted country as would go into a copybook, strummed more or less willingly on the harpsichord, and had all the faults of the ordinary girl of fourteen who is not scrupulously neat, well-behaved, or punctilious, who is inclined to be wild and tomboyish, and whose chief interests lie in petting animals, in looking at picture-books, in idling during lesson hours, and generally throwing off her share of the responsibility of life. Marie-Antoinette had all these failings and more. She was intensely human. Perhaps her most noble characteristic was warmheartedness. When she was touched, her sympathies were well-nigh inex-



MARIE-ANTOINETTE, AS DAUPHINE. 1755-93
(From the painting by Drouais in the South Kensington Museum)

haustible. When she was crossed, she could be very obstinate. But at all times she was fascinating. She was not pretty when she reached France. She was tall, but her figure had not filled out. Her hair was fair and dressed according to the prevailing mode, which drew it too much away from the forehead to be becoming. Her face was oval, her eyes a clear blue, her nose straight. Her lips were "scarlet as a cherry," the lower one full as became a true Hapsburg. Her skin was fine, white, and clear. She had the makings of a beautiful woman, and fulfilled the promise of her girlhood. Madame du Barry, who was always jealous if any new interest drew the king's attention from her, said to him that she at all events could see nothing attractive at all about *la petite rousse*.

The marriage between the dauphin and the archduchess was arranged while "le cocher de l'Europe," as Catherine II. of Russia called the Duc de Choiseul, was in power. Durfort was despatched to Vienna in 1767 to carry on the negotiations. No sooner were they in train than everything possible was done to fit Marie-Antoinette for her future life, and Marie-Thérèse, in her anxiety that her young daughter should learn the French language and French manners, was indiscreet enough to appoint two actors of doubtful reputation, Aufresne and Sainville, to teach her. The matter was discussed at Versailles; every one was rather shocked, and a hint was given to the ambassador to represent to the empress that her choice was hardly suitable. The actors were sent packing, and after some delay their places were filled by the Abbé de Vermond, who was despatched from France

for the purpose, and who in after years obtained a good deal of influence over Marie-Antoinette which was not always exerted to the best advantage. Besides the Abbé, fashion-plates from Paris arrived at Vienna, a special hairdresser accompanied them, and everything that could be done was done to prevent the first appearance of the archduchess at the French Court being in any way peculiar and unlike that of the ladies who frequented it. The painter Ducreux was commissioned to set out for Vienna and execute a portrait of the new dauphine in February 1769, and he did his task so thoroughly that, besides two portraits of Marie-Antoinette, he painted one of the empress, one of her son the emperor, and two of the archdukes ; a large amount of work for which he only received a thousand ducats and a diamond ring.

From the beginning of that year diplomatic despatches referring to the new alliance between France and Austria passed frequently between Paris and Vienna. By the close of the year, the roads over which the new dauphine was to travel were being repaired—a very significant sign—and on April 16 the formal demand for the hand of the archduchess was made by Durfort as representing the King of France. The following day she renounced all claim to the succession in Austria, and two days afterwards was married by proxy, her brother the Archduke Ferdinand representing the dauphin. The bride was dressed in cloth of silver and her train was borne by the Comtesse de Trautmansdorff. The same evening there was a gala supper at the palace, and the festivities lasted

many days. On the 20th, in spite of great preparations for the departure, a farewell dinner, and the many formalities consequent on the occasion, Marie-Thérèse made time to write three letters to Louis XV. In the first, which was purely formal, she acquainted him with the fact that the marriage by proxy had been celebrated, the second gave more personal details of the ceremony and festivities, and the third was a friendly little note entrusted to Marie-Antoinette in which she begged for his indulgence on behalf of her little daughter, realising how easily her vivacity and caprices might get her into trouble at a Court where it was essential not only to weigh every word before it was spoken, but to be careful not even to make a gesture that could be misconstrued.

Marie-Antoinette also wrote a little letter to her royal grandfather, in which she stated that she knew him to be the best and kindest of fathers, that she would devote her days to the pleasure of becoming his most loving and dutiful daughter, and that she could imagine no more delightful fate in store for her than that.

On Monday the 21st, at half-past nine in the morning, the dauphine stepped into the carriage which was to bear her towards France. She was escorted by the Marquis de Durfort and many important people of the Austrian Court. Her mother, more tender than Marie-Antoinette had been accustomed to see her, gave her some final advice in writing, entitled "*Règlement à lire tous les mois*," and "*Instruction particulière*." The former concerned her conduct ; how she was to behave in church where all eyes would

be fixed upon her, that she was never to read any book without having obtained her confessor's permission, and other directions for her spiritual welfare. The latter advised her to listen to no one if she desired peace of mind, to have no curiosity, to avoid familiarity with those below her in rank, and the suggestions it contained showed so much knowledge of her daughter's failings that it is almost surprising that Marie-Thérèse did not add a warning as to the horrors which would ensue if she failed to carry them out.

There had been almost as much bustle in Paris as in Vienna in despatching the dauphine's household to the frontier. Choiseul would have liked to meet the dauphine himself, but questions of precedence made such an undertaking difficult if not impossible, and the Comte de Noailles was sent as ambassador-extraordinary to receive the archduchess. His wife the Comtesse de Noailles was her lady-of-honour, the Duchesse de Villars her mistress-of-the-robcs, the Duchesse de Pecquigny, the Marquise de Duras, the Comtesses de Mailly and de Saulx-Tavannes were amongst her ladies-in-waiting, the Comte de Saulx-Tavannes was her *chevalier d'honneur*, the Comte de Tessé her first equerry, and the Bishop of Chartres her chief almoner.

Among the presents given to members of her household from the *corbeille* were fifty-two snuff-boxes, fifty-one jewelled watches, nine flasks, eleven golden étuis, thirteen pencil-cases. M. de Durfort was presented with a pair of diamond studs, the Comte de Noailles, the Duc de la Vauguyon, governor

to the dauphin, the *chevalier d'honneur*, and the first equerry had caskets, more or less ornamented with jewels, paintings, and gold chasing.

On the frontier near Strassburg, a special pavilion had been erected, where the dauphine and her *cortège* met the French household. It contained a large salon and two adjoining apartments, one for the Austrians and the other for the French. Marie-Antoinette was led into the former, changed all her clothes, because it was the custom not to take anything into the new country which belonged to the old, and having been attired in beautiful fresh garments, she entered the salon and was formally introduced to her new retinue. She drove in the king's carriage into Strassburg, where she was received with the firing of guns, peals of bells, and clamours of joy from the people. Triumphal arches had been erected in her honour, the fountains spouted wine, and the city dignitaries uttered the usual complimentary remarks. After a public dinner there was dancing and a French comedy. The streets were illuminated, and the tired dauphine had to pretend she was enjoying herself though it was well after midnight. The following morning she went to service at the Cathedral, and Prince Louis de Rohan addressed the remark to her that the soul of Marie-Thérèse was now united to that of the Bourbons. Doubtless the dauphine thought it the most appropriate speech. They journeyed from Strassburg to Saverne, where there were more festivities, to Nancy, to Bar, to Lunéville, through Commercy, where a little girl presented flowers and declaimed verses, and so to

Châlons, which was reached at ten o'clock in the morning. The day was devoted to receptions, plays entitled *La Partie de Chasse d'Henri IV.* and *Lucille*, a ballet, a grand supper, and fireworks. The route was one long fatiguing celebration, a jumble of rejoicing, feasting, noise, dust, and snatches of sleep in untried beds. It was necessary to appear at one's best, to smile and look pretty, to live up to the shouts of "The charming dauphine! How lovely she is! Vive la dauphine!" which greeted her everywhere, and Marie-Antoinette must have felt truly grateful when Rheims and Soissons were left behind, and Compiègne was in sight. Here the great duke who was responsible for the marriage came to meet her, only a little before the arrival of Louis XV., the dauphin, Mesdames Adélaïde, Victoire, and Sophie. A call was paid to Madame Louise, already in her convent, as Marie-Antoinette passed through Saint-Denis. The same evening (May 15) she reached the Château de la Muette, where the king presented her with the magnificent set of diamonds that had belonged to Marie-Josèphe de Saxe. She first met Madame du Barry at the supper which followed, but she was not called upon to show her any civility beyond that of sitting down at the same table with her. After supper the king and the dauphin left La Muette. Marie-Antoinette stayed until the early morning, and set off for Versailles in time to dress for the wedding.

The ceremony was not particularly joyous. Louis, the dauphin, ill at ease in a golden coat covered with diamonds, looked upon the whole thing as a

bore. In his diary he noted the day as his wedding-day without comment; the king wondered whether he would not have been wiser to play the chief part in some such ceremony himself; only Marie-Antoinette in her gown of white brocade, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her blue eyes clear and triumphant, seemed satisfied with the day and what it had brought forth. "Ah," she sighed when it was all over, "now I am dauphine."

The elements had given no signs of approval during the performance. A fierce storm broke over Versailles, drowned the illuminations and made open-air rejoicing a mockery. In the Salle des Fêtes, specially built for the occasion, balls, comedies, and entertainments of every kind proceeded, but intrigue and quarrelling spoilt the harmony, and the firework disaster in the Place Louis XV. was a depressing finish to the whole.

Marie-Antoinette had tumbled into a very hotbed of intrigue, gossip, and open vice. Brought up amidst purity and order, she soon discovered that a very different tone from that she had known prevailed in her new home. Things at Versailles were not always what they seemed. Sometimes it would have been more encouraging if appearances had not been so utterly misleading.

It was not altogether surprising that it should be so when the king was degraded and senile, his mistress powerful and uneducated, and his daughters vain and silly. Walpole described them as "clumsy plump old wenches with a bad likeness to their father." He saw them standing in a bedchamber all in a row

"with black cloaks and knotting bags, looking good-humoured, not knowing what to say." So they stood twice a day for years and years waiting for their father to give them a morning and evening kiss, not of affection but of habit. But they had wits enough to be jealous of the dauphine, and to try to influence her in directions which were not always the safest. She had to contend, too, against the growing pertness and presumption of her brothers-in-law, the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois, who were old enough to feel themselves very superior to the dull and undeveloped heir to the throne, and to plot against him and his wife in a mischievous and spiteful manner that became very dangerous, more especially when they were married and their countesses aided and abetted them to the best of their not very intellectual abilities.

The complications and discord arising from these widely differing human elements were soon to affect the dauphine, and the circumstances were not hidden from those in whose charge she was placed.

A three-cornered correspondence began about the time of the wedding which revealed her life, her feelings, and her difficulties. Marie-Thérèse and Mercy-Argenteau contributed the larger share to this record, the dauphine herself punctuating it here and there with comments in the shape of letters.

The appointed task of Mercy-Argenteau was an arduous one. Guardian of the well-intentioned but somewhat uncontrollable dauphine, trusted friend and ambassador of her mother, it was to him that Marie-Thérèse looked for a full and voluminous account

of her daughter's doings and sayings. His letters could not be sent through the ordinary channels, lest they should be opened and read by those in authority at Court, the usual fate of most despatches at that date. For ten long years, until the death of Marie-Thérèse in 1780, these epistles were constant; those which covered the period when Marie-Antoinette was dauphine were written between May 16, 1770, and May 10, 1774.

On May 14 Mercy had written from Compiègne to Baron Neny, describing the satisfactory manner in which Marie-Antoinette had acquitted herself at Strassburg, in the forest at her meeting with the king, and the hopes that were entertained of her bearing herself admirably during the supper at La Muette, when she was to be brought face to face with Madame du Barry. It was June 15 before he wrote to Marie-Thérèse promising to keep a journal of everything referring to his charge, which was easily done whilst the Court was at Compiègne or Fontainebleau, but which became more difficult at Marly or at Versailles, because only the foreign ministers who represented sovereigns belonging to the Bourbon family were allowed to be present. Already little troubles were arising to mar the dauphine's happiness. She had been made to play cavagnole, the game which was so dull that many a hardened courtier found it unbearable, and which depressed her lively spirits until she came near to tears. Then intrigues were already on foot among the governors and governesses, who formed an anti-Austrian cabal in the hope of dislodging the Abbé

de Vermond and discrediting the dauphine in the eyes of the king. The chief instigators were the Duc de la Vauguyon, tutor to the dauphin, and Madame de Marsan, governess to the younger children of France. A suggestion was first made to Louis XV. that Marie-Antoinette was unwilling to accompany him on the weekly journeys to various country houses. This complaint was contradicted by the Comtesse de Noailles, who assured the king that her mistress was desirous of pleasing him in every possible way. Later the machinations became more serious, and were concerned with the Du Barry clique and other intrigues. That Marie-Antoinette was not unaware of the nature of one of the prime movers, the Duc de la Vauguyon, appeared from a letter written to her mother on July 9. "The king shows me a thousand kindnesses and I love him dearly," she wrote, "but it is a pity that he should have such a weakness for Madame du Barry, who is the stupidest and most impertinent creature imaginable. She played with us every evening at Marly, and twice she sat beside me, but she did not speak and I did not try to begin a conversation with her, although when it was necessary I said a few words to her.

"As for my dear husband, he is greatly changed, and all to his advantage. He shows much friendship for me and even begins to show confidence. He does not like M. de la Vauguyon, but he fears him. Something very singular occurred to him the other day. I was alone with my husband, when M. de la Vauguyon stepped quickly to the door to listen. A serving-man, who was either stupid or very honest,

opened the door, and M. le Duc found himself planted there like a post without being able to withdraw. Then I said to my husband that inconveniences were connected with listening at the door, and he took it very well."

In her next letter, written three days later from Choisy, she gives an account of the daily routine. "We are away from home from one o'clock, when we dine, until one at night, which wearies me greatly. After dinner we play until six o'clock, then we go to an entertainment which lasts till half-past nine and then to supper, and then to cards again until one or even half-past, but the king, seeing how tired I was last night, sent me indoors at eleven, which pleased me greatly, and I slept very well until half-past ten, although I was alone, my husband coming in before supper and going to bed immediately in his own room."

Her mother had begged her to describe fully the manner in which she passed the day. "I rise," she wrote, "at nine, or at half-past, and having dressed, I say my morning prayers, then I breakfast, and go to see my aunts, where I usually find the king. That takes me until about half-past ten. At eleven I have my hair dressed. At twelve I hold reception and all but the common crowd may enter. I have my face rouged and wash my hands before everybody, and then the men go out and only the women remain. I finish dressing before them. Mass is at twelve o'clock ; if the king is at Versailles, I go with him and my husband and my aunts. If he is not there, I go alone with the dauphin, but always at the same

time. After Mass we dine, just the two of us, before all the world, but the meal is over at half-past one, because we both eat very quickly. Then I go with the dauphin, but if he is busy I return to my own room to read, to write, or to work, for I am embroidering a waistcoat for the king. I am not getting on with it a bit, but I hope by the grace of God that it will be finished in a few years. At three o'clock I pay a second visit to my aunts, where the king generally is at that time, at four the Abbé [de Vermond] comes to me, at five every day the music-master comes to me for a lesson on the harpsichord or in singing. At half-past six I return to my aunts' when I don't go for a walk. My husband nearly always accompanies me to my aunts'. From seven to nine we play, but if it is fine I go for a walk and then there is no game in my rooms but at my aunts' instead. At nine o'clock we sup, and when the king is not there my aunts come to sup with us, but when the king is there we go to them after supper and wait for the king to appear. He comes ordinarily at a quarter to eleven, but whilst waiting for him I lie down on a large couch and sleep until he arrives; when he is not there we go to bed at eleven. There is the whole day. I shall inform you some other time what we do on Sundays and fête days."

It was a long and careful letter for Marie Antoinette, and she wrote it in the only spare moments she had, during her toilette, and it took two toilettes to finish it. Her letters as a rule were childish, misspelt and blotted, but this account of her daily life was not

completed without more effort than usual. There are features about it worth noticing. First and foremost perhaps the preponderance of the part played in her day by the withered spinster ladies, Adélaïde, Sophie, and Victoire, or more familiarly Loque, Coche, and Graille (Tatters, Piggy, and Mite in English). Mercy-Argenteau feared these three mischief-makers on behalf of his charge with all his heart. "These princesses," he wrote to Marie-Thérèse, "although they are quite respectable, have never had the talent of behaving suitably." Over and over again he advised the dauphine to love them, but not to follow their advice blindly. Repeatedly he pointed out that all the discord and unpleasantness that arose could be traced directly or indirectly to Mesdames, and more especially to Madame Adélaïde, who was the leader of the three. They were all most anxious that Marie-Antoinette should follow in their footsteps, timid and shrinking little footsteps though they were, for they made the most of their position, without charm or intelligence enough to make anything of themselves. Four or five distinct visits every day to these narrowed and fussy little ladies, with their stunted ideas concerning everything but Court etiquette, cannot have been particularly salutary to Marie-Antoinette, who needed the wise and firm control of some strong and sympathetic mind. To a great extent Mercy filled this place, but either by force of circumstances or his own shortsightedness he resembled too closely the agitated hen clucking round a solitary chicken, too cautious to let it use its own beak or its fluffy little wings in a natural manner. He was afraid to let her

ride, anxious lest she should not grow straight if she did not lace herself tightly in corsets, terribly jealous lest by a false step she should lose a shred of the dignity which as the first lady of importance in France it behoved her to sustain, and ceaselessly vigilant that the shafts of malice and intrigue aimed at her innocent head should fall harmless to the ground. Poor guardian ! In the corrupt Court of Louis XV. a very regiment of Mercys, with a Napoleon of uprightness at their head, would have been required to achieve the tasks he set himself. One of the minor difficulties which occupied him at this time was the dauphine's growing distaste for the card-games which formed an important item in the day's routine. It was usual for the chief lady at Court to hold receptions, during which long hours were passed at the card-table, and Marie-Antoinette, who saw no delight in cavagnole and kindred amusements, tried to escape her responsibility by relegating the duty of holding her Court to somebody else. Madame Adélarde immediately took advantage of the position, and Mercy threatened his charge with the additional danger which a Comtesse de Provence would provide. Her brother-in-law was already betrothed to Joséphe-Louise de Savoie, who when she came to Court would be only too pleased to avail herself of the dauphine's easy-going manner to usurp her privileges. As usual when Mercy-Argenteau pointed out her duties, Marie-Antoinette did her very best to follow his advice and she resumed the hateful receptions and the tiresome games. Is it a wonder then that in years to come she strove to imbue them with excitement by the expedient of risking

heavy stakes of money, and that gambling in its worst forms became the most open of vices. Mercy's letters in 1776 and 1777, when Marie-Antoinette was queen, were filled with warning and admonition. The gambling grew more and more unrestrained. The public knew that the games prohibited by law were countenanced at Court. Faro was played every night and into the early morning. Fortunes were lost and honour besmirched. The introduction of horse-racing was responsible for bringing most undesirable people into close familiarity with the queen ; even the appearances of order and decency were neglected. Etiquette, the foundation-stone upon which was built the sanctity and safety of royalty, was utterly uprooted.

No word was more of a bugbear to Marie-Antoinette than etiquette. From the first day she was dauphine she steadily set her mind to free herself, and, if possible, some of those around her, from the meaningless and empty forms and ceremonies which she regarded as worse than waste of time, but which she should have seen were a bulwark of safety. To the French these tried and honoured institutions were sacred. Marie-Antoinette would have done better to entrench herself behind them, however insupportable they seemed to her, rather than to stand unsheltered in the face of the gibes and exclamations of horror her attitude evoked from an astounded populace.

Marie-Thérèse to some extent acquiesced in her daughter's attempt to cast off the yoke of form and ceremony. Louis, her husband, encouraged her to ignore the trammels which he himself found galling, and more than all the Abbé de Vermond, whose

influence at first was great, endeavoured openly to induce her to shake off the restraints she would have done better to respect. On the other side was Mercy-Argenteau, who emphasised her duty, and her lady-of-honour, the Comtesse de Noailles, who made of etiquette so prickly a goad that she gained for herself the sobriquet of Madame Etiquette, which suited her admirably. She wearied her pupil with endless rebukes, praying her to distinguish between her smiles, her nods, her curtsies, and driving her into such a wilderness of doubt and uncertainty as to whether it was possible to do anything right, that it says much for Marie-Antoinette's good temper when one day, having fallen from her donkey, she lay on the grass laughing heartily. "Run as fast as you can," she said to the nearest attendant as soon as she could speak, "and ask Madame Etiquette how the Queen of France ought to behave when she tumbles off her donkey."

Madame Campan is responsible for the story most often repeated about Marie-Antoinette and her distaste for the ceremonial which hedged her in. "The queen's toilette," she wrote, "was a masterpiece of etiquette ; everything was done in a prescribed form. Both the lady-of-honour and the mistress-of-the-robcs usually attended and officiated, assisted by the first *femme-de-chambre* and two ordinary women. The mistress-of-the-robcs put on the petticoat and handed the gown to the queen. The lady-of-honour poured out the water for her hands and put on her linen. When a princess of the royal family happened to be present while the queen was dressing, the lady-of-honour yielded to her the latter act of office, but still

did not yield it directly to the princesses of the blood ; in such a case the lady-of-honour was accustomed to present the linen to the first *femme-de-chambre*, who, in her turn, handed it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her shift ; I held it ready unfolded for her ; the lady-of-honour came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A scratching was heard at the door ; it was opened and in came the Duchesse d'Orléans : her gloves were taken off, and she came forward to take the garment ; but as it would have been wrong in the lady-of-honour to hand it to her she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess. More scratching ; it was Madame la Comtesse de Provence ; the Duchesse d'Orléans handed her the linen. All this while the queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom and appeared to feel cold ; Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and, merely laying down her handkerchief without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and in doing so knocked the queen's cap off. The queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times, 'How disagreeable ! how tiresome !' "

Was it surprising that Marie-Antoinette strove to lessen the annoyances of this manner of being attired by withdrawing into an inner closet in company with a single waiting-woman, that she dismissed the court ladies, and then the *valets-de-chambre* whose duty it was to follow her everywhere, that she dispensed with the duchess who knelt beside her to change her plate

or hand her a glass, that she hated dining before the common people, and that she fought every inch of the road which blistered her feet and which was to lead her to the guillotine? Was ever woman more conscious of the trap in which she was caught, and less aware of the manner in which the maddened populace had set it and the torture they were preparing for their victim? Her faults were those of indiscretion, of impatience, of dislike to control. They were observable in everything she did. When she was a child, with a child's lightheartedness, she expended her superfluous spirits in playing with her pets, her donkeys and pug-dogs, and—when she was permitted to master the equestrian art—her horses. But when she was grown up and, after years spent in awakening the sluggish and doltish intelligence of her husband, she found there was no one on whom she could lean and that she had to fight her own battles, she turned from the anxieties of the hour to excitement in cards and mild dissipation for relief.

There were many disturbing factors in her life. Throughout the period she was dauphine she never grew accustomed to the presence of Madame du Barry. She had been well drilled by her mother and by Mercy-Argenteau in the attitude she was to assume towards the favourite, upon whom the king bestowed his time, his affections, and what was left of his wits. Marie-Antoinette learned not to repeat in words the indiscretion in her letter of July 9, 1770, already quoted, which she tempered at the close by an assurance that she would never make a mistake for or against the favourite. But in her actions she was

less circumspect. In the struggle between them, in which the Du Barry endeavoured to gain the dauphine's favour and the latter did her best to keep her at arm's length, there was an exhibition of infinite patience, perseverance, and amiability on one side, and of offended dignity, coldness, and disgust on the other. Marie-Antoinette, under the continued pleadings of Mercy, endeavoured to accept the favourite, if not gladly, at least without noticeable dislike, but it was more than she could school herself to do well. During the determined attempts of Choiseul to oust the king's unworthy mistress from his side, which ended in his own downfall, the dauphine had been too short a while at Court to become anything beyond an impartial spectator, but when the duke was dismissed in December 1770, she received some wise counsel from her mother. "Never forget," she wrote, "that you owe your position to the Choiseuls, never forget that it is your duty to show them gratitude. You will have more need than ever, my daughter, of the advice of Mercy and of the Abbé [de Vermond], whom I fear, knowing his honesty, will be much upset by this blow ; but refuse to be led into any faction, always remain neutral ; seek your safety in the approval of the king and the goodwill of your husband. . . . I counsel you to be more reserved than ever concerning everything which goes on, to give your confidence to no one, nor to show curiosity, if you wish to preserve your peace and general approval." But as months passed it became more and more difficult to keep in the king's favour and yet not show friendliness to his mistress. A diplomacy of no mean order was required.

The downfall of Choiseul had strengthened the position of Madame du Barry, Louis was becoming more and more abjectly submissive. Exile or disgrace awaited all those who did not treat the favoured lady with respect. Resentment fell even on members of the royal family who showed her any slight. Mercy worded his advice to the dauphine in the most conciliatory language, seizing the occasion to draw a very circumstantial picture of her position, and to prove to her that she must try to establish a line of conduct by means of which, without dissimulation or hypocrisy, she might learn to appreciate the qualities of "any one in particular." He proceeded to point out that it was beneath the dignity of a great princess to criticise uselessly such matters as it was impossible for her to alter, that it was wiser to accept them as they were and put a good face on appearances, in short, he commended her to show her "elevation of soul" by speaking to Madame du Barry, and disarming any who might be trying to form a cabal against her for refusing to do so.

As usual the dauphine showed herself only too willing to obey her guardian's injunctions, pleading, however, that it was fear of her aunts, who themselves refused to acknowledge the presence of their father's mistress, which had kept her from showing any civilities in that quarter, but she promised to begin at once to mend her ways by speaking to two of Madame du Barry's friends, the Comtesse de Valentinois and the Duc d'Aiguillon, which she did the following day, to the great surprise of the cabal.

Very soon she was asked to do more than this, and

after some deliberation it was decided that she was to speak to Madame du Barry in public. The day fixed for this occasion was August 11. Mercy had discovered that Madame du Barry was to join the evening assembly accompanied by the Comtesse de Valentinois, and because Marie-Antoinette had begged him to be present, it was arranged that Mercy should be the first to say a few words to the favourite and that then the dauphine should join in the talk. Mercy's last injunction was that she should say nothing at all to her aunts about their little plan.

"At eleven o'clock I went to the assembly," wrote Mercy. "The Comtesse du Barry was there with her ladies. The dauphine called to me to say that she was afraid but meant to carry the arrangement through at all costs. The card-game was nearly over and I placed myself beside the favourite and entered into conversation with her. At that moment all eyes were upon me. The dauphine began to speak to some of the ladies, she reached my side, and was no more than two steps away when Madame Adélaïde, who had not lost sight of her for a moment, raised her voice and said, 'We must go; we are going to wait for the king at my sister Victoire's rooms.' The dauphine went at once and the whole plan fell through." It was followed by a scene in the rooms of Mesdames, who blamed Mercy for his advice. But for once the dauphin woke up and took Mercy's part. Louis XV. complained that Mercy's counsel had borne no fruits and added, "I shall have to come to your assistance."

A full account of the fiasco was sent to Marie-Thérèse, who replied very sternly indeed, under cover

to Mercy, to whom she wrote that since her daughter had so utterly failed him in this matter it was necessary to awaken her from her lethargy by stern measures. The gist of her remarks to Marie-Antoinette was that she acted too much as her aunts directed. "I esteem and like them although they have never known how to make themselves esteemed or liked by their family nor by the public, and you are taking the same road. . . . You ought not to consider la Du Barry with any other eye than that of a lady admitted at Court and to the society of the king. You are his Majesty's first subject, you owe him submission and obedience, you owe an example to the Court and courtiers to see that his wishes are carried out. If they asked you to do anything degrading, or expected familiarities of you, neither I nor any one else would counsel you to agree, but an indifferent word, a certain consideration, not so much for the lady herself but for your grandfather, your master, your benefactor, that is quite a different matter," and so on in the same strain, warning her against the plots and mischief-making which she knew too well would render the dauphine's life unendurable. And Marie-Antoinette replied with a pathetic little touch that is no longer quite childlike. She did not under-estimate the difficulties surrounding her, but she saw quite clearly that she must walk in the path she had laid down for herself, and that if she compromised and conceded an inch she would be expected to give an ell and that she would have to be hypocritical ever afterwards. "I have very good reasons for thinking," she said, "that the king does not really wish me to speak to the Du Barry, for he has never spoken to me

of it. He has shown me much more favour since I refused, and if you were in a position to judge all that goes on here, you would know that this woman and her clique would never be satisfied with an occasional word ; there would be continual efforts to carry matters further." Thus the feud continued, and Marie-Antoinette grew impatient with her mother's constant chiding.

The position, indeed, became even more difficult when for some trivial reason Madame du Barry expressed her dislike to one of Marie-Antoinette's ladies-in-waiting, the Comtesse de Gramont, and presto, she was sent into exile only to be recalled presently when the dauphine appealed to the king. The year following the favourite was again in the dauphine's particular black books because she had asked to have a pavilion built in the gardens at Fontainebleau and arranged it so that the windows of the building looked into the private garden of Mesdames. That was a breach of good taste which Marie-Antoinette was very slow indeed to pardon, and she had her revenge at the palace not long afterwards when Madame du Barry by means of wiles and pleadings arranged to pay her a call. She arrived one afternoon, bringing with her the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, who, as it turned out, made a very good lightning conductor. The dauphine addressed her first remark to the duchess, and then with a sudden accession of the repulsion she always felt where Madame du Barry was concerned, she made a single remark about the weather without turning to her and the interview came to an end.

It was a hard struggle between virtuous instincts

and the demands of diplomacy. She had made a vow never to seem friendly. "I have spoken to her once," she said, "but I am firmly resolved never to speak to her again. The creature shall not hear the sound of my voice."

But Madame du Barry was not to be suppressed. Knowing that Marie-Antoinette loved diamonds, she desired to present her with some, but the dauphine refused them, saying, she had quite enough diamonds and did not intend to increase their number, to which little incident Marie-Thérèse for once gave her unqualified approval.

In the spring of 1771 the Court went to Fontainebleau to meet the Comtesse de Provence, who was arriving from Savoy, where she had married the dauphin's brother by proxy. Mercy feared that this young lady would turn out to be a formidable rival to his charming and beautiful charge, whose chief failing, to his thinking, was that she was too careless of her own interests. It was therefore a great relief to him to find the bride wanting in every grace. "Her figure is not at all good," he wrote, with a pardonable note of relief, "and her deportment by no means fascinating. She has no graces worth mentioning. She speaks little and not agreeably. The king said at once 'that he thought her very ugly,' and the people share this sentiment." Marie-Thérèse was greatly afraid that the dominant party, as she called the friends of Madame du Barry, would try to win over the Comtesse de Provence and that the resulting intrigues, cabals, jealousies, and *tracasseries* would make her daughter's position more

difficult than before, but on this point Marie-Antoinette reassured her in a letter written on June 21, in which she said : " We are very happy together, my sister, my brother and we ; I hope it may always continue so. My sister is very sweet, very complaisant and gay. She loves me very much and has a great deal of confidence in me. She has not shown any preference, as it was feared she would, either for Madame du Barry or for M. de la Vauguyon. She spoke to me very sensibly on this subject and conducted herself very well at Marly when she was seated next to her."

As a matter of fact, however, the Comtesse de Provence was far more diplomatic than her sister-in-law, and while she pretended to follow the advice of Mesdames she took good care to be on friendly terms with the favourite. It was exactly in this kind of double-dealing that Marie-Antoinette failed utterly.

At all events the dauphine profited by the society of people of her own age, and when the Comte d'Artois married the sister of the Comtesse de Provence, the three young couples lived in close if not always harmonious intimacy. About this time Marie-Antoinette first became friendly with the famous Princesse de Lamballe, who was appointed superintendent of the household when the dauphine became queen.

The Comtesse d'Artois was more good-natured and modest than her sister. She was regarded as so very simple that it was said " the day of her funeral will be the first on which she attracts any attention." Mercy describes her as " ungraceful in bearing, timid, and awkward. She cannot speak a word no matter what pains her lady-of-honour takes to prompt her.

She dances very badly, and in fact has nothing in her which does not point either to natural faults or a neglected education." Besides, she was very plain, with a pale complexion, thin face, and a long nose which was not well finished. Her eyes were not well formed, her mouth was large, and, worst of all, she had nothing to redeem her from the ordinary. Her arrival was of importance, however, for it strengthened the Savoy party, although she was not an active member of it, and even the dauphine found her irresponsible. "She shows a complete lack of agreeable qualities," wrote Marie-Antoinette, "she never speaks, she takes no interest in anything, and her air of timidity and indifference above all other things displeases the people." But she did something which pleased them: she gave birth to two princes in years to come when it was high time that the succession to the throne should be secured.

The marriage ceremony was performed in the chapel of Versailles in December 1773, and a banquet followed it at which Madame du Barry shone resplendent in diamonds worth five million francs and "glittered like the sun." Whilst the people were starving and corn-riots raged throughout the country, the festivities were as extravagant as possible, one costly item being a mechanical toy constructed for the centre of the table to form a mimic river of real flowing water, bearing little boats and set in a model landscape all beautifully fashioned.

The Comte and Comtesse de Provence kept up a very lavish household, and though they maintained an appearance of decorum they were both devoted to

intrigue and were keen enough on looking after their own interests. But the Comte and Comtesse d'Artois, though simpler in their tastes, repelled the whole Court by their carelessness and easy-going habits. Their household was in disorder and no one cared to serve them. Louis' youngest brother was irresponsible, gay, given to every form of gambling, and had an uncontrollable temper which showed itself whenever he lost at cards or racing. He drank, he plotted, he was unbalanced and impulsive. Louis was still an undeveloped boy who had not yet assumed the responsibilities of his position. The Comtes de Provence and d'Artois thought that it would be easy to get rid of him, to annul his marriage because he had no heir, and to send Marie-Antoinette back to the country from whence she came. The dauphine was constantly called upon to keep peace between the three of them, and her task was no light one, but she performed it bravely, feeling that her position was insecure whilst she had no son, longing for the day which should make her the mother of a prince, and until that should dawn doing her best to win the love of the people. That she did not fail in this was proved when in 1773 she and the dauphin made a state entry into Paris and were welcomed with great enthusiasm and joyous acclamations. Marie-Antoinette wrote to her mother of their triumph: "We received as much honour as you can possibly imagine. Although it was very fine indeed, it was not that which moved me, but the tenderness and eagerness of the poor people, who, in spite of the taxes under which they are crushed, were transported with joy at seeing us. When we

walked in the Tuileries there was such a crowd that we could neither advance nor retreat. The dauphin and I ordered the guards again and again not to strike anybody, and this made a very good impression. Order was so well sustained throughout the day that in spite of the vast concourse of people who followed us everywhere no one was hurt. At the end of the walk we mounted on the open terrace and remained there for about half an hour. I cannot describe, dearest mother, the transports of joy and of affection which were shown to us at that moment. Before retiring we kissed our hands to the people, which pleased them immensely. How happy one is in our condition of life to win the friendship of the whole people for so little. Nothing could be more precious. I have felt and I know it and I shall never forget it."

Mercy also bears witness to the complete success of this state entry. "Nothing was wanting," he wrote; "the public was seized with a kind of delirium of affection for the dauphine. . . . This *entrée* will have great consequences in fixing public opinion, and it was impossible to exhibit more grace, more charms and more presence of mind than the dauphine showed on this occasion"—and then followed the usual rap at the poor dauphin, who was only looked upon as "an accessory to the ceremony." Whilst Louis remained dull, plodding, stupid, ignorant, but fortunately good tempered, the dauphine grew more and more alive and full of vivid health and energy. She was untiring, brilliant, and emotional. She needed a firm hand to rule her, and alas ! it was not forthcoming. Tenderness and sympathy towards those with whom she came into

contact were perhaps her greatest gifts. She made use of them in all relations of life : in her tolerance to her sisters-in-law, of whom she never said an unkind word, although at times they earned her severe displeasure ; in her affection for the spinster aunts, whose friendship it cost her many a struggle to maintain ; and in her kindness to the brothers-in-law who would willingly have sacrificed her to their own selfish ends and who in sheer wanton malice caused her suffering by countenancing reports which besmirched her good name. But of more worth than any of these things was the infinite patience and genuine love she showed towards her slow-witted, boorish husband, who offended her constantly by his careless manners and his lack of ideals and aspirations. She called him *le meilleur enfant*, she chided him gently when he appeared before her all blackened with working at his forge, or when he arrived at impossible hours, exhausted from the hunt. She worked day after day to help forward his undeveloped intelligence, to strengthen his will, to make of the uncouth boy not only a strong man, but a king and a father of kings. She realised his good points, his kindness, his amiability if no one else did, and each step which accompanied his slow awakening was a delight and a triumph to her which she longed to share with all the world.

There are many incidents in her life that prove her sympathies to have been wide, embracing all who were in trouble, grief, or pain. Once when one of the postillions fell from her coach and was trampled almost to death under the feet of the horses, she insisted on remaining on the spot, sent for surgeons, and had

everything done that was possible. When she gave an account of the accident to the courtiers she added not without pride, "I said to everybody that they were my friends—pages, grooms, postillions. I spoke to them thus: 'My friend, go and find surgeons'; 'My friend, run quickly for a litter.'" By this act of humanity Marie-Antoinette won golden opinions.

Another incident of a similar character found her just as ready to be helpful. A stag, maddened by the hunters, jumped a wall into a garden where a peasant was tilling the soil and gored him rather seriously. His wife rushed for the nearest help, shrieking wildly, and came first upon the king himself. Louis ordered some one to attend to the woman, who had fainted away, and continued the chase, but the dauphine, driving up in the coach in which she usually followed, did all she could to restore the swooning woman and presented her with the money she had, weeping tears of sympathy therewith which caused all the bystanders "to the number of more than a hundred" to weep also. By this act of condescension she won the applause of all Paris.

But her difficulties were increasing.

In March 1774 the chaos at Court was worse than ever before, and Mercy found it almost impossible to shield the dauphine from the dangers that beset her. The jealousy of her sisters-in-law (in the case of the Comtesse d'Artois openly mean and spiteful, in that of the Comtesse de Provence hidden, suppressed, but even more dangerous), the absurd attitude of Mesdames, who constantly created friction, and the ever-increasing power of the Du Barry clique, gave him so much

anxiety that he was actually pleased when the bad weather kept Marie-Antoinette a prisoner in her apartments, so that she might be innocently employed while he spent his time in discovering plots and counterplots which it was very difficult to trace to their origin, surrounded as he was by a veritable "fog of deceit."

But an event was to occur which overshadowed every other consideration. For the past year the king had been unusually subject to vapours and boredom. In the spring of 1774 a violent fever seized him, which turned out to be the dread disease of smallpox that carried him to his grave. There was much discussion as to whether Marie-Antoinette should nurse him. She offered to shut herself up with the sick man, who fortunately refused to have either the dauphin or the dauphine near him. Mercy could only praise her exemplary bearing and wrote to Marie-Thérèse that in the event of the king's death Marie-Antoinette ought to be warned to assume authority at once and help her husband to do the same. The moment had arrived, described graphically by Carlyle as follows :

"The tenth May day falls into the loathsome sick-bed ; but dull, unnoticed there : for they that look out of the windows are quite darkened ; the cistern wheel moves discordant on its axis ; Life, like a spent steed, is panting towards the goal. In their remote apartments dauphin and dauphiness stand road-ready ; all grooms and equerries booted and spurred : waiting for some signal to escape the house of pestilence. And, hark ! across the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, what sound is that ; sound 'terrible and absolutely like thunder' ? It is the rush

of the whole Court, rushing as in wagger, to salute the new Sovereigns : Hail to your Majesties ! The dauphin and dauphiness are king and queen. Overpowered with many emotions, they two fall on their knees together, and, with streaming tears, exclaim : ‘ O God, guide us, protect us ; we are too young to reign ’ !— Too young indeed.”

“ The new king appears to have won the heart of the people,” wrote Marie Antoinette to her mother on May 14. “ Two days before the death of his grandfather, he ordered two hundred thousand francs to be distributed among the poor, which made a splendid impression. Since the death, he has not ceased to work and to reply in his own handwriting to the ministers whom he cannot yet see, and to many other letters. That which is certain is that he has economical tastes and the greatest desire to render his people happy. In everything he has as much wish as he has need to teach himself. I hope that God will bless his good intentions.” It was too late for good intentions where the will and power to carry them out were lacking.

The son of the Comtesse d’Artois was born in the following year. This was only a mixed joy to the dauphine, who was longing for a son of her own, but at least the little Duc, d’Angoulême secured the succession to the throne. In after years he married Madame Royale, who was born to Marie Antoinette after eight years years of marriage on December 20, 1778.

Amongst all the dauphines Marie-Antoinette was perhaps the most tender mother. She honestly endeavoured to bring up her children to be all that was

expected of them, and to make good men and women first, and able princes and princesses afterwards. She felt for them a love all the more poignant because she had waited long and silently amidst the gibes of the people, "Why have you not given us an heir to the throne?" "Poor little thing," she cried, gathering her first-born to her breast. "You were not wanted, but you will be my very own the more for that; a son would have belonged to the State." Madame Royale was called "*Mousseline la Sérieuse*" because of her sad little face. It was said of her that she was never a child and never would be one. Few destinies were more mournful than that of the woman who was fated to be the last dauphine.

Marie-Thérèse died in November 1780, without having the happiness of knowing that her daughter had given birth to a dauphin. In 1785 a second son was born, who was at first known as the Duc de Normandie, a title which had fallen into disuse since the days of Charles VII. In 1789, at the death of Louis, the eldest son, the Duc de Normandie became dauphin. As Louis XVII. he perished presumably in the Temple, and of all his family was mourned alone by his sister, whose early sobriquet of "*Mousseline la Sérieuse*" was to be changed to "*Orpheline du Temple*," and again to the French Antigone.

CHAPTER XII

MARIE-THÉRÈSE, DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME

Her early sufferings—Exile—Proposed marriage with the Archduke Charles—She joins the exiled Bourbons—Marriage with the Duc d'Angoulême, her cousin—At Mittau—L'Antigone Française—Death of the queen—Return of Louis XVIII.—Marie-Thérèse at the Tuileries—Meeting with Madame D'Arblay—Dismissal of Fouché—Her household—Performance of *Œdipe*—Interview with the Duchesse d'Abrantès—Marie-Antoinette's last letter—Arrival of the Duchesse de Berri—Marie-Thérèse's apartments at the Tuileries—Her simple life—Character of her husband—Her charities—Calumnies against her—Death of Louis XVIII.—Coronation of Charles X.—Marie-Thérèse becomes dauphine—Review of the National Guard—Festivities and conflagrations—Charles X. at Saint-Cloud—Fall of the monarchy—The dauphine insulted at Dijon—Abdication—Flight—The last exile—Death at Frohsdorf.

“ I KNOW nothing of any political measures but the last will of my parents,” declared Marie-Thérèse when her betrothal to the Archduke Charles was under discussion. “ I will never marry anybody but the Duc d'Angoulême.” The marriage of the cousins had been discussed by Marie-Antoinette and the Comtesse d'Artois when the former's daughter was nine years old and the latter's son was a boy of thirteen. Mousseline la Sérieuse, as her name implied, had taken her mother's plan seriously. As the Orpheline du Temple she was by no means likely to regard her mother's wish as less than sacred.

The Comte de Provence had no children, and it

was possible that the Duc d'Angoulême would one day be dauphin. He had been married many years when, by the death of his uncle, he came into the direct line of succession. His wife was no youthful princess, with blushes mantling on her cheeks and all the world opening like a scene in fairyland before her delighted gaze, but a woman saddened and resigned, between forty and fifty years of age, who had suffered more than many suffer and who had but few illusions left with regard to life and what it might still offer her of peace if not of happiness. There were other differences quite as marked between her and her predecessors. She did not come from a foreign Court all a-tremble lest she should not please her new royal relatives or the people over whom they ruled ; she came, it is true, from a far land, but she had been there in exile and was returning to her own country, whose welfare was dearer to her than life itself, and she was received by the people with a reverence, almost with adoration, very different from that accorded to her sisters by jubilant crowds of merrymakers. The people hailed their own princess, the daughter of their martyred king, as they might have hailed a saint from heaven itself. That was her compensation.

Her earliest recollections were amongst the most terrible. She looked down on an infuriated mob as she stood by her mother's side on the balcony at Versailles in October 1789 ; she drove in the carriage to the Tuileries with pikemen in front of it carrying the heads of the murdered bodyguard. The sounds and sights she endured in the Temple left an im-

pression as vivid as it was indelible. During the three horrible years of imprisonment she was deprived one by one of those who were dear to her and remained, ignorant of their fate, the sole survivor. When the truth was told her she cursed the destiny which had ordained that she alone of all of them should live. Freedom when it was offered her seemed no sweeter than captivity, for it was arranged that she should be exchanged with four commissioners of the Convention who had been delivered up to Austria by Dumouriez in April 1793, and she hated the idea of exile. "I would prefer the smallest house in France to the honours which await an unhappy princess elsewhere," she said, and as she crossed the frontier she remarked, "I leave France with regret, for I shall never cease to regard it as my country."

The three and a half years she spent in Vienna were a great trial to her patience. She longed to be allowed to join her uncle, the Comte de Provence, nominally Louis XVIII., at Mittau in Courlande, and to fulfil her mother's wish by marrying her cousin. She refused to be united to the Archduke Charles and by sheer persistence eventually gained her ends. In May 1799 she was allowed to join the exiled Bourbons, and a month later married the Duc d'Angoulême. She was then seventeen years old. That meeting had some resemblance to the old meetings between the kings of France and their future daughters-in-law, and yet how different it was. "As soon as the carriages were approaching," wrote the Abbé de Tressan, an eye-witness, "Madame ordered them to stop. She got out quickly. They



MADAME ROYALE, DAUGHTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, WHO MARRIED
THE LAST DAUPHIN, SON OF CHARLES X.

wished to support her, but escaping with incredible lightness she ran through the clouds of dust to where the king was standing, his arms opened to receive her and press her to his heart. But his strength was not sufficient to hinder her from throwing herself at his feet. He bent to raise her and heard her cry, 'I see you again at last—at last I am happy. Look after me, be my father. . . .' The king, unable to utter a word, pressed Madame to his breast and then presented the Duc d'Angoulême. The young prince, overcome by a feeling of respect, could only express himself in tears, which fell on his cousin's hand as he raised it to his lips."

The marriage was celebrated in one of the galleries of the old château of the Ducs de Courlande. At an altar hastily arranged and festively adorned with lilies and roses, the granddaughter and grandson of Marie-Josèphe de Saxe united their destinies as last dauphin and dauphine of France. The nuptial benediction was spoken by the Cardinal de Montmorency, grand almoner of France, an exile, like his royal master and mistress. Near the footstool on which the bride and bridegroom knelt stood Abbé Edgeworth, who was thought much of by the Bourbons and to whom the Duchesse d'Angoulême felt especially drawn. In May 1807 he was taken ill with fever and she boldly insisted on nursing him. All her attendants represented strongly that she would undergo the risk of infection, but she took no notice of their warning, saying that no one could keep her from the sick-room of her beloved and revered invalid. "The less he knows of his own wants," she added, "the more

he stands in need of a friend ; and if every human being were to fly from him in this contagion, I shall never forsake my more than friend. . . . Nothing shall withhold my personal attendance from the Abbé Edgeworth." She was present at his death and with her husband attended his funeral. Her kindly nature frequently prompted her to such deeds.

For a year and a half the Duchesse d'Angoulême lived quietly at Mittau. Then she followed the exiled king, who was driven from his retreat by the Emperor Paul, to Memel, Königsberg, Warsaw, back to Mittau, and then to England. *The first part of the journey* across the plains of Lithuania was made in the midst of storms at the end of January 1801, but her courage and tenderness never deserted her for a moment. A print was sold in Paris representing the princess and the king in the midst of these snowy scenes with the inscription engraved below it, "*l'Antigone française.*" The title stuck to her.

"Nothing extorts a complaint from her," wrote the Comte d'Avaray, who accompanied the fugitives. "She is the consoling angel of our master and a model of courage to us all."

At Gosfield Hall, under the hospitable roof of Buckingham, and at Hartwell, whither they went in April 1809, Madame passed comparatively peaceful days throughout the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire. The only event that cast additional gloom over this period of exile was the loss of her aunt, the queen, whom she nursed in her last illness. Her last words to Marie-Thérèse were : "As for you, my niece, you only want wings to mount to heaven."

Thus died the sprightly, scheming Comtesse de Provence of the days when Marie-Antoinette was dauphine.

On January 12, 1814, the Duc d'Angoulême set sail from England, and two months later, on March 12, he made a triumphal entry into Bordeaux. The joyful tidings reached his wife on Annunciation Day, March 25.

On April 24, Louis XVIII., accompanied by his niece, landed at Calais, and from thence by slow stages they passed through Compiègne and Saint-Ouen into the capital, which they reached on May 3, 1814. Marie-Thérèse rode on the king's left in the royal coach drawn by eight white horses. "Such is the power of the legitimate monarch in France," declared Chateaubriand, "the magic attaching to the name of king. A man, returned from exile, alone, deprived of all, without retinue, without guards, without riches. He has nothing to bestow, hardly anything to promise. He steps out of his carriage leaning on the arm of a young woman, he shows himself to captains who have never seen him before, to grenadiers who hardly know his name. Who is this man? It is the son of Saint Louis, it is the king. Every one falls at his feet."

Marie-Thérèse was greeted by the shouts of "Vive Madame!" It would seem that her sorrows were over. Yet hers was a life predestined to sorrow. As she crossed the threshold of the Tuileries, memory came flooding back, throbbing with the horror of things that had happened more than twenty years before. A crowd of women in white garments knelt

and asked her for her blessing. It was too much. She was overcome, her eyes bathed in tears. At the sight of the princess who had shared the anguish of the martyred king and queen, all France was moved.

On January 21, 1815, the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette were buried in the Abbey Church of Saint-Denis. The occasion was solemn in the extreme. The Abbé de Boulogne spoke from the depths of his soul the words: "Peoples and kings, from the heart of your battered and encompassed capital you will recognise at last this terrible truth: regicide is the greatest calamity that God can draw from the treasure-house of justice. . . . You have not forgotten these words of a dying king: 'I desire that my blood shall bring happiness to France.' Yes, princes, do not doubt it. That blood will save France, as the blood of Jesus Christ saved the world."

Meanwhile the Duchesse d'Angoulême wept and prayed alone at the Tuileries. The blessed hour she had longed for during her exile had arrived. Her parents had been given the last honours due to them. A weight was lifted from her mind.

After paying a visit to Vichy and Lyons, she remained in Paris for some months trying to drown all remembrance of the past in the good works of the present. It was during this peaceful interlude that Fanny Burney, then Madame d'Arblay, who had missed being presented to the princess in London by a mere chance, received an audience from her in Paris. A misunderstanding at the beginning of the interview was rectified in the nick of time by the authoress

owing to the fact that she had sent Marie-Thérèse a copy of her last book, and that she had seen her portrait.

M. de Montmorency, friend of Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier, now duke and *chevalier d'honneur* to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, was asked to present Madame d'Arblay in person. Having passed through various apartments, and meeting first the Dowager Duchesse de Duras and then Madame de Choisy, Madame d'Arblay was shown into still another chamber, where she hoped to find M. de Montmorency. The remainder of the story is best told in her own words. What was her surprise then to see "only a lady, who stood at the upper end of the apartment, and slightly curtsied, but without moving or speaking. Concluding this to be another *dame de la cour*, from my internal persuasion that ultimately I was to be presented by M. de Montmorency, I approached her composedly, with a mere common inclination of the head, and looked wistfully forward to the further door. She inquired politely after my health, expressing good-natured concern to hear it had been deranged and adding that she was *bien aise de me voir*. I thanked her, with some expression of obligation to her civility, but almost without looking at her, from perturbation lest some mistake had intervened to prevent my introduction, as I still saw nothing of M. de Montmorency.

"She then asked me if I would not sit down, taking a seat at the same time herself. I readily complied; but was too much occupied with the ceremony I was awaiting to discourse, though she immediately began

what was meant for a conversation. I hardly heard, or answered, so exclusively was my attention engaged in watching the door through which I was expecting a summons ; till, at length, the following words rather surprised me (I must write them in English, for my greater ease, though they were spoken in French) : ‘ I am quite sorry to have read your last charming work in French.’

“ My eyes now changed their direction from the door to her face, to which I hastily turned my head as she added, ‘ *Puis-je le garder, le livre que vous m’avez envoyé ?*’

“ Startled, as if awakened from a dream, I fixed her and perceived the same figure that I had seen at the salon. I now felt sure I was already in the royal presence of the Duchesse d’Angoulême, with whom I had seated myself almost *cheek by jowl*, without the smallest suspicion of my situation.”

Then the interview proceeded a little more naturally. Madame d’Arblay restrained her first impulse to explain her mistake, and allowed the princess to put down her strange conduct to embarrassment, English awkwardness, and *mauvaise honte*. She suddenly changed her tone, however, addressed her with appropriate reverence, but passed over all the *étiquette d’usage* of not answering till she was spoken to. In the end the talk went swimmingly and Madame d’Arblay summed up the interview as follows : “ I little thought that this, my first, would prove also my last meeting with this exemplary princess ; whose worth, courage, fortitude, and piety are universally acknowledged, but whose powers of pleasing seem little known.”

A day or two afterwards Marie-Thérèse started for Bordeaux to celebrate March 12, the first anniversary of the day her husband landed there and restored the prestige of the Bourbons. The journey was a series of ovations and fêtes. In the midst of them came the ominous tidings, "Bonaparte has landed in France." When she heard this news Marie-Thérèse uttered the prayer, "Oh that this coming struggle may not cost rivers of French blood!"

Having braved a prison, the risk of the guillotine, and the pains of exile, she had now to show that a princess of the blood could defend a royal cause and combine the qualities of a statesman and a general. In this she did not fail, and the greatest praise was bestowed upon her by Napoleon himself, who declared that she was the only man of her family.

Three months of exile, a second journey to London, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême was back in Paris on July 27, 1815, some of her illusions gone, never to return. During the Hundred Days she had heard many recantations, she realised how few people were to be trusted, how little meaning there might be in protestations of fidelity.

Yet her return was joyous. Crowds assembled under the windows of the Tuileries, shouting her name and praising her endurance in adversity. The evening was festive, but Marie-Thérèse, who joined externally in the merriment, brooded in secret. The Tuileries to her seemed ever alive with horrible memories. A fact that greatly distressed her was that Fouché, the regicide, remained in the ministry. Three weeks later she left Paris to return to Bordeaux and

on her journey was worshipped by all who beheld her. Early in September she reached Toulouse where further ovations met her, and by the middle of the month she was back in the capital. "The Duchesse d'Angoulême is coming," said Louis XVIII. on her return; "the dismissal of Fouché would be a fine bouquet to give her." The Baron de Vitrolles, to whom this remark was addressed, counselled patience. "Where should we be, sire, if the policy of the State should be reduced to the presenting of bouquets?" Madame had not to suffer for long the presence of the minister she had refused to receive even at the king's request. A week after she settled formally at the Tuileries (September 11, 1815) Fouché was dismissed.

Marie-Thérèse formed her household of those who were serious and thoughtful. The Abbé de La Fare became her grand almoner; Mesdames de Serent and de Damas were her chief ladies, and others were Mesdames de Béarn, de Gontaut-Biron, who became governess to the children of France, the Marquise de Rougé, and the Vicomtesse de Vaudreuil. She occupied her time in piety and charity. Whilst she remained at Court throughout the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., she took no active part in the intrigues, uncertainties, and disappointments that made up affairs of State, but she shared the family life of the Bourbons in happiness and misfortune. She was a pathetic, at times even a sombre figure, trying to be light-hearted and content, playing her part in gay pageants and Court functions automatically, no one more convinced than she of the futility, the emptiness of earthly things.

At the beginning of the Restoration the members of the royal family were Louis XVIII., his brother, the Comte d'Artois, the latter's two sons, the Ducs d'Angoulême and de Berri, and no woman save Marie-Thérèse herself, who throughout this reign was known as Madame. When her father-in-law was crowned as Charles X. she became dauphine.

She was now thirty-five years of age, the freshness of youth had departed. She was grave and subdued, and when she spoke, though her voice was declared to be unmusical, the sentiments she expressed in it were of the kindest. She has been accused of dwelling always on the past, but it is quite probable that her manner gave additional grounds for this belief and that in reality there were times when she was quite content with her lot, and that even had circumstances been far kinder to her she would still have shown little taste for gaiety.

In May 1814 a special performance of *Œdipe* was given at the Opera in which the principal female character is Antigone, a name won by Marie-Thérèse for herself. She had promised to be present at this festival because it meant a good deal to the Bourbons. "The interior of the theatre presented a most extraordinary appearance," wrote the Duchesse d'Abrantès, who was present. "None of the women had diamonds; all were in white, and all their ornaments consisted of plumes of feathers, of lilies, and of bunches or garlands of white lilac. There was in the whole scene an elegance for which I could not at first account: I, however, afterwards attributed it to the agreeable colour that prevailed, and to the scent of the spring

flowers which spread itself in every direction." Madame d'Abrantès thought that the princess appeared melancholy. "Melancholy, however," she added, "in a being who sacrifices on the altar of the living God all resentment, every recollection of injury, is a feeling which should be permitted to her who has wept for twenty years over those whom she lost by a death more frightful in its manner than in itself."

A few days afterwards Madame d'Abrantès was introduced to Marie-Thérèse. "I arrived in front of the princess," she wrote, describing her presentation. "I curtsied as they named me, and was about to pass on when the dauphine, repeating my name, fixed on me that kind of regard which inspires for her the love of all by whom she is surrounded. That glance commanded me to stop—I stopped.

"‘You are Madame Junot?’

"‘Yes, madame.’

"‘You suffered much, I think, in your last expedition to Spain?’

"The princess said this in an accent of such great interest that I could not avoid raising my eyes to her, though with great respect.

"‘Have you saved your son?’ she continued.

"‘Yes, madame.’ I could scarce forbear adding, ‘This child exists, and I will educate him for you—to defend you!’ It struck me, however, that such a boast might be considered *mal-à-propos*. My looks, meanwhile, spoke for me, and I comprehended her reply.

"‘You no longer suffer from your fatigues then?’ pursued she.

"I answered that I had been returned three years. She appeared to calculate, and then said: 'Ah, that is true.' With a movement of her head she then bowed me out, leaving me so fascinated that I could not have been more so when a king danced with me."

In the first months of 1816 the last letter written by Marie-Antoinette to Princess Elisabeth, the touching cry of a dying queen and mother, was found among the papers of Robespierre. Twenty-three years had passed since it was written, yet to her daughter when she saw it the interval seemed wiped out. Her mother's writing carried her back to the dreadful days when she had been the Orpheline du Temple. One passage referred in particular to her: "I greatly regret leaving my poor children. You know that I exist alone for them, and for you, my good and tender sister. . . . Take my blessing to the two. I trust that some day when they are older, they may be with you and enjoy to the full your tender care. . . . Let my daughter remember that, at her age, she should always aid her brother with the counsels her wider experience will give her, and her affection may suggest."

The letter produced a profound impression on the Chamber of Deputies before which it was read, and it was decreed that it should be uttered from the pulpits on October 16 of each year, the anniversary day of the execution.

A bright element was soon to be added to the Court in the person of Caroline, Duchesse de Berri. She was particularly charming, this Neapolitan princess with her splendour of colouring, silky fair hair and

lovely arms, in spite of the fact that it was hinted she had a cast in one eye and a hideous mouth. No one who knew her could fail to be fascinated, and the blemishes were forgotten. The royal family went to receive her at the Croix de Saint-Hérem in the Forest of Fontainebleau, the historic meeting-place of Napoleon and Pope Pius VII. Louis XVIII., after embracing her, introduced the other members of the family. "Madame, this is your husband," he said; "I am your father, there is the Duc d'Angoulême, your brother; and there is our angel," indicating Marie-Thérèse.

In 1820, when the Duc de Berri was stabbed, Marie-Thérèse remained by his bedside. She incited him to courage, saying, "If God should take you to Himself, ask my father to pray for France and for us," and then she devoted herself to comforting the afflicted duchess. Seven months later the latter's son, the Duc de Bordeaux, afterwards Comte de Chambord, was born. He was called *l'enfant du miracle*. At last Madame was vouchsafed a fleeting hour of pure joy. Some one remarked to her, "Ah, madame, to-day at least you are happy." "Yes," she replied, "to-day I am able to contemplate a great destiny for that child."

The rooms in the Tuileries which had belonged to her mother were set aside for Marie-Thérèse. Her salon was hung with white velvet embroidered with lilies, handiwork of Marie-Antoinette and Princess Elisabeth. A stool which had been used by Louis XVII. served her as a *prie-dieu*. A drawer in it held her most precious relics, the black silk vest

and white cravat, worn by Louis XVI. on the day of his death, and a lace cap which had belonged to Marie-Antoinette, the last work done by her nimble fingers in the Conciergerie, which had been taken from her by Robespierre's orders, lest she should find the means of committing suicide with the needle she used for it, or with a string made of the thread from which she fashioned her lace. There were also some portions of a fichu swept by the wind from the shoulders of Madame Elisabeth whilst she was on the scaffold.

Marie-Thérèse lived the simplest life imaginable. She rose very early and made her first toilette quickly and without any of the cumbersome etiquette which the earlier dauphines had endured. In the summer she often rode out at five o'clock in the morning. She breakfasted at six and went to Mass alone at seven, even in the winter. Sometimes she went again with the dauphin at nine or the king at eleven.

A story is told about her matutinal habits which resulted in a glass-covered gallery being specially constructed at the Tuileries for her use.

One morning at breakfast Louis XVIII. gaily asked her whether she knew M. Nourry? When Madame looked surprised, he teased her by saying: "He is greatly concerned about your health." Marie-Thérèse replied that she much appreciated this interest, but regretted that she had never met the gentleman in question. Then Louis XVIII. drew out of his pocket a petition from a M. Nourry, who declared that he had seen Madame d'Angoulême cross the courtyard of the palace one foggy morning in November on

her way to the chapel, that he had followed her inside and joined in the early service, and that she had never ceased to cough from the beginning to the end. The petitioner went on to express his displeasure with the king for giving away so much money to people who did not require it, whilst his own family needed comforts, and the princess, his niece, had to go to chapel through galleries exposed to all the winds of heaven. He hoped something would be done to prevent her having to cross a glacial zone on her way to Mass. The king acted on the advice, and Marie-Thérèse, who was always thoughtful for others, was doubtless deeply touched by this concern for her on the part of a stranger. —

Her unselfishness and good-nature were obvious to all who knew her personally. Madame Oudiot, Duchesse de Reggio, gave a truthful little portrait of her. "Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême," she wrote, "was strongly built with a high colour; her eyes had been inflamed by the tears of her youth, but her keen, quick, frank glance was not at all cast down. Her voice, which was, it was said, her father's, was a little masculine, abrupt, and positive. Her movements were almost always sudden; there was no deliberateness about her whole person, any more than about that noble heart, which had never anything to conceal."

As for Marie-Thérèse's husband, the same writer regarded him as possessed of many good qualities. "M. le Duc d'Angoulême, that misjudged prince, a very type of virtue, whom God alone will have rewarded. Although somewhat resembling the prince



MARIE-THERÈSE, DAUGHTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, AS DAUPHINE
1778-1851

(After Huel Villiers)

his father, he could not be described as good-looking. His figure was frail, his movements sudden, and he was very short-sighted. This *ensemble* did not predispose one in his favour ; but when you saw him in a drawing-room the expression of his loyal and kindly face captivated you before long. Of an exemplary piety, M. le Duc d'Angoulême was, and remained until the end, the slave of his duties as a husband, a son, and a subject. If he always insisted upon the prerogatives due to his rank, this was because he regarded himself as their depositary ; for personally he set no price upon them. His innate courage was further supported by his perfect resignation to the events which might follow from duties accomplished. He was inflexible upon subjects that he considered just, and nothing then could make him change his resolution. In one word, he was the gentleman of olden time, in his faith, his loyalty, and perhaps even in the abruptness of his speech."

Husband and wife then had several characteristics in common. They were both inclined to be abrupt, to move suddenly and to speak brusquely. These were traits which had been noticeable in Louis XVI. His daughter had inherited more of his appearance and character than those of her mother. She had not the beauty or fascination of Marie-Antoinette. Her fault, if fault she had, was reticence. She did not speak of her sorrows, she lived them. And when duty bade her appear gay in spite of them, when it called her from the *prie-dieu* which was sacred to her in her dead brother's name, she listened to the call, and donning bright garments which she could not but

feel were out of keeping with her mood, and adorning herself with the crown jewels, she appeared in the midst of the crowd. But at other times she dressed simply and wore few ornaments. When it was her duty to be the princess no one could be more royal, but when she was able to be her best and truest self she was more like a nun. Indeed, she would have been an admirable Sister, for she never wearied of well-doing.

She attended to all the petitions which were addressed to her even by the poorest, reading them through attentively herself before sending them to her secretary. She saved all the blank sheets of paper and all the seals. The wax was melted and made into fresh sticks, the paper was sold, and by these means several thousand francs were gained yearly for deserving folk. Besides giving all her spare money to the poor, she had lotteries of some of her possessions, and she busied herself with needlework to help them.

On the anniversaries of the death of her father and mother she instructed her treasurer to send out a number of messengers with well-filled purses to distribute alms among the destitute. In winter her usual gifts were greatly increased, and bread, wine, and wood were supplied to those who were needy. All her good deeds were done in secret. She found happiness in giving. But she did not escape calumny. It was said that when she shut herself up to pray for her parents, she was in reality demanding vengeance upon their executioners. She was almost as much maligned as was Marie-Antoinette in her day, although in a different manner, and with far less cause. She was

not only accused of hating France and speaking evil of the country she loved with all her heart, but horrible and absurd crimes were imputed to her. When she founded a hospital she was accused of having numbers of new-born babies drugged to death with opium because she desired to do away with as many as possible of the French she loathed.

An example of the kind of story which was fabricated against her concerned a workman-painter who was plying his brush on the wall of a gallery at the Tuileries and stood on a high ladder for the purpose. The dauphine entered, and believing herself to be alone, cried, "Oh, Frenchmen, Frenchmen, how I wish you had only one head, so that I could strike it off at a single blow." Scarcely had she uttered the exclamation than, raising her eyes, they fell upon the workman. He was never seen at the Tuileries again. That evening he embraced his wife and children for the last time. It was said that he vanished mysteriously and that his unfortunate family disappeared very soon afterwards.

In September 1824 Louis XVIII. was on his death-bed. Beside him were his brother, soon to be Charles X., the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the Duchesse de Berri.

On the 27th of the month the new king made his entry into Paris, the dauphine and the Duchesse de Berri driving in his train.

At the opening of the Chambers at the Louvre on December 22 the princesses were also present. As the king advanced up the hall he was received with loud acclamations. When he reached the platform he

neglected to notice that there was a step, and he stumbled, the sudden movement of which caused him to drop the hat he carried under his arm. The Duc d'Orléans picked it up. The Duchesse d'Orléans, who was sitting near Madame de Gontaut-Biron, said to her : "The king would have fallen but my husband saved him." She replied : "No, madame, Monseigneur only picked up his Majesty's hat." At this remark the dauphine turned and looked at her with meaning. She did not speak, but when a few years later the king dropped, not his hat, but his crown, and the Duc d'Orléans became King Louis-Philippe, this omen was recalled by both of them.

Charles X. was crowned at Rheims on May 29, 1825, the first coronation since that of Louis XVI. in 1775, fifty years before.

On the 28th the king, accompanied by the dauphin, the Ducs d'Orléans and de Bourbon, drove in the golden coronation carriage from Tinquieux to Rheims, passing beneath an arcade of triumphal arches adorned with banners and wreaths. The houses were festooned with gay flags and flowers strewed the way. The bells of Rheims were tolled and a hundred and one salutes were fired. Under a canopy at the gate of the church the archbishop presented holy water to the sovereign, who knelt down, kissed the gospels, and then entered the church. In a gallery the dauphine, accompanied by the Duchesse de Berri and the princesses of the blood, witnessed a celebration of the vespers ; and the Cardinal de La Fare delivered a sermon, and eulogised the royal family, crying : "Constantly happy as king may Charles X. be, and

constantly happy as father ! May his paternal glances always see about him, shining with a brilliancy that nothing can alter, his precious family, the ornament of the Court, the charm of life, the country's future. The illustrious dauphin, conquering hero, and peace-maker. The magnanimous dauphine, image of heavenly charity, visible Providence of the distressed, a model of heroism as of virtue."

He referred to the Duchesse de Berri as "this admirable mother of the *enfant du miracle* who restored hope to the dismayed nation." The eulogy over, the eve of coronation passed in rejoicing.

The stir on the following morning was great ; every one desired a good place for the ceremony. "Is it necessary to say," wrote the Comte d'Haussonville, "that there was much competition among women of the highest rank to obtain access to the galleries of the cathedral, which, not having been reserved for the acting dignitaries, were able to accommodate a few of those happily privileged. These battalions of ladies were in such haste and eagerness to make an assault on the places where they could see and be seen, that at six o'clock in the morning when, armed with my ticket and dressed in uniform, I presented myself at the Gothic porch constructed of painted wood in front of the cathedral, I found them already gathered and ready for the attack. They were in Court dress with trains, all wearing, according to etiquette, a kind of uniform headdress, tufts of lace in their hair (called *barbes*), the ends falling about their neck and shoulders, which were *décolletés*. For a fresh May morning, this costume was rather light. They trembled

with cold. They showed their tickets and recited title and rank to gain admittance, but all in vain. The grenadier of the royal guard charged with maintaining order until the hour for opening the doors walked up and down unmoved in front of these charming petitioners, amongst whom I noticed the Comtesse de Choiseul, her sister, the Marquise de Crillon, the Comtesse de Bourbon-Busset, etc., etc." The dauphine, the Duchesse de Berri, Madame and Mlle. d'Orléans were in a special gallery. Charles X. was dressed in white satin, and a cap set with diamonds and black and white plumes, and in spite of his sixty-seven years looked debonair and young.

As he crossed the nave of the cathedral a thrill passed through all present, and the women uttered a thousand little cries of excitement. "With that feeling for grace which is innate in them," continued d'Haussonville, "how could they help applauding the royal and elegant manner in which Charles X., in spite of his years, carried his strange and somewhat theatrical robes. No one was better adapted than he, in default of more solid qualities, to carry off the outward manifestations of royalty, both dignified and charming, in a befitting manner."

A pretty custom which had a place in the coronation ceremony was described by Madame Oudinot. "The new king," she wrote, "paying no heed to the enormous weight of his rich decorations, which must have been crushing, easily and majestically ascended the immense staircase which had been erected in the centre of the nave, and from the seat on which he took his place, opened an immense cage and set free

a mass of birds which flew off in every direction beneath the magnificent arches of the cathedral. This was a symbol of the oath which ensured the liberty and well-being of the people, a graceful image which dated back to many centuries ago.

“ The banquet took place at about five o'clock. The princesses took no part in it ; but a gallery had been erected for them in a corner of the great hall, where they were considered not to be present. Nevertheless we were all in full Court dress, covered with gold and silver, a glittering harness which we wore for some fifteen or eighteen hours in all.

“ A throne with two steps had been erected at one end of the immense hall. On the first step was laid a table with a single cover, and the same on the second. At the foot of this double throne stretched a table of prodigious length, destined for the great French and foreign dignitaries, the ministers, marshals, ambassadors and so forth, who were all standing in their places, awaiting the entrance of the king and M. le Dauphin. The latter was dressed like his father in a cloak with the fleurs-de-lis, only his cloak was shorter, and his crown open at the top. The king's, which was the finest I ever saw in my life, was closed by an enormous fleur-de-lis, composed of the first diamonds in the world ; the centre leaf contained the diamond known as the Regent. The king, with the dignity natural to him, slowly reached the throne, followed by his son ; they sat down, each on his step ; and then every one sat down at the long table, and—a strange sight—in imitation of the king and the heir apparent, who dined with their crowns on

their heads, all put on their hats, and ate with their heads covered."

The following day there was a reception of the Chief and Sovereign Grand Master, and of the Knights and Commanders of the Orders of the Holy Ghost and of Saint-Michael. The king wore cloth of silver and a black velvet mantle. The mantles of the knights were embroidered with silver spangles and with green velvet facings stitched with gold. They marched into the cathedral two by two. The dauphine and all the Court ladies again occupied the royal gallery. If not so imposing a ceremony as the coronation, it still had the interest which attached to a custom handed down from the Middle Ages.

On May 31 the king rode on a white horse to the Hospital of Saint Marcoul; on his right rode the dauphin and the Duc de Bourbon, on his left the Duc d'Orléans. Behind, in an open carriage, came the dauphine, the Duchesse de Berri, and Madame and Mlle. d'Orléans. From the hospital the cortège passed to the Abbey of Saint Remi, and thus passed the last day of the king's stay at Rheims.

For some months all went well, the monarchy seemed established on a firm basis, but discontent and unrest were growing, and the first signs of the rising storm were heard in the spring of 1827.

Charles X., when Comte d'Artois, had promised the National Guard to grant it the privilege of guarding the sovereign on each anniversary of his entry into Paris, April 12, 1814. A review was called in 1827, and when they were returning from the palace, the dauphine and the Duchesse de Berri were greeted

with violent cries of "Down with the Ministers! Down with the Jesuits!" and other more personal remarks, which caused them great agitation. When the dauphine alighted from her carriage she expressed surprise at the king's calm acceptance of his reception at the review. "You are not hard to please," she said sadly, for the scene she had just witnessed seemed to her in some way to sound a note of the terror which she recalled so clearly in 1789 and 1792.

Fortunately for the Duchesse de Berri, she had no such recollections to disturb her and therefore took the matter with more equanimity.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than between *Madame la Dauphine* and *Madame*, as the Duchesse de Berri was now called. They lived on the best of terms with one another through sheer force of difference. The dauphine was sixteen years older than her sister-in-law and grave where she was gay, dependable where she was irresponsible, matter-of-fact where she was flighty. The Duchesse de Berri, though not beautiful, was fascinating and amusing. She enjoyed festivities and entertainments with the same fervour that the dauphine put into her prayers. She had mind, temperament, and affections where the dauphine had strength of will, purpose, and devotion. The dauphine was the first lady at Court, but she was always willing to relegate her social duties to her sister-in-law. Neither of them took an active part in public affairs, but they fulfilled the respective purposes of cold moon and warm sun in the social firmament of the Court.

Both ladies had country houses whither they could

retire when formality or ceremonial wearied them. The dauphine bought the Château of Villeneuve l'Etang¹ from Marshal Soult in 1821. The château was within walking distance of Saint-Cloud and a little track ran through the park which was known as the "dauphine's path." At Villeneuve she never played the rôle of princess. She planned fresh charities or spent hours in meditation.

When the Duchesse de Berri desired to gather new energy after a period of dissipation, she retired to the old Château of Rosny, birthplace of the great Sully, which the Duc de Berri had bought for her in 1818.

At times the Duchesse de Berri could be very sedate and serious, but her usual mood was gay and high-spirited. One day she said to the king, "Father, will you bet me ten thousand francs that I won't ride in an omnibus to-morrow?" "That is the last thing I should wager, my dear," replied Charles X. "You are quite capable of doing it."

When her period of mourning for her husband was over, the Duchesse de Berri began to entertain on a large scale. In the winter of 1829 she gave a magnificent costume ball in the apartments of her children at the Tuileries. The visit of Marie de Guise to her daughter Mary Stuart was represented. The Duchesse de Berri was Mary Stuart and the Duc de Chartres was François II. The Marquise de Podenas, who was lady-in-waiting to the Duchesse de Berri and one of the smartest women at Court, was Catherine de Médicis. The Duchesse de Berri's dress was of blue velvet with wide sleeves, the front of white satin embroidered with

¹ Now a branch of the Institut Pasteur.

ermine. A year later the wearer was strangely enough an exile in Mary Stuart's palace. The dauphine took a great interest in this revival of a Renaissance festival, but she played no active part in it, although she lent her own jewels and some of the crown jewels. She had a box built for herself on the staircase of the Pavillon de Flore, and from there she witnessed the ball without being seen, in company with the dauphin and Charles X.

On May 31, 1830, a grand ball was given by the Duc d'Orléans in honour of the King and Queen of Naples at the Palais-Royal. The king, the dauphin, and the dauphine, accompanied by the chief officers of the household and an escort of bodyguards, arrived at half-past nine. As they passed through the luxurious apartments, Charles X. said to the duke, "Oh, monsieur, do you know that you appear to be more comfortably lodged than I myself." He smiled and talked graciously to all. Having passed through the apartments he walked out on to the terrace, which was brightly illuminated, and there he stood surrounded by many who were planning his downfall while the band played the favourite old air "Vive Henri IV. ! Charmante Gabrielle !"

Grasping the position in all its significance, M. de Salvandy remarked : "This is a real Neapolitan fête, for we are dancing over a volcano."

He was not far wrong. A conflagration was spreading round the sovereign, both literally and figuratively, but a short distance away.

"This fête," wrote the Duchesse de Gontaut, "was magnificent ; the king and princesses and the whole

Court were present at it. Every one was enjoying it to the utmost, when suddenly from the garden came the cry of 'Fire!' Then it was discovered that the flames had mounted as high as the windows; some chairs which had been piled up to an enormous height were burning: paper lanterns which had been used in the illuminations were flying about, thrown by unseen hands. The consternation was general. The authors of this disaster were unknown, though many arrests were made. The Duc d'Orléans, as may well be believed, was in despair. The king smilingly reassured him; and presently tranquillity was restored, and the ball went on."

The dauphine with her husband left at about half an hour after midnight; the Duchesse de Berri danced on in light mood till half-past five.

The people had begun by burning chairs. They had already learnt that thrones burn almost as easily.

The taking of Algiers in July was the signal for renewed festivities. They were the last of the reign. The dauphine was not present. She was at Vichy, where the people still gave abundant proof of their fidelity to her at least.

On Sunday, July 11, Charles X. left the Tuileries for Saint-Cloud. He never returned to Paris. On the 25th he was to sign the Ordinances. The Council assembled in his study; the dauphin was on the king's right hand. The Ordinances were read. The first suspended the liberty of the Press, the second dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. The king signed. "Gentlemen," he said, "these are grave measures. You may count on me as I count on you. It is

life and death between us now." Still he had no real understanding of the gravity of his position.

The following day the monarchy fell. On July 31, in the dead of night, Charles X. fled from Saint-Cloud.

"We had just celebrated the triumph of the fall of Algiers," wrote the Comte de Puymaigre, Prefect of Saône-et-Loire, "when I was officially instructed that the dauphine, leaving Vichy, would be at Autun on July 26, and at Mâcon on the 27th. I was happy to hear this news. There was in my devotion to this august princess that which I would dare to call a profound attachment were it not inspired by a daughter of Louis XVI. and the granddaughter of Marie-Thérèse. . . . At this hour occurred that horrible catastrophe which overturned all France. . . . Scarcely had I conducted Madame la Dauphine to the bridge which separates the department of Saône-et-Loire from that of Ain, when the excitement caused by the news of the Ordinances became intense at Mâcon."

There M. de Puymaigre told her the terrible news. Tortured by her anxiety, she journeyed to Dijon, where she was expected and preparations to receive her with rejoicings had already been made. The authorities were anxious about her, but she decided that the best thing to do was to join in the festivities as though nothing had taken place. She accepted their hospitalities and appeared at the theatre. No sooner was her presence observed than shouts of "Hurrah for the Charter! Down with the ministers!" were heard. Overcome by her awkward position, she made her exit as best she could.

"The people," wrote Madame de Gontaut of this terrifying scene, "respecting neither the sex, the goodness, nor the rank of her whom they thus insulted, and without even any motive for conducting themselves in this manner, continued their shouts, their threats, and clamour to burn down the hôtel where she was staying, so that it became a necessity that she should leave the town before daylight; throughout her journey she received everywhere insults—the natural consequences of the Revolution in Paris—which, however, her greatness of soul and her indomitable courage enabled her to support.

"At Joigny she met one of the Court carriages; it belonged to the Duc de Chartres, who, recognising her, rushed up to her carriage door, bathed her hands with his tears, and offered himself as her escort, together with the regiment he was going to command.

"‘Go,’ she said to him, ‘and keep your regiment faithful to the king.’ He grasped the hand which she held out to him, and swore fidelity upon it."

'The dauphine arrived at Fontainebleau in the afternoon of July 31, and stayed there for several hours. She heard at Croix-de-Berry that Charles X. had abandoned Saint-Cloud. She did not stop at Versailles. "As the threatening effects of an ever-increasing disturbance made themselves manifest," continued Madame de Gontaut, "it was considered more prudent for the dauphine to exchange her private carriage for a post-chaise. She put on the dress of the maid who accompanied her and it was thus that she arrived at Rambouillet. As soon as she was seen there the troops, recognising her, rushed up to seize the hand which she

held out to them. She was greatly beloved by them, because she had always manifested towards the royal guards a frank and friendly solicitude. She was welcomed and saluted by cries of devotion which were heard at the château. Every one ran out to meet her ; I held Mademoiselle by the hand, and she rushed up to her aunt. The king took her in his arms. 'We will never be separated again,' said the dauphine—'that will be our great comfort !' Deeply moved, I bent down and kissed her hand.

"I found the dauphine sad, but by no means crushed ; she was accustomed to misfortune, and knew how to bear it with the dignified resignation which was imprinted on her features. Her eyes were often full of tears, but I never saw her shed them, except for the agonising memory of the past."

Meanwhile the dauphin had spent the night at Trappes with the regiment of the royal guards. Disorder increased every hour, desertions were frequent. Then the dauphin marched to Rambouillet with infantry and light cavalry. On that day (August 1) Charles appointed the Duc d'Orléans lieutenant-general of the kingdom, withdrew the Ordinances, and approved the reassembling of the Chambers on August 3.

In the evening, the king, the dauphin and dauphine, the Duchesse de Berri and her children, passed in front of the army drawn up in line of battle. They were received with signs of attachment.

On August 2 Charles X. signed an Act of Abdication in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux. The dauphin also renounced his rights. "In your capacity of lieutenant-general of the kingdom," wrote Charles to Louis-

Philippe, "you will cause to be proclaimed the approaching accession of Henri V. to the throne."

As he read the letter aloud the dauphine entered the room. She took the news in unselfish calmness.

The dauphin had already seen the letter. He signed it without a murmur. "Never," wrote Madame de Gontaut, "were three abdications made in one moment that were more frank, spontaneous, and touching; the same devotion, the same respect, the same aim—France, her peace and happiness."

From Rambouillet the royal family fled to Maintenon, from there to Dreux, to Verneuil, and so by slow stages to Cherbourg, which was reached on August 16, and from whence they took boat to England.

Who can fathom the profound emotion with which the dauphine saw stretching before her a last long sad period of exile? She would have chosen death in her own country, for her own cause, a thousand times over rather than the homeless wandering from Holyrood to Prague, to Goritz, where Charles X. died, and so to Frohsdorf, where she breathed her last in October 1851 at the age of seventy-three. She was buried between Charles X. and her husband in the Chapel of the Franciscans at Goritz.

In 1848 her interest in France was as keen as ever. M. Charles Didier, who visited her at Frohsdorf in that year, said to her, "Madame, it is impossible that you should not see in the fall of Louis-Philippe the finger of God." She answered very simply, very piously, "It is in all things."

In the year of her death, the Comte de Falloux wrote of her: "Madame la Dauphine was, if I may

so express it, pathos in person. Sadness was imprinted on her features and revealed in her attitude ; but in the same degree there shone about her an unalterable resignation, an unalterable gentleness. Even when the tones of her voice were brusque, which often happened, the kindness of her intention remained transparent. She liked to pass in review the Frenchmen she had known ; she kept herself closely informed about their family events ; she remembered the slightest details with rare fidelity. 'How madame loves France !' I said to her one day. 'That is not surprising,' she replied. 'I take it from my parents.' At Frohsdorf she was seated nearly the whole day in the embrasure of a certain window. She had chosen this window because of the outlook on copses which reminded her a little of the garden of the Tuileries ; and if a visitor wished to be agreeable to her, he remarked upon this resemblance."

Yet for her the Tuileries had always held sad memories. Instinctively she clung to the place of sad memories in preference to surroundings which had no associations with all she loved.

At last the hour of her release came. Three years after the passing of the French kingdom, and twenty-one years after she had forfeited all claims to the title, the last dauphine went to her long rest.